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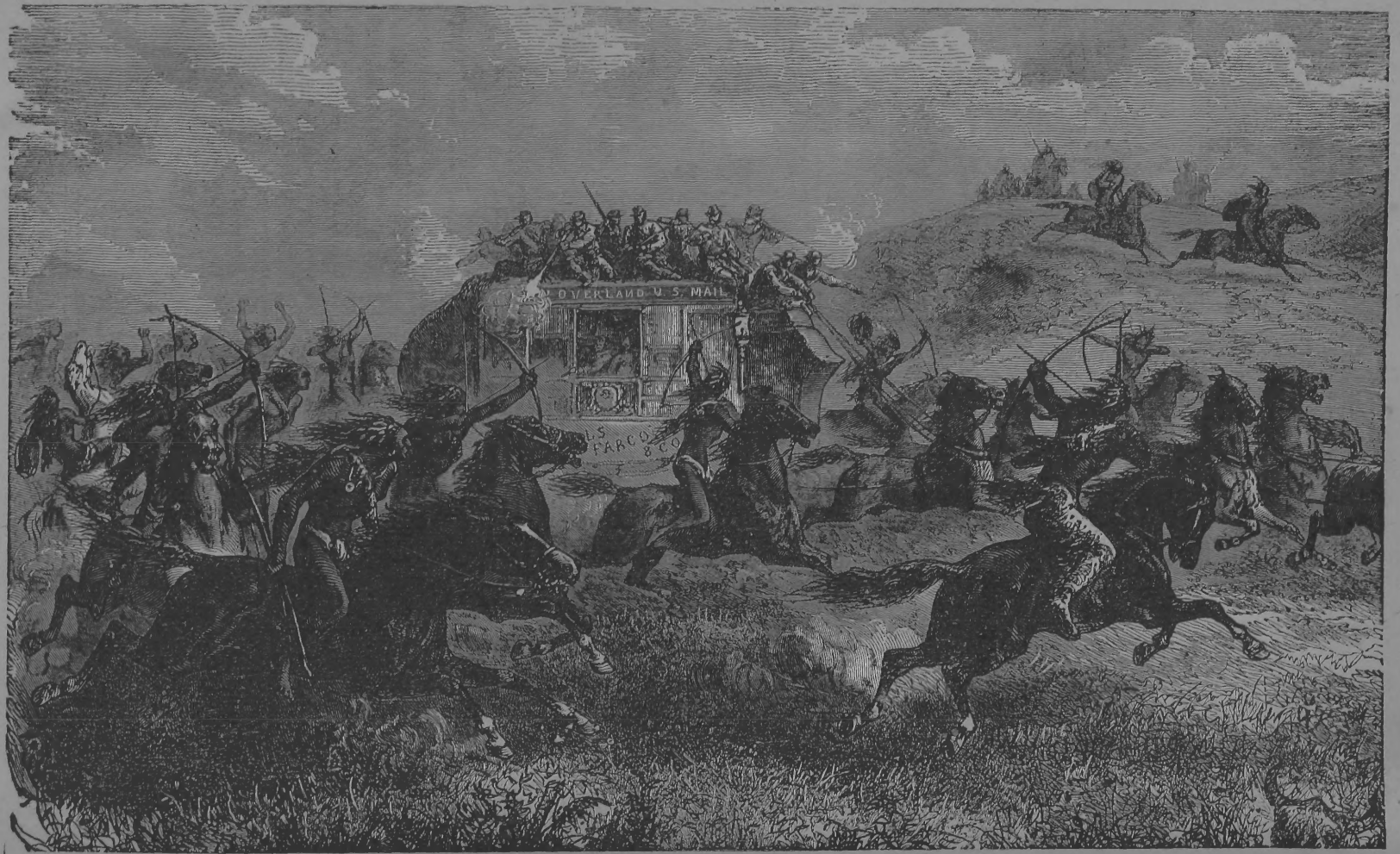
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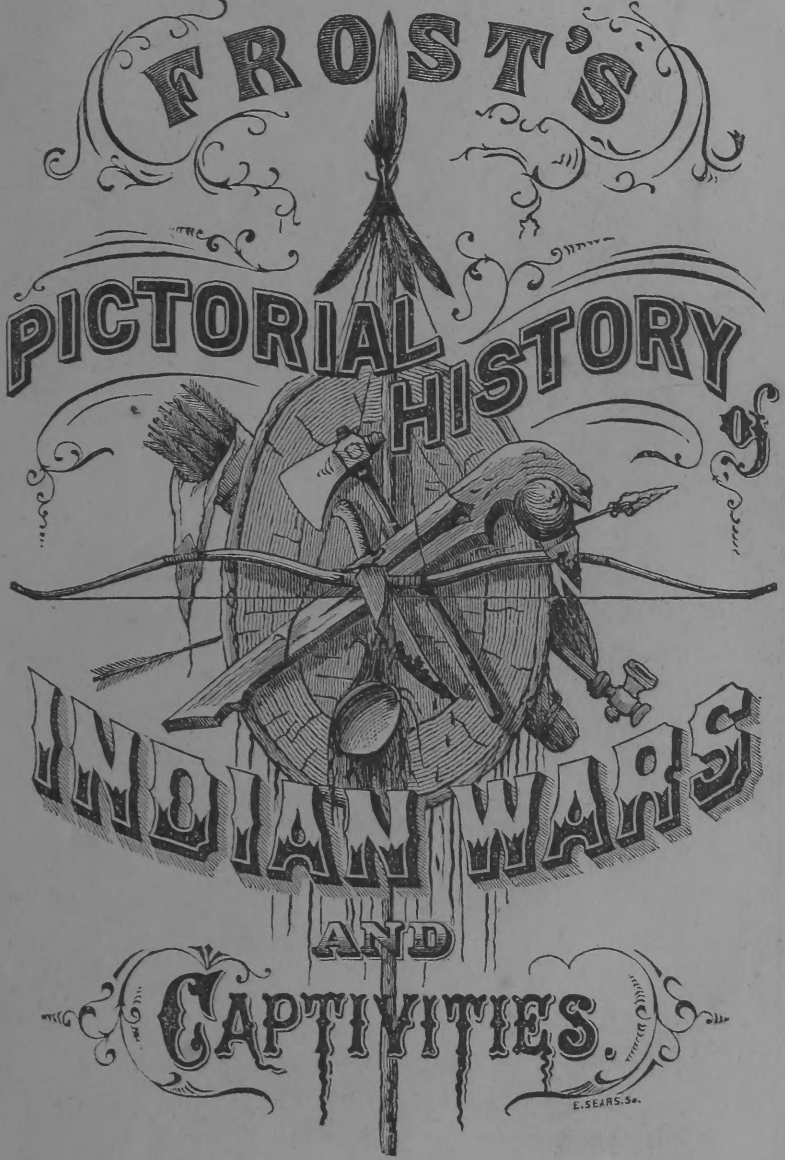
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# FROST'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF INDIAN WARS AND CAPTIVITIES.





# FROST'S

# PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF

# INDIAN WARS

AND

# CAPTIVITIES,

FROM THE EARLIEST RECORD OF AMERICAN HISTORY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

By JOHN FROST, LL. D.

WITH NEARLY 200 ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS, BY DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS.

PART FIRST

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# PREFACE.

Our relations with the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, form a distinct and very important, and interesting portion of the history of this Republic. It is unfortunately, for the most part, a history of bloody wars, in which the border settlers have suffered all the horrors of savage aggression, and, in which portions of our colonial settlements, have sometimes been completely cut off and destroyed. Other portions of this thrilling history, evince the courage, daring, and patience of the

settlers, in a very favorable point of view, and exhibit them as triumphing over every difficulty, and finally obtaining a firm foothold on the soil. In all its parts, this history will always possess numerous points of peculiar interest for the American reader.

It has been my object, in the following pages, to bring the whole under one general view, in as small a compass as was consistent with clearness and fidelity in the narrative. The result of the whole story is, that the Indians, once the possessors of the whole country, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Artic circle, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are now driven into a comparatively small territory, lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Here they remain for the most part, the same untutored and uncivilized men, that their ancestors were when Fernando de Soto first set foot on the sandy shore of Florida. What is to be their future destiny it is not easy to foresee. Unless they shall adopt the civilization of their white neighbors, and abandoning mutual wars and the chase, shall apply themselves to the industrious pursuits of agriculture, it can hardly be expected that they will survive many ages, as distinct nations and tribes. Gradually, but surely, their numbers are diminishing. Their wars among

themselves, in which they will persist, thin their numbers from year to year, and their habits of life are by no means favorable to an increase of population, or even to the preservation of their race. Whole tribes have already disappeared from causes independent of the hostility of the white people; and similar causes, now in operation, threaten their total extermination, even if they should suffer no more from the fatal rifle, or the destroying influence of intoxicating liquors.

It is to be hoped that Christian benevolence may yet devise some means by which this interesting and brave people may be preserved and become instructed in the arts of civilized life.



# FROST'S PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF

# INDIAN WARS

AND

# CAPTIVITIES.



PONCE DE LEON.

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY INDIAN WARS IN FLORIDA.

PREVIOUS to the permanent establishment of the English in North America, the French and Spaniards made many attempts to get possession of various parts of the country. The coasts were carefully explored, and colonies planted, but they were soon given up as expensive, and involving too much hardship and



CORTEZ.

danger. The first expedition to the coast of Florida was made in 1512, by Juan Ponce de Leon, renowned for his courage and warlike abilities. Ponce de Leon, becoming governor of Porto Rico, and hearing from the Indians that there existed a beautiful and fertile country to the northward, containing the waters of perpetual youth, resolved to attempt its conquest. He sailed from Porto Rico with three ships, and finally, reached the continent at about eight degrees thirty minutes, north latitude.

Landing on Palm Sunday, Ponce de Leon gave the country the name of Florida. He explored the coast from north to south, and had several engagements with the Indians; and though he failed to obtain the youth and treasures that he sought, he returned to Porto Pico, crowned with the lustre of making a great discovery. The report of the achievements of Cortez in Mexico, again kindled the ambition of Ponce de Leon; and he set out in 1521, with two of his own ships, to make a settlement in Florida. But the Indians advanced against him; most of his men were killed, and himself so badly wounded, that he died a few days after his return to Cuba.

Another expedition, under Vasquez de Ayllon, attempted to form a settlement, in 1524. The Indians on the coast where he landed, made a feast, and induced the Spaniards to advance into the interior of the country. Two hundred men were killed there, and the others were assailed on the shore, and Vasquez de Ayllon



PONCE DE LEON MORTALLY WOUNDED.



NARVAEZ IN FLORIDA.

himself fell a victim to the cruelty of the natives. In 1528, Pamphilo de Narvaez, the celebrated rival of Hernando Cortez, in an expedition to the western coast of Florida, discovered the bay of Pensacola, where he landed in April, with about three hundred men. He penetrated into the interior, and marched for the high region of the Apalachees. The Indians harassed the Spaniards with an indomitable spirit; but they at last returned safely to the coast, and embarked. The vessels were afterwards wrecked, and nearly all on board perished.

Don Louis de Velasco, becoming viceroy of New Spain, fitted out another expedition for the settlement of Florida, and giving the command to Tristan de Luna, ordered him to proceed to the bay of Pensacola. De Luna reached that bay in August, 1559, and six days afterwards, lost all his fleet by a hurricane. Four hundred men were sent into the country, to procure provisions, and Luna soon followed with the rest of his forces. The Indians, awed, perhaps, by the strength of the Spaniards, were very friendly, and trafficked with them. But it could not last. The powerful Coosa tribe were at war with the Natchez, a people who refused to pay an ancient tribute; and the Spaniards were induced to join in an expedition to crush the rebels. The Natchez deserted their villages at the approach of the invaders, and crossing the river Ochehiton, believed themselves in safety. But the Coosas found a ford, and the fire arms of the Spaniards



PIZARRO.

soon compelled the Natchez to submit to the terms imposed by their old lords. The trifling tribute of grain and fruit three times a year, was agreed upon, and the Spaniards returned to the coast. De Luna was a man determined to overcome all obstacles in the way of his schemes. But Juan Ceron, his aid-de-camp, believed them insurmountable, and by secret machinations, contrived to prevent De Luna from pursuing his expedition any farther. It had lasted seven months, and the men were discontented.

Angel de Villafana was appointed to succeed Tristan de Luna, as commander of the Spaniards in Florida. He explored the coast, but did not attempt any permanent establishment.

Another adventurer now appeared to try his fortune in Florida. Fernando de Soto, originally possessed of nothing but his courage and his sword, had followed the fortures of Pizarro, and returned to Spain from Peru, laden with wealth, and crowned with the laurels of a successful warrior. His reception was brilliant; and having obtained the favor of Charles V., he sued for permission




to conquer and rule the territory of Florida. Charles, ever eager to increase the extent of his dominion, created De Soto adelantado of that province. The ambitious soldier proceeded to embark his whole fortune in this grand expedition. He selected nine hundred and fifty men, most of whom were trained to arms and possessed of daring valor, and on the 6th of April, 1538, embarked his troops in ten vessels, and sailed for Cuba, which was placed under his command that he might draw from it every needful resource. There he spent a year in preparation, and received a large reinforcement of men, under command of the veteran Vasco Porcalho.

On the 18th of May, 1539, the adelantado sailed, with nine vessels, from Havanna, and on the 30th, he landed in the bay of Spiritu Santo. Twelve priests accompanied the expedition, and, a great display of religious zeal was made; yet the Spaniards brought bloodhounds with them for hunting the Indians, and chains for securing them. Hirriga, one of the native rulers whom De Soto strove to conciliate, declared his hatred of the Spaniards, and soon after attacked them; but was repulsed by Porcalho. He then abandoned his capitol, and sought refuge in the woods and marshes. Porcalho, in attempting to follow him, sunk so deep in the mud, that it was with difficulty he was rescued. This old warrior, in spite of the entreaties of De Soto then returned to Cuba.

The Spanish general now marched into the territories of Urribaracuxi and Acuera, where he met a similar reception. He strove, by every means, to mitigate the hatred of the Indians, but in vain. Although unable to meet the invaders in the field, they hovered round, and not a Spaniard could stir three hundred yards from the camp without being killed or wounded. De Soto continued to advance, and at length reached the fertile district of Acali, where the troops felt the ground firm beneath their feet. The prince of the country tendered his submission; but soon after, while the Spaniards were crossing a river, they were attacked by the savages with a cloud of arrows. De Soto repulsed the enemy, and in keeping with his policy, refrained from revenging himself.

More memorable events distinguished their march through the country of Vitachuco. The chief of the natives of that country announced his determination to resist their progress; but, when the Spaniards appeared, he altered his course. De Soto was courteously received, led to the capital, and treated in the most distinguished manner. The chief summoned his warriors from every quarter as if to honor his illustrious guest. A day was appointed, when both armies were to muster in warlike array, and the savages were secretly instructed, on a given signal, to attack the Spaniards. The latter were apprised of the plot, and were armed for the onset. As it began, the cacique was surrounded. Yet the savages rushed on undaunted. They could not withstand the Spanish cavalry, however, and were soon dispersed. De Soto was in imminent danger during the attack, his horse being killed under him, while in the midst of the Indians. After the cavalry had rescued him and dispersed the enemy, he sought to conciliate the Indian cacique, and even invited him to his table. But his plans were not consistent. He forced the bravest of the captive warriors to perform the duties of cooks and scullions. These lofty spirits were thus inspired with the fiercest desire for revenge. A plot was formed. The servants suddenly made an attempt to kill their master, and De Soto was struck down senseless by a blow from the treacherous cacique. The Spaniards rallied, and after a short struggle, in which they lost several men, killed the greater number of the Indians, including the cacique. They then hastily left this fatal country, and marched for Appalachen.

The savages harassed the invaders continually during the march, but could not be brought to a general action. Appalachen was deserted by its inhabitants. De Soto determined, in order to end the skirmishing, to get possession of the prince of the country, and force him to command hostilities to cease. This was accomplished. The Spaniards captured the fort of palisades



INDIAN HUTS AND CANOES.

in which he was confined, and seized the sovereign. After a short captivity, his subjects found means to rescue him. De Soto found no gold at Appalachen; but pleased with the country, he ordered his fleet to come from the Bay of Spiritu Santo to the neighboring coast, and resolved to spend the winter there.

During their stay, information was communicated to the Spaniards by two captives, that a country existed to the northwest, abounding in gold and precious stones; and imagining themselves to be approaching a second Peru, they eagerly marched from Appalachen, at the end of March, 1540. Four days after, they crossed a broad river, continually harassed by the attacks of the natives, who surprised and killed a small party of men. De Soto, in leaving the marshy and hostile country of Florida, adopted a more decided plan of conciliation in regard to the natives, and so far succeeded that he was allowed a free passage through their country. The guides conducted them over a long route till they came to the Savannah river. The country on the opposite bank was called Cofacique, the queen of which welcomed the invaders and supplied their wants. The country being extremely fertile, many of the Spaniards wished to settle in it, but De Soto, disappointed in not finding gold and gems, would not listen to the proposal.

In the beginning of May, the army left Cofacique, having previously excited the hostility of the natives, and captured the hospitable queen, who escaped on the frontier of her country. De Soto pursued his course through the Cherokee territory, and over branches of the Appalachians until, finding the reports concerning the country northward to be very contradictory, he determined to retreat southward and seek supplies in his rendezvous on the Gulf of Mexico. He adopted a new policy in his treatment of the natives. When he entered Coosa, he seized the person of the cacique, and compelled him to issue orders as he wished. The same system was practised on the cacique of Tuscaloosa, a fierce and proud chief, ruling over extensive territories. He concealed his indignation at being made a prisoner, and studiously supplied the wants of the strangers; but meditated a terrible revenge. When the Spaniards reached the town of Mauvila, (Mobile) De Soto was apprised of the hostile intent of the natives, and prepared his men. At a chosen signal, thousands of enemies appeared, and a fierce conflict ensued. The Spaniards set the town on fire, and even then only succeeded in defeating their enemies after a most obstinate struggle. It is said that some thousands of the savages fell in the battle, the invaders had eighteen killed and many severely wounded, while all their baggage was burnt in the town.

De Soto was now near the sea shore, and his men wished to

return; but pride would not let him. He resolved to plunge anew into the depths of the American continent, in the hopes of finding something to reward his adventure. He directed his march northwest into the valley of the Mississippi, a region hitherto unexplored. After hard marching and fighting, he came to Chicaça, the capital of the Chickasaws. Here he passed the winter. In the spring, when the Spaniards were preparing to start, they were attacked by the natives in the night time. They might have been all cut off had not the horses frightened the Indians, and thus aided their masters in repulsing them. Eleven Spaniards were killed, and they lost about fifty horses. Undaunted by this disaster, De Soto pushed forward till he came to the broad river Mississippi, then called Chucagna, or great river. His passage being opposed, it was twenty days before he could construct barges and transport his men. After passing through the deserted country of Aquico, he came to the country of the Kaskaskia Indians. They were conciliated, and De Soto marched as far northward as Copaha, supposed to be the territory now included in the State of Missouri. There he resolved to check his wanderings, there being no prospect of his obtaining any of the objects he sought. Proceeding westward to the White river, he turned his march southward, and descended the Red river to the Mississippi. His men were now reduced in number to five hundred and his horses to forty. The natives were conciliated, and De Soto strove to secure reverence for his own person by persuading them he was the child of the sun. Amid his anxieties and distresses, he was seized with a fever, which in a few days closed his earthly career. On the death of their commander the troops were struck with alarm. Moscoso, his successor, attempted to conceal the event from the Indians, burying De Soto in the centre of the Father of Waters, which he had discovered. The whole party then set to work to make seven brigantines for descending the Mississippi, it having been ascertained that it was almost impossible to reach Mexico by land. When the vessels were completed, the Spaniards embarked, and after a passage of fifty-two days, during which they were pursued and harassed by the Indians, they arrived, reduced to the number of three hundred and eleven men, at the port of Panuco, Mexico. In four years they had marched upwards of five thousand miles, through a hostile wilderness; but had achieved nothing.

Adventurers of another nation appeared soon after to dispute the possession of the country. Acting under the orders of Admiral Coligni, who desired to found a refuge for the persecuted French colonists, Jean Ribaut, a mariner of great ability, set sail from Dieppe, February 15th, 1562, and landed on the shores of the river afterwards called St. Matthew, in the northern part



HERNANDO DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



ADMIRAL COLIGNI.

of Florida, leaving Captain Albert in command at a fort built on an island in the bay of Port Royal, Ribaut then attempted to prosecute a farther voyage of discovery; but was soon obliged to return to Dieppe.

The Indians acted towards the French in a friendly manner; and when the non-arrival of reinforcements, and the want of supplies, forced them to leave the country, they furnished them with the materials for equipping a brigantine. The subsequent misfortunes of the French do not belong to this history. Another expedition, under command of René de Laudonniére, was sent out by Coligni, and reached the coast of Florida in June, 1524. The Indian sachems received the French in as kind a manner as before. They showed them the monument erected by Ribaut and seemed proud to make their alliance. A fort was built about two leagues from the mouth of the river St. Matthew, or May, as the French called it, and a serious attempt made to found a colony. Laudonniére often assisted the friendly tribes against their hostile neighbors; by which course he made his situation a difficult and dangerous one, although successful in the open contests with the enemy. At length, when supplies began to fail, Laudonniére broke his alliance with his former friends, and took Outina, the cacique, for whom he hoped to get a high



THE INDIANS SHOWING LAUDONNIERE THE MONUMENT.

ransom, prisoner. The Indians were irritated, and when Outina was set at liberty, they at once prepared for war. Long arrows were stuck in the fields with scalps hanging at the tops, and the navigation of the river obstructed to prevent the French from returning to Fort Carolina. Several soldiers who had strayed from the main body were cut off; and a detachment of thirty men, under Ottigny, was attacked by a large force of Indians. Several men were killed, twenty-two wounded, and the boats to which they fled had great difficulty in regaining the fort.

The French were only saved from utter ruin, by the relief extended by an English captain, named Hawkins, who, with four vessels was exploring the coast. As Laudonniére was preparing to leave the country, Jean Ribaut arrived from France, with several vessels and large reinforcements. Ribaut succeeded Laudonniére, as governor of the colony. Soon after, a large force of the Spanish Catholics, under Pedro de Melendez, arrived on the coast and established the fort St. Augustine. The object of the Spaniards was the expulsion of the Protestant French from Florida. In the bloody scenes which followed, throwing a detestable infamy on the name of the savage Melendez, the Indians took no part. It is enough to say, that the French were all either butchered, or driven out of the country.

When, in the latter part of 1567, Dominic de Gorgues came to Florida to revenge the massacre of his countrymen, the Indians joined him, in great force. The Spanish forts, which were under command of Villareal, were attacked in a furious manner, and the enemy being placed between two fires, but few escaped. Many were taken and reserved for a more dreadful




POCAHONTAS RESCUING CAPTAIN SMITH.

death. They were hung on trees, and the inscription, "I do not this as unto Spaniards and mariners, but as unto traitors, robbers and murderers," was placed over them by the revengeful De Gorgues. After receiving the congratulations of the Indians, as their deliverer, he then returned to France. No further attempts were made to establish colonies in Florida by the French, although it had been proved that the Indians, when well treated, were kindly disposed, and willing to assist them.





CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE INDIAN WARS OF THE COLONISTS OF VIRGINIA.

In pursuing the history of the wars between the white and Indian races, it is observable, that though the different contests had different immediate causes; the grand causes of Indian hostility were the invasion of their territory and the belief that the whites would eventually take possession of the whole country. Subsequent events have clearly shown the foresight of the Indians, and their determined resistance should, therefore, excite our admiration.

The first permanent settlement of the English was made at Jamestown, on the James river, Virginia, in 1607. The emigrants were one hundred in number, Captain John Smith being the most prominent person.

The Indians were at first friendly to the English. A trade was opened with them, and besides relieving their distresses, they instructed them in the mode of raising Indian corn. But in the extremity of their suffering from famine, the settlers forgot to conciliate their warlike neighbors, and some of their number



CAPTURE OF POCAHONTAS.

suffered the consequences of error. Among others, Captain Smith nearly lost his life; being captured and taken into the presence of the king, Powhatan, he was condemned to die, and only saved by the interposition of Pocahontas, the king's favorite daughter. As long as Smith remained in the colony, his known valor and activity awed the Indians into maintaining peace. When Smith was forced to return to England, every provocation was given to them to begin hostilities, by the reckless settlers, and they were not backward. Supplies of provisions were withheld, and the whites so harassed that their number was reduced to sixty persons, a few left to communicate the miseries of the "Starving Time."

The arrival of the judicious Lord Delaware, with a large number of emigrants and supplies of provisions restored order, and the Indians were again taught to revere the power of the English.

In 1612, the marriage of Pocahontas took place. It was the accidental result of treachery. A scarcity prevailing at Jamestown, Captain Argal was sent to the Potomac for a cargo of corn. Learning that Pocahontas was living near where he then was, and hoping Powhatan would offer provisions to ransom his daughter, Argal enticed her on board his vessel, and in spite of her entreaties conveyed her to Jamestown. The indignant Powhatan rejected the demand of a ransom, but promised, if his daughter was restored, to forget the injury and supply the wants of the colonists. During her residence in the settlement, Pocahontas made such an impression on Mr. Rolfe, a young man of rank, that he offered her his hand and solicited the consent of Powhatan in marriage. This was granted and the ceremony was performed with great pomp.

Powhatan, one of the most sagacious of the Indian sachems, saw through the designs of the English, and was constantly getting into difficulties with them. But his death prevented the terrible execution of his schemes. Although not holding the office of chief sachem, Opekankanough was the great leader of the Indians after Powhatan's death. His name is connected with one of the most dreadful massacres recorded in the history of savage warfare. By a series of mutual insults and outrages, the Indians and the English had become almost open foes. Opekankanough resolved to exterminate the whites if possible, and fixed upon the 22d of March, 1622, as the day of vengeance.

Only fourteen days before the massacre, Nemattanow, a renowned warrior, and known among the English as *Jack-of-the-feather*, came among them, and induced one Morgan to take some commodities to Pamunkey, to trade with the Indians. Mor-



CHANCO GIVING INFORMATION OF THE INTENDED MASSACRE.

gan went, and never returned. As he went in company with Nemattanow, and the warrior returned with his cap upon his head, and reported his death, the servants of Morgan shot the supposed murderer. Although Nemattanow was his rival in reputation, Opekankanough affected great grief at his death, and skilfully used the circumstance to inflame his warriors to revenge.

By his dissimulation, Opekankanough completely lulled the suspicions of the English; and just before the massacre, he received one of their messengers, and treated him kindly, assuring him, that the sky should fall, before he would violate the peace with the whites. Never was a plot better contrived. On the morning of the 22d of March, the Indians came unarmed among their intended victims, and even sat down to breakfast with them. The English loaned them the boats with which they communicated with other tribes, and gave them utensils, which were converted into offensive weapons. The hour arrived; and suddenly, the Indians sprang like tigers from their ambushes, and appeared in overwhelming numbers, in the midst of the English settlements. The dread whoop was heard in all directions, and destruction followed. Age, sex, nor condition, saved the devoted ones, and in the space of an hour, three hundred and forty-seven men, women, and children were butchered. Out of eighty plan-



OPECANCANOUGH

tations, six only were left uninjured; and these were saved by the timely warning of a Christian Indian called Chanco.

The English spent the ensuing summer in strengthening themselves against further attacks, and preparing for revenge. To attain their object, they were compelled to use means as treacherous as those of the Indians. For, under pretence of making peace again with them, they fell upon them unawares, and murdered them without mercy. It was, for some time, reported that Opekankanough was among the slain. But the same sachem executed a still more terrible massacre twenty-two years afterwards, and is thus related by Mr. Drake, in his Book of the Indians.

How long Opekankanough had been secretly plotting to cut off the intruders of his soil, cannot be known; but, in 1644, all the Indians, over a space of country of six hundred miles in extent, were leagued in the enterprise. The old chief at this time, was supposed to be near one hundred years of age, and, though unable to walk, would be present in the execution of his beloved project. It was upon the 18th of April, when Opekankanough, borne in a litter, led his warriors forward, and commenced the bloody work. They began at the frontiers, with a determination to slay all before them, to the sea. After continuing the massacre two days, in which time about five hundred persons were murdered, Sir William Berkeley, at the head of an armed force, checked their progress. The destruction of the inhabitants was the greatest upon York and Pamunkey rivers, where Opekankanough commanded in person. The Indians now, in their turn, were driven to great extremity, and their old chief was taken prisoner, and carried in triumph to Jamestown. How long after the massacre this happened, we are not informed; but it is said, that the fatigues he had previously undergone, had wasted away his flesh, and destroyed the elasticity of his muscles to that degree, that he was no longer able to raise the eyelids from his eyes; and it was in this forlorn condition, that he fell into the hands of his enemies. A soldier, who had been appointed to guard him, barbarously fired upon him, and inflicted a mortal wound. He was supposed to have been prompted to the bloody deed, from a recollection of the old chief's agency in the massacre. Just before he expired, hearing a great bustle and crowd about him, he ordered an attendant to lift up his eyelids; when he discovered a multitude pressing around, to gratify the untimely curiosity of beholding a dying sachem. Undaunted in death, and roused, as it were, from sleep, at the conduct of the confused multitude, he deigned not to observe them; but, raising himself from the ground, with the expiring breath of authority, commanded that the governor should be called to him. When the

governor came, Opekankanough said, with indignation, "Had it been my fortune to have taken Sir William Berkeley prisoner, I would not meanly have exposed him as a show to my people;" and soon after expired.

It is said, and we have no reason to doubt the fact, that it was owing to the encroachments upon his lands, that Opekankanough determined upon a massacre of the whites. These intrusions were, nevertheless, conformable to the grants of the proprietors. He could hardly have expected entire conquest, as his people had already begun to waste away, and English villages were springing up over an extent of country of more than five hundred miles, with a populousness beyond any preceding example; still, he was determined upon the vast undertaking, and sacrificed himself with as much *honor*, it will, perhaps, be acknowledged, as did Leonidas at Thermopylæ.

The successors of Opekankanough maintained peace with the English until the settlements were sufficiently powerful to compel its observance. In 1656, Totopotomoi was king of Pamunkey. In that year, a large tribe of Indians, called Rechahecrians, came down from the inland mountainous country, and forcibly took possession of the country about the falls of James river. The legislature of Virginia was then in session, and it determined to send an armed force to dispossess the intruders. For that purpose, one hundred men were raised, and put under command of Captain Edward Hill, who was joined by Totopotomoi, with one hundred Indians. This force did not find the Rechahecrians unprepared. A bloody battle ensued. Of the detail, we are not informed. The result, however, was disastrous to the allies. Totopotomoi, with most of his warriors, was slain, and the English totally defeated, owing, it was said, to the criminal conduct of Captain Hill. This officer lost his commission, and his property was taken to defray the losses of the country. A peace seems to have been concluded with the Rechahecrians soon after.

The Indians renewed hostilities some years after, during the administration of Sir William Berkeley, when the declining state of the colony seemed to offer impunity to attack. The remote settlements were first assailed, and then incursions made into the interior of the country. The dissensions of the colonists prevented them from taking measures of defence or retaliation. At this time began the rebellion of Nathaniel Bacon. That daring leader raised a large force to march against the Indians; but the refusal of Berkeley to sanction his commission, led him to employ his men in the overthrow of the government at Jamestown. The Indians were compelled to conclude a treaty of peace as soon as the rebellion was suppressed. This was their last serious war with the Virginia settlers. As the whites advanced into the



country with rapid strides, the tribes which had given the early settlers much trouble, were either totally destroyed, or retired to the farther west. The kingdom of Powhatan was in possession of the whites, and the desperate measures of Opekankanough were remembered but as the last efforts of a conquered nation.





SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON.

## CHAPTER III.

### EARLY INDIAN WARS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE history of the settlers of New England is fraught with the troubles of Indian hostilities. In 1620, a company belonging to Mr. Robinson's church, at Leyden, in Holland, foreseeing many inconveniences likely to increase, from the residence of English dissenters under a foreign government, and hoping to find an asylum, and a refuge from persecution in the New World, applied to King James for liberty to place themselves in some part of New England; and obtained a grant of some place about Hudson river. They set sail from Plymouth, in September, and after a boisterous passage found themselves in Massachusetts Bay, considerably to the north of their destination. But the approach of winter, and other causes, forced them to land at the nearest convenient spot, and on the 22d of December, 1620, they disembarked upon the spot afterwards called Plymouth. The settlers numbered one hundred and one persons. After this beginning, other settlements were established at favorable points on the coast.



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The principal tribes in the neighborhood of the settlers, were the Pequods, the Mohicans, the Narragansetts, and the Wampanoags. Some of these Indians displayed their hostility soon after the settlement was begun at Plymouth; but the majority of them seemed disposed to friendship. On the 16th of March, 1621, the whites were surprised by an Indian coming boldly alone into Plymouth, and crying out, "Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!" He was the sagamore of a neighboring tribe, and named Samoset. He had learned to speak broken English from the fishermen, who came to the coast. Through his influence, a treaty was concluded with Massasoit, the greatest king of the surrounding country, and it was observed by him for fifty years.

The Narragansetts early manifested enmity to the English; but were daunted by the resolution and activity of Miles Standish and his few men. Massasoit revealed a plot of the Massachusetts Indians to attack the settlers at Wessagusset; and Standish, taking with him eight men, proceeded to the place where the conspirators met, and killed them all. A skirmish with a party of Indians followed, in which they were put to flight. The Wessagusset settlers, however, abandoned that place and returned to Plymouth. The Indians were awed by this prompt display of power They wanted a Philip to teach them their strength.

As the number of settlements increased, and spread to Connecticut and Massachusetts, the hostility of the Indians was awakened. Several schemes of Miantonimo, the chief of the Narragansetts, were detected, and their execution prevented. All the Indians east and west of the Connecticut river, except the Pequods, became tributary to the first settlers of Connecticut. The Pequods had spread their conquests over a vast extent of country, and were superior to all other tribes except the Narragansetts. Between these two, a deadly feud existed. Sassacus was the first chief of the Pequods known to the English. He considered the settlers as invaders of his country, and was at all times anxious to repel them.

It is not surely ascertained which party gave the provocation which led to the Pequod war. The English relate that the Pequods murdered the captain and crew of a vessel which sailed into the Connecticut river, in 1633. The Indians admitted the murder, but asserted that Captain Stone had taken two of their men by force, to pilot his vessel up the river. This matter, however, was amicably settled by treaty. Other outrages followed, the perpetrators taking refuge among the Pequods, who would not yield them upon demand of the English. The governor of Connecticut then sent Captain John Endicott, with ninety men, against them. On the arrival of Endicott in the Pequod country,

the Indians retreated into a swamp, where it was difficult to come at them. Only two were killed, but the English burned their wigwams, and then concluded a treaty with the Narragansetts, who could bring five thousand fighting men into the field.

The Pequods, emboldened by Endicott's failure, continued their predatory incursions. They killed several men and women, and a large number of cattle. The colony determined to make another and a greater effort to stop their proceedings. In the month of May, 1636, a force from Connecticut, under John Mason, consisting of ninety Englishmen, and about seventy Mohicans, under the command of the sachem, Uncas, departed for the Pequod country. Arriving at Saybrook, Mason sent back part of his men to protect the settlements on the Connecticut. He was soon afterwards joined by a great number of Indians; so that when he set out, he was at the head of nearly six hundred men. He arrived in sight of the fort erected by the Pequods, about sunset. The Narragansetts could not be persuaded to attack an enemy in a fort; and a portion of them retired, while the rest formed themselves into a semi-circle at some distance, to intercept such Pequods as should escape the English.

Mason approached the fort just before daybreak. It would have been surprised but for the barking of a dog, which roused the garrison to a knowledge of its danger. They made a vigorous resistance, and the assailants were finally obliged to set fire to the fort. The Pequods then rushed through the flames to escape, but were nearly all killed. Between five and six hundred of them perished in the battle. The English lost two men killed, and sixteen were wounded. Sassacus, who was in another fort, hearing of the battle, sent three hundred men to assist his countrymen. This body was encountered by Mason, and obliged to retire to the top of the hill on which the fort had stood. On seeing its ruins, they became so enraged, that they lost all fear, and rushed down upon the English with such force, that the latter were compelled to make a rapid retreat of six miles, when they reached their vessels and returned to Hartford.

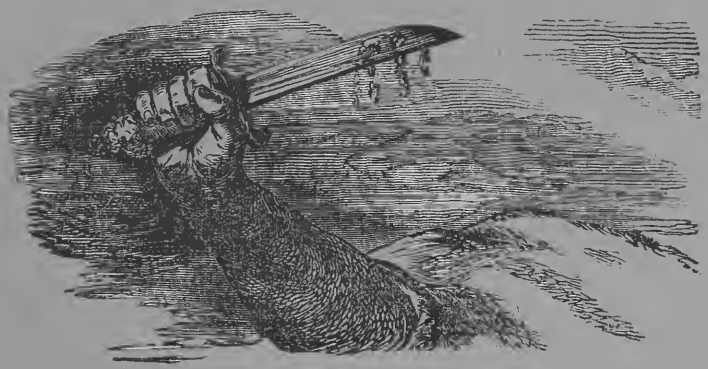
The three hundred Pequods returned to Sassacus. A council was then held, and it was settled, that the tribe could no longer remain in safety in the country. Accordingly, they dispersed, and Sassacus, having destroyed the village, proceeded towards the Hudson river. Hearing of Mason's brilliant success, the governor of Massachusetts sent an expedition to destroy all straggling parties which might remain in the neighborhood. A great battle was fought at a swamp in Fairfield, in which a large number of the savages were killed, and about two hundred taken. Sassacus, however, was destined to meet his death from the red man's hand. He fled to the country of the powerful Mohawks.



THE TREATY WITH MASSASOIT,

These Indians, instead of protecting him, put him to death, and sent his head to Connecticut. The few Pequods who remained alive, took refuge among the surrounding tribes, and their nation lived but in memory.

The destruction of this large and powerful tribe was the only measure which could secure the colonists from their constant hatred and annoyance. Between the white and the red man, it was a struggle for self-preservation, and an unbiassed judgment will consider the circumstances in which the colonists were placed before condemning them for unnecessary cruelty. The fate of the Pequods was a terrible one; but it served a very important purpose in striking awe upon the other tribes; and there is no reason to doubt, that the dreadful massacre of this tribe was instrumental in preserving the long peace which intervened between that event and the terrible war with King Philip, which will form the subject of the next chapter.





## CHAPTER IV.

### KING PHILIP'S WAR.

THE treaty of peace concluded between Massasoit and the English at Plymouth, soon after the landing of the latter, was maintained faithfully until after the death of that sachem. He was succeeded by his son, whom the English had named Alexander. Although this chief displayed on all occasions a decided friendship for his white neighbors, his death was either caused entirely, or hastened, by their suspicious violence. Suspecting that Alexander was plotting with the Narragansetts to rise against the English, the council of Plymouth resolved to bring him before them to answer for his conduct. The following account of the capture and death of the chief, is taken from the narrative of William Hubbard, a contemporary writer:—

"The person to whom that service was committed, was a prudent and resolute gentleman, the present governor of the said colony, (Winslow,) who was neither afraid of danger, nor yet willing to delay in a matter of that moment; he, forthwith, taking eight or ten stout men with him, well armed, intended to have gone to the said Alexander's dwelling, distant at least forty miles from the governor's house, but by a good providence, he found him whom he went to seek at a hunting house, within



MASSACRE OF THE PEQUODS.

six miles of the English towns, where the said Alexander, with about eighty men, were newly come in from hunting, and had left their guns without doors, which Major Winslow, with his small company, wisely seized, and conveyed away, and then went into the wigwam, and demanded Alexander to go along with him before the governor, at which message he was much appalled, but being told by the undaunted messenger, that if he stirred or refused to go, he was a dead man; he was, by one of his chief counsellors, in whose advice he most confided, persuaded to go along to the governor's house; but such was the pride and height of his spirit, that the very surprisal of him, so raised his choler and indignation, that it put him into a fever, which, notwithstanding all possible means that could be used, seemed mortal; whereupon, entreating those that held him prisoner, that he might have liberty to return home, promising to return again if he recovered, and to send his son as hostage till he could so do; on that consideration he was fairly dismissed, but died before he got half way home."

Surely, this act was a violation of all international right. Alexander's people had kept unbroken faith with the English ever since 1620. Yet, their prince was surprised and deprived of liberty, without the slightest proof of guilt, which, had they even possessed, they would not have had the right to make him a captive. This was one among the many just causes of the terrible war which Alexander's brother was about to begin.

The younger brother of the unfortunate chief succeeded him as sachem of the Wampanoags. He had been named Philip by the English at the same time the name of Alexander was given to his brother; his Indian name was Metacomet. He was already known to possess an active and haughty spirit. Doubtless, the designs of Philip were formed at this time; but until they were sufficiently matured, he kept them well covered. He came to Plymouth, in 1662, and renewed the treaty with the English, his people had so long observed. An apparent good feeling existed between the parties for several years after this. During this period, Philip entered into a war against the Mohawks, whom he finally defeated in 1669.

The first rupture between the Wampanoag chief and the colonists, occurred in April, 1671. The Plymouth government accused him of meditating hostilities, and arming and training his warriors. He, in return, complained of encroachments upon his planting grounds. A conference was held at Taunton, at which Philip admitted the truth of the charges against him, promised amendment, and signed a new treaty. It was afterwards made clear, that this submission was but to gain time. With the same object, he visited Boston, in August, 1671, and succeeded in

lulling the suspicions of the Massachusett's government. Another conference followed, and the sachem made still greater promises to the governments of Plymouth and Massachusetts. This purpose was fully answered, and nothing occurred for three years to rouse the suspicions of the whites. During all this time, Philip was most active in completing the vast designs which he had formed. His first object was, the union of all the New England tribes; and to effect this, he used all the arts of persuasion, of which he was a master. His success proves his ability. From the St. Croix to the Housatonic, the Indian tribes were formed into a vast confederacy, of which Philip was acknowledged as the head. The Wampanoags and the Narragansetts were the most powerful of these confederates.

The immediate occasion of Philip's taking up arms was this. An Indian, named John Sausaman, who had been educated at Cambridge, and employed as a schoolmaster among the Christianized Indians, and had subsequently joined Philip, and acted as his confidential secretary, after becoming acquainted with his plans, deserted him, and turned spy and informer. In January, 1675, the body of Sausaman was found thrust under the ice in Assawomset Pond, and from subsequent developements, it was ascertained that he had been murdered, and by Philip's orders. Three Indians were convicted of the murder, and executed at Plymouth; and Philip, suspecting that an attempt would be made to capture him for trial, resolved to anticipate his enemies' projects, and begin the war at once.

The Wampanoags sent their wives and children to the Narragansetts for security, and began to threaten the inhabitants of Swanzey. Growing bolder, they killed the cattle, and rifled the houses of the English, one of whom fired upon and wounded an Indian. This was the trump that roused both parties to action. Several of the inhabitants of Swanzey were murdered on the 24th of June, 1675. The Plymouth government sent information of the state of things about Mount Hope to the government of Massachusetts, and desired their speedy assistance. On the 28th, a foot company, under Captain Daniel Henchman, and a troop, under Captain Thomas Prentice, marching from Boston, joined the Plymouth force, under Captain Cudworth, at Swanzey, and marched into Philip's country. A skirmish with the Indians followed, in which the English had one man killed and one wounded, but succeeded in driving their enemies to their swamp, with the loss of five men. At the same time, the Indians attacked Taunton, Namasket, and Dartmouth, burning a considerable number of houses, and killing many of the inhabitants.

On the 15th of July, Captain Hutchinson led a large force into the Narragansett country, and concluded a treaty with that



ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD.

tribe. This was to prevent them from joining the forces under Philip. At the same time, Captain Cudworth despatched Captain Fuller and Lieutenant Church, with fifty men, to Pocasset, where Philip commanded, either to conclude a peace, if the enemy wished it, or to fight them, if necessary. This force was divided into two parties after reaching Pocasset, Captain Fuller leading one towards the sea shore, and Church marching further into the neck. Fuller found the Indians too strong for him, and after some skirmishing, he fled to the sea shore, and with his men, was taken off by a sloop. Church, with only fifteen men, found the Indians in great force near the peas-field; and he, too, was forced to retreat to the sea shore, where, however, he valorously defended himself against the great numbers of the Indians, until all the ammunition of his little band was spent; and even then, the Indians were forced to let the sloop take them off in safety. In this skirmish, the colonists killed fifteen of the Indians, and did not lose a man.

After obtaining a reinforcement from Rhode Island, Captain Church boldly returned to Pocasset. Another skirmish followed, in which the Indians lost fourteen or fifteen men, and Philip was then forced to retreat to a great swamp. Not being able to reach the enemy in this strong hold, Church held them at bay until the arrival of the main body of the Plymouth troops, and then the whole pushed further into the swamp. As the contemporary writer, Hubbard, quaintly remarks: "It is ill fighting with a wild beast in his own den;" and so the Plymouth men found it. They, therefore, resolved to starve the enemy into submission. Philip knew his doom if he should become a prisoner to the English, and was determined never to fall alive into their hands. Selecting about two hundred of his best warriors, he contrived to cross an arm of the sea near the swamp, and thus escaped into the country of the Nipmucks. In the same manner, all but one hundred of the women and children, who submitted to the English, succeeded in getting away. Upon discovering this, the English set off in pursuit, aided by the Mohican Indians. About thirty of Philip's men were cut off from the rear and slain; the rest escaped unharmed.

The Nipmucks had already commenced hostilities by killing five persons at Mendham. Without being aware of this, Captain Hutchinson, with twenty horse, marched into their country to reclaim the fugitives. He fell into an ambuscade at Brookfield, on the 2d of August, and lost sixteen men. An attack was then made upon that town; but the arrival of Major Willard, with forty-eight dragoons, saved it from destruction. Philip joined the Nipmucks on the next day. At this time, the Indians on the Connecticut river commenced hostilities. Captains Lothrop

and Beers, with a small force, drove the Hadley Indians from their dwellings, and pursued them to Sugarloaf Hill, ten miles distant, where a skirmish took place, in which nine or ten of the English were slain, and about twenty-six of the Indians; the remainder escaped, and soon joined Philip.

Deerfield, Hatfield, and other places, felt the force of the Indian's vengeance. An attack upon Hadley was repulsed, chiefly through the exertions of Goffe, one of the judges of Charles I., who lay concealed in that town. Several of the inhabitants of Northfield were killed; and the next day, Captain Beers, with thirty-six men, marching to the assistance of that place, was waylaid, and after a desperate battle, the captain and twenty men were slain; the others escaped to Hadley. Northfield was soon after destroyed by the Indians.

Captain Lothrop, with about eighty men, proceeding from Deerfield to Hadley, was waylaid near Sugarloaf Hill, by about seven hundred Indians, and after a hard fought battle, nearly the whole party was destroyed. The report of the guns being heard at Deerfield, Captain Mosely hastened forward to the relief of Lothrop. He arrived in time to renew the fight, and being joined by Major Treat, with a force of English and Mohicans, he compelled the foe to seek safety in a distant forest. As the Indians were emboldened by the destruction of Lothrop's party, and the English forces were much diminished, Mosely thought it best to abandon Deerfield, and employ his strength in defending the three next towns on the Connecticut river.

In October, the Indians of Springfield, so long friends to the whites, formed a plan to burn that village, and received into their fort about three hundred of Philip's warriors. A friendly Indian gave the inhabitants warning of their danger; but they were too credulous, and suffered themselves to be deluded until the time for action was at hand. But for the timely arrival of Major Treat, with a strong body of troops, the whole place would have been destroyed. As it was, thirty-two houses met the fate intended for all. On the 19th of October, Hadley was attacked by seven hundred Indians; but the valiant conduct of the troops stationed at that place, forced them to retire. After this repulse, the Indians all retired to the rendezvous at Narragansett. The approach of winter seemed to put a check to their enterprises. In all the operations of the war thus far, Philip was the ruling spirit among his countrymen. His activity, bravery, and cunning had been displayed on all occasions; and there remained no doubt of his being the most formidable chief the English ever had to encounter.

A a meeting of the commissioners of the United Colonies was held on the 9th of September. It was concluded that the war



MEETING OF THE NEW ENGLAND COMMISSIONERS.



BURNING OF SPRINGFIELD

was just, and that it should be prosecuted to the utmost of their power. It was resolved to raise a thousand men with all expedition, and Josiah Winslow, the governor of Plymouth, was appointed commander in chief. The Narragansetts were considered as the accessories of Philip in his outrages, or, as many will say at the present time, his allies in the war; and hostilities were to be directed against them.

The forces of the three colonies assembled at Petaquamscut, on the 18th of December, and marched through a deep snow towards the enemy. The Narragansetts had retired to a small piece of dry land, in a great swamp, seven miles from Newport. Here they collected stores, and built the strongest fort they ever had in this country. A circle of palisades was surrounded by a fence of trees, a rod in thickness. The entrance was on a long tree over the water, that only one person could pass at a time. This was guarded in such a manner, that every attempt to enter would have been fatal. By the help of Peter, an Indian prisoner, but now a necessary guide, one vulnerable spot was discovered; at one corner the fort was not raised more than four or five feet in height, opposite to this spot a block house was erected, so that a torrent of balls might be poured into the gap

General Winslow, with fifteen hundred men from Massachusetts, and three hundred from Connecticut, with one hundred and sixty Indians, being arrived near the place about one o'clock, having travelled eighteen miles without refreshment or rest, discovered a party of the enemy, upon whom they instantly poured



a shower of balls; the Indians returned the fire and fled into the fort. The English pursued, and without waiting to reconnoitre or even to form, rushed into the fort after them; but so terrible was the fire from the enemy, they were obliged to retire. The whole army then made a united onset; hardly were they able to maintain their ground; some of their bravest captains fell. In this awful crisis, while the scale of victory hung doubtful, some of the Connecticut men, who were in the rear on the opposite side, where was a narrow place destitute of palisades, leaped over the fence of trees, and fell on the rear of the enemy. This decided the contest. They were soon totally routed.

As they fled, their wigwams were set on fire. Instantly six hundred of their dwellings were in a blaze. Awful was the moment to the poor savages. Not only were they flying from their last hope of safety, and from their burning houses, but their corn, their provisions, and even many of their aged parents and helpless children, were fuel for the terrible conflagration. They could behold the fire, they could hear the last cries of their expiring families; but could afford them no relief. Seven hundred of their warriors they had left dead on the field of battle; three

hundred more afterwards died of their wounds. They had been driven from their country, and from their pleasant fire sides: now, their last hopes were torn from them; their cup of sufferings was full.

Sad was the day of victory to the English. Six brave captains fell before their eyes; eighty men were killed or fatally wounded; one hundred and fifty were wounded who recovered. Twenty fell in the fort, ten or twelve died the same day, on their march back to their camp, which they reached about midnight; it was cold and stormy, and the snow deep; several died the next morning, so that this day, December 20th, they buried thirty-four in one grave. By the 22d, forty were dead, and by the end of January, twenty more. Of the three hundred from Connecticut, eighty were killed or wounded. Of their five captains, three were killed, and one so wounded, that he never recovered. In the fort they had taken a large number of prisoners, about three hundred warriors, and as many women and children. It was supposed that four thousand natives were in the fort when the assault was made.

The natives never recovered the loss of this day. The destruction of their provisions in the fort, was the occasion of great distresses in the course of the winter. But a thaw, in January, gave them some relief, when a party fell on Mendon, and laid it in ashes. In February, they received some recruits from Canada, when they burned Lancaster, and took forty captives, among whom was Mrs. Rowlandson, the minister's wife, he being on a journey to Boston to obtain soldiers for their defence. Marlborough, Sudbury, and Chelmsford soon felt the terror of their arms. February 21st, they penetrated as far as Medfield, burned half the town, and killed about twenty of the inhabitants; in four days they were in Weymouth on the sea shore, and in the same month, they dared to enter Plymouth, and destroy two families. Had they been so disposed fifty years before, instead of two families, they might easily have destroyed the whole colony. In March, they were in Warwick, and burned the town. They were pursued by Captain Pierce, with fifty English and twenty Indian soldiers, but he was overpowered by numbers, himself and forty-nine of the English, with eight of the Indians, being slain, after they had killed one hundred and forty of the enemy. The same day, Marlborough was in flames, and several people were killed at Springfield.

On the 18th of May, a party of one hundred soldiers marched to Deerfield, and surprised a large party of Indians stationed there. The red men could make but little resistance, and about three hundred men, women, and children were either killed by the English, or drowned in the Connecticut river. Soon after,

a party of the Indians rallied, and attacked the whites with great fury. Captain Turner and thirty-eight men were killed. The remainder of the party was brought off by Captain Holyoke.

In revenge for the loss sustained by this surprise at Deerfield, six or seven hundred Indians appeared before Hatfield on the 30th of May, and burning several houses and barns, proceeded to attack the houses within the palisades. The approach of a body of young men from Hadley, compelled them to desist; and they retired with the loss of twenty-five men. The Narragansetts were nearly all driven out of their country by the numerous volunteer companies of the English.

Early in June, Major John Talcot, with two hundred and fifty soldiers, and two hundred Mohicans and Pequod Indians marched from Norwich into the Wabaquasset country. But he found it entirely deserted. On the 12th of June, Hadley was again attacked by about seven hundred Indians; but Talcot appeared, and drove off the enemy. On the 3d of July, the same commander came up with the main body of the Indians, near a large cedar swamp, and attacked them so suddenly, that a great number were killed upon the spot. The remainder, taking refuge in the swamp, were surrounded by the English, and a still greater number were killed or captured. By the 5th of July, when Talcot retired to Connecticut, he had destroyed or taken above three hundred Indians.

Disheartened by such disastrous defeats, the Indians began to come to the English in small parties and surrender themselves. Philip fled to the Maquas; but they proving hostile, he was compelled to return to the vicinity of Mount Hope. But his spirit was not broken yet. With all the force he could collect, he fell upon Taunton on the 11th of July. The inhabitants had received timely warning, and were prepared. Philip was compelled to retire, after burning a few houses. During the month of July, the troops under Captain Mosely and Brattle, and the Plymouth forces, under Major Bradford, killed and captured one hundred and fifty Indians without losing a man.

About the same time, the valiant Captain Church, with a small party of eighteen English and twenty-two Indians, fought four battles in one week, killing and capturing seventy-nine of the Indians, without losing a man. On the 25th of July, thirty-six Englishmen and ninety Christian Indians, from Dedham and Medfield, took fifty prisoners, without losing one of their own number. Two days after, Sagamore John, with one hundred and eighty Nipmucks, submitted to the English. Upon the 1st of August, Captain Church captured twenty-three Indians; and on arriving at Philip's headquarters, killed and captured many more.

The close of the career of the great chief who had inflicted so



TALCOT ATTACKING THE INDIANS IN THE SWAMP.

much upon the English, as the invaders of his country, is worthy of particular notice. Quanonchet, the intimate friend of Philip, venturing near the enemy with a few followers, was pursued and taken. When offered life, if he would deliver Philip into the hands of the English, he nobly refused. They condemned him to die by the hands of three young Indian chiefs. The hero replied, that he "liked it well; for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy of himself." But, although the day of adversity was upon Philip, he retained his wife and child as a consolation until after he took refuge at Mount Hope. While there, his quarters were surprised, and the greater part of his people, including his wife and child, killed and captured. The almost deserted chief fled, leaving his dearest ones to the mercy of those who did not feel that virtue. Though defeated, and hunted like a wild beast, Philip was not conquered.

The sorcerers attempted to console the chief with the assurance that he should never fall by the hand of an Englishman. Gathering his little band around him, he took refuge in an almost inaccessible swamp, there resolved to make a last stand. As an instance of determined spirit and hatred of the English, it is related, that an Indian proposed to make peace with the enemy. Philip instantly laid him dead at his feet. A friend or relation of this man, exasperated at the deed, fled to the English and offered to conduct them to the place of his retreat. Captain Church, awake to the importance of the capture, marched with this welcome guide, upon his certain expedition. Philip had been dreaming the night before, that he had fallen into the hands of the English, and was telling his dream to his men, when Church and his followers rushed in upon them. The battle was short, but desperate. Philip fought till he saw almost all his men fall in his defence, and then turned and fled. He was pursued by an Englishman and an Indian. As if the oracle was to be fulfilled, the musket of the former would not go off; the latter fired, and shot him through the heart. Thus fell one whose acts proved him to possess the abilities of a great prince. The colonists rejoiced that they were delivered from a terrible enemy, and were not then capable of forming a true judgment of his character. It is evident, Philip did all that was possible for an untutored savage chief to perform, with the object of delivering his country from those he looked upon as invaders. He possessed a mind capable of forming great plans, unwearying activity and perseverance, the power of moulding men to his purposes, and with much of the cruelty implanted by savage trainings, had some of the finest of human feelings.

Although peace was not established securely until some time after Philip's death, the war may be said to have virtually ter-

minated by it. Annawon, a Wampanoag chief, with a few followers, escaped from the swamp, and for awhile threatened Swanzey. This chief resolved never to be taken alive by the English. Captain Church pursued him with a considerable body of colonists and treacherous Indians, and overtook him as he was preparing a meal at the foot of a precipice. All resistance was useless, and Annawon was forced, despite his resolution, to yield himself and followers prisoners. He was a true Indian warrior. As the victorious Church passed the night upon the spot where Annawon was captured, the chief recounted the injuries he had done the English, and the valiant deeds he had performed in many wars, with a feeling of pride no fear of death could tame. He was taken to Plymouth, and in accordance with the brutal policy of the colonists, was beheaded.

The war had lasted fourteen months. The New England colonists had lost six hundred of their number, killed; and had thirteen towns totally, and eleven, partially, destroyed. A heavy debt had also been incurred to defray the expenses of the contest; and the labors of the Christian missionaries among the Indians entirely interrupted. Two or three powerful tribes of the native owners of the soil had been annihilated, and the remainder, lacking the spirit of Philip, were reduced to submission.





KING WILLIAM III.

## CHAPTER V.

### KING WILLIAM'S WAR.

THE territorial disputes of the English, Spaniards, and French were the causes of frequent contests between the claimants, in which the services of the Indians were obtained by the highest bidder. In the south the Spaniards instigated the savages to commit numerous outrages, and the French were equally active and successful in their efforts to awaken the hostility of the northern tribes to the English. To the Indians, it was equally a matter of indifference which of the white nations suffered—looking upon all of them as invaders; and they willingly received the presents and promises of the French and Spaniards, and repaid them with service against those who gave none.

The war commonly called by the colonists, "King William's War," commenced in 1688 and ended in 1697. The object of the French was, the expulsion of the English from the northern and middle provinces. The English directed their efforts against

Canada. The French secured the services of the greater part of the Indians, and the united forces spread death and desolation in all directions. The first hostilities began on the eastern border of Maine, where the boundary was in continual dispute. In the early part of 1688, Sir Edmund Andross, at that time governor-general of New England, sailed to the disputed territory, and plundered the house and chapel of the Baron St. Castine, who occupied the lands under a grant of the French government. This base deed provoked the baron to excite the Indians to war, pretences for which were not wanting on their part.

The first blood was shed at North Yarmouth, in September. In the Spring, the Penicook Indians joining those of Saco, they made a dreadful slaughter at Cocheco. Mesandouit, being hospitably lodged at Major Waldron's, in the night opened the gate, and a hundred, some say five hundred, Indians rushed into the garrison, murdered the major, and twenty-two others, took twenty-nine prisoners, burned four or five houses, and fled, loaded with plunder. The captives were sold to the French in Canada. Four young men of Saco being abroad, were killed; twenty-four men armed went forth to bury them, and were assaulted by such a number, that they retreated, leaving five or six of their number dead. In August, the enemy took the fort at Pemaquid; and so frequent were their assaults, and so great the public alarm, that the people retired to Falmouth for safety. The same month, Major Swayn, with seven or eight companies from Massachusetts, relieved the garrison at Blue Point, which was beset with Indians. Major Church, with another party of English and Christian Indians from Plymouth colony, marched to the eastward. Swayn making his headquarters at Berwick, sent Captain Wiswell and Lieutenant Flag on a scout. Near Winnipisiogee pond, Flag left a number of his friendly Indians, who continued there a number of days. It was afterwards discovered, that they had an interview with the hostile natives, and gave them all the information in their power. So strong is the attachment which binds us to our native country, that often the bonds of gratitude, oaths, and religion, like Samson's cords, burst asunder, when they interfere with this passion.

This month Casco was assaulted, and Captain Bracket was killed; but Captain Hall arriving, a serious engagement followed, which was supported several hours. Of the English, ten or twelve were killed; the enemy fled; and in November the troops were dismissed, excepting a few in the garrisons at Wells, York, Berwick, and Cocheco. The next spring, 1690, the French and Indians fell upon Salmon Falls, burned the greatest part of the town, killed about thirty persons, and took fifty prisoners. Artel was the French commander of this party. On their way to Ca-

nada, one of their captives, Robert Rogers, endeavoring to escape, was overtaken, stripped, beaten, tied to a tree, and burned alive. The savages dancing and singing round him, cutting off pieces of his flesh and throwing them in his face

In 1690, Count de Frontignac, the able governor of Canada, sent out three expeditions against the English colonies. The first of these marched against Schenectady, a fortified and well built village, about twenty miles above Albany. The party consisted of about two hundred French and fifty Mohawks. After a long and dreary march through the deep snow, in bitter cold weather, they arrived near Schenectady upon the 8th of February. The inhabitants were lulled into the belief of their security, and no watch was kept. The village was then in the form of a long square, with a gate at each end. One gate was not only left open, but unguarded. The French and Indians entered through this, about the middle of the night, and dividing into small parties, they waylaid every portal; and then the piercing war whoop startled the slumberers from their beds. Death met them in all directions. The garrison made a slight resistance; but were soon silenced. For two hours the bloody work went on. All the cruelty attendant upon Indian warfare seemed to be refined or outdone at this devoted village. Sixty-seven persons were put to death, forty were made captives; and of those who fled towards Albany, twenty-five lost their limbs by the frost. The French, having totally destroyed Schenectady, retired, loaded with plunder.

The second French expedition proceeded against the settlement at Salmon Falls. This party, consisting of fifty French and Indians, attacked the village just before day break. Here the inhabitants made a desperate resistance, but were overpowered, and most of them killed or captured. As the assailants retired, they were attacked by one hundred and fifty men; but succeeded in escaping with some loss. The third expedition attacked Casco, where a number of soldiers were stationed. The garrison defended themselves while their ammunition lasted; and then took refuge in a fort situated in a deep gully. This was attacked, after the town hand been burned. The soldiers withstood a siege of five days, and then the remnant agreed to capitulate. The French commander broke his promise of safety to his prisoners Most of them were butchered, and the rest taken to Canada.

The garrisons at Papoodack, Spurwink, Black Point, and Blue Point, were so alarmed, that without orders, they retreated to Saco, twenty miles within Casco; and from Saco, twenty miles further to Wells, and some of them came on further; but recruits arriving, they were inspired with new courage. Soon after Hopehood, a chief warrior, who had lived in Boston, had a skirmish



CAPTAIN CONVERS BURYING THE DEAD.

with Captain Sherburn, and the next Sabbath his party killed a man, and burned several houses at Berwick. Three days after, at Fox Point, on Piscataqua, he burned a number of houses, took six prisoners, and killed twelve persons. Captains Greenleaf and Floyd came up with him soon after, killed part of his company, retook some of the captives, and a great part of their plunder.

At Spruce creek, they killed an old man, and took a woman captive. July 4th, nine persons being at work in a field by Lampereel river, all were killed. The same day, Captains Wiswel and Floyd marched from Portsmouth to search the woods. The next day, the garrison at Exeter was assaulted, but relieved by Lieutenant Bancroft with the loss of several men. One of them, Simon Stone, being shot in nine places, lay as if dead among the slain; the Indians coming to strip him, attempted by two blows of a hatchet to sever his head from his body: though they did not effect it, the wounds were dreadful; our people coming upon them suddenly, they did not scalp him; while burying the dead, Stone was observed to gasp; an Irishman present, advised them to give him another blow of the hatchet, and bury him with the rest; but his kind neighbors poured a little water into his mouth, then a little spirits, when he opened his eyes; the Irishman was ordered to haul a canoe on shore, in which the wounded man

might be carried to a surgeon; carelessly pulling it along with his gun, it went off, broke his arm, and rendered him a cripple while he lived. Stone, in a short time, perfectly recovered. In two days, Floyd and Wiswel came upon the enemy at Wheelright's pond. Fifteen of the English were slain, among whom were Captain Wiswel, Lieutenant Flag, and Sergeant Walker; a great number were wounded. Captain Convers was sent to bury the dead, and bring off the wounded.

The same week, Amesbury was assaulted; three persons killed, and three houses burned; Captain Foot was tortured to death. In September, Major Church, with three hundred men, landed in Casco bay, at Macquoit, and marched to Androscoggin fort, took and killed twenty Indians, set five captives at liberty; and burned the fort. On their return, they sent a party from Winter Harbor up the river, who fell on the enemy, killed some, took considerable plunder, and relieved an Englishman from captivity. At Casco Harbor the enemy, in the night, fell on them and killed five, but were soon driven to the woods. The army, excepting one hundred men, was then dismissed.

The country was now in a distressed situation; the disappointment and losses in the Canada expedition, and a murderous Indian war, which lasted for several years, had exhausted the resources, and sunk the spirits of the people. In this period of discouragement, the people were joyfully surprised with overtures of peace from the savages; a conference was held at Sagadahoc; ten prisoners were restored, and a truce established till the 1st of May, 1692. Instead of appearing in May at the garrison in Wells, with all their captives, to sign articles of a lasting peace, according to agreement, on the 9th of June, the place was assaulted by two hundred Indians; but, being courageously repulsed, they retired. About the same time, they killed two men at Exeter, two at Berwick, and five hundred and six at Cape Neddock. In the latter part of July, a number of troops having explored the Pejepscot region, to no purpose, while going on board their vessels, at Macquoit, were violently assailed all night; but their vessels secured them, in a great measure against harm.

In mercy to New England, the force of the savages was this year exceedingly restrained. Yet, September 28th, seven persons were killed and taken captive at Berwick, and the next day, twenty-one were taken from Sandy Beach. October 23d, in Rowley, Byfield parish, Mr. Goodridge, his wife, and two of his daughters, were killed. He was shot while praying in his family; it was Sabbath evening. Another daughter was taken captive, but redeemed the next spring, at the expense of the province.

She lived eighty-two years after, and died in Beverly, 1774, aged eighty-nine. Her name was Deborah Duty.

On the 25th of January, 1692, several hundred Indians assaulted York; took a hundred captives, and killed fifty, among whom was their faithful minister, the Rev. Shubael Dummer. The remaining people were so discouraged, that they were about leaving the town, when the government sent Captains Greenleaf and Convers to protect them.

About this time, the English fell on a party in Cocheco woods, took and killed all but one; but the most valorous exploit happened at Wells. Captain Convers displayed the courage of Leonidas, with more success. He had fifteen men in the garrison; little more than a gun shot off, in two sloops, were fifteen more, who had just brought ammunition and stores for the garrison. In this situation, he was assaulted by an army of five hundred French and Indians. Monsieur Burniff was general, and Labrocree, a principal commander. They were supported by the most distinguished chieftains of different tribes. Warumbo, Egercmet, Moxus, and Modocawando, names of terror in those times, were present, with their chosen warriors. After a speech from one of their orators, with shouts and yells, they poured a volley upon the garrison, which returned the fire with so much spirit and success, that the besiegers retired to attack the sloops. The vessels lay in a creek, rather than a river, which at low water was barely wide enough to prevent the enemy from leaping on board. From a turn of the creek, they could approach so near, as to throw handfuls of mud on board, without being exposed themselves. A stack of hay and a pile of plank, were also places of security, whence they could pour showers of balls upon the sloops; while their great numbers allowed them to place parties of men to prevent any assistance from the garrison. Several times they set the sloops on fire, by shooting burning arrows; but by the vigilance of the crews, under Captain Storer and Captain Gouge, they were extinguished. Resistance was so formidable, that they again returned to the garrison, and then again they assaulted the sloops. Various and bold were their stratagems. On a pair of wheels they built a platform, with a raised front that was bullet proof. This, loaded with French and Indians, was pushed toward the sloops; the terrific machine of death slowly advanced; it proceeded by the side of the channel, bursting with smoke and fire, till within fifteen yards of the sloop; one wheel sunk in the mire; a Frenchman stepped to lift the wheel; Storer levelled his gun, and he fell; another took his place, and again Storer took aim, and he fell by his fellow. Soon the tide rose and overturned their rolling battery; the men were exposed to the deadly fire of the sloops, and fell or fled in every direction.

Their next project was to build a kind of fire ship, eighteen or twenty feet square, loaded with combustible substance; this raft of fire, they guided as near the vessels as they dared, and the tide wafted the blazing pile directly towards the trembling sloops. Never were men in a more awful situation. In this moment of distress, they cried unto God, and He heard them. To the amazement of all, the wind suddenly changed, and with a fresh gale drove the floating destruction on shore, so shattered, that the water broke in, and extinguished the fire. Thus, after alternately attacking the garrison and vessels for forty-eight hours, exhausting their strength, expending their ammunition, losing one of their French commanders, and a number of their men; they sullenly retreated, having killed one man, and a number of cattle, and taken one prisoner; him they tortured, and killed in a most terrible manner.

This summer, a formidable stone fort was built at Pemaquid. Early in the summer of 1693, Major Church received the command of the troops in the eastern country, with orders to raise three hundred and fifty more. He surprised and took a party of the enemy, not far from Wells; then marched to Pemaquid, Taconet, and Saco, but found no enemies. At Saco, he ordered a fort to be built. About this time, the Indians alarmed Quabaog, or Brookfield, and killed a number of persons; but they were pursued, most of them killed, and their captives and plunder retaken. The Indians had now become tired of the war; they had some serious fears respecting the Maquas, and sued for peace, which was willingly granted them. A treaty was signed, May 11, 1693.

But the exertions of the French soon induced the Indians to renew the contest. Early in 1694, the Sieur Villion, commander of the French at Penobscot, with two hundred and fifty of the St. John, Penobscot, and Norridgewock Indians, attacked the settlements on Oyster river, in New Hampshire. About one hundred persons were killed or captured, and twenty houses burned. During the attack, a man named Thomas Bickford, defended his house himself against the whole force of the enemy. He changed his dress as often as possible, and kept up a constant fire, as he gave orders as if he had many men with him. Apprehending the approach of reinforcements of Englishmen, the French hastily retreated through the woods in their usual manner. But, before they left the neighborhood entirely, a number of settlers on the Piscataqua were killed and their houses burned.

The ravages on the frontiers were continued by the Indians; but no considerable enterprise was undertaken until October, 1695. In that month, a party penetrated to Newbury, and made captives of John Brown and his family, except one girl, who

alarmed the people of Newburyport, five miles distant. Captain Greenleaf instantly pursued, and before daybreak on the next day after starting, overtook the foe and rescued the captives, nine in number. When the Indians found it impossible to carry off their prisoners, they tried to kill them; but such was their hurry, the wounds they gave them were not mortal, and they all recovered. Captain Greenleaf was shot in the arm during the attack.

In August, 1696, the French, under Iberville and Bonaventure, with about two hundred Indians, under the Baron St. Castine, proceeded against the strong fortress at Pemaquid. The place was invested on the 14th. To the summons to surrender, Chubb, the commander replied, that if the sea were covered with French vessels and the land with Indians, yet he would not give up the fort. After the exchange of a few shots, batteries were raised, and a bombardment commenced. Castine found means to convey a letter into the fort, giving warning, that if the garrison waited till an assault was ordered, they would then be at the mercy of the Indians, and could expect no quarter. Upon this, the garrison, consisting of eighty men, requested their noble commander to capitulate, which he did upon highly honorable terms. Thus, this fortress, which had cost the colonists such an immense amount of money, fell into the hands of the enemy, and was demolished.

In June, 1697, the Indians made an attempt to surprise Exeter, New Hampshire, but failed. Soon after, Major Frost, an active and successful commander, was waylaid and killed by the enemy. Operations were continued on a small scale by the French until the peace of Ryswick was received in America. This was in December, 1697; and never was a peace more joyfully welcomed. By the treaty, all countries, forts, and colonies taken during the war, were to be restored to the party owning them before it began. Count de Frontignac informed the Indians that he could no longer be their ally in the war against the English, and advised them to make peace. Accordingly, on the 7th of January, 1699, they concluded a treaty, in which they acknowledged the supremacy of the English crown, and promised to maintain peace.





## CHAPTER VI.

### THE WARS OF THE FIVE NATIONS.

ALTHOUGH the confederacy known as the Five Nations were the allies of the English in the war against the French, and joined them in many of their principal expeditions, their history deserves a separate notice, as they afford us a complete example of what the Indians of North America were capable of. Their great reputation as warriors, and their wisdom in council, have been so often alluded to by those interested in the history of the Indians, that we shall be pardoned for giving a somewhat extended description of their confederacy, and an account of their wars.

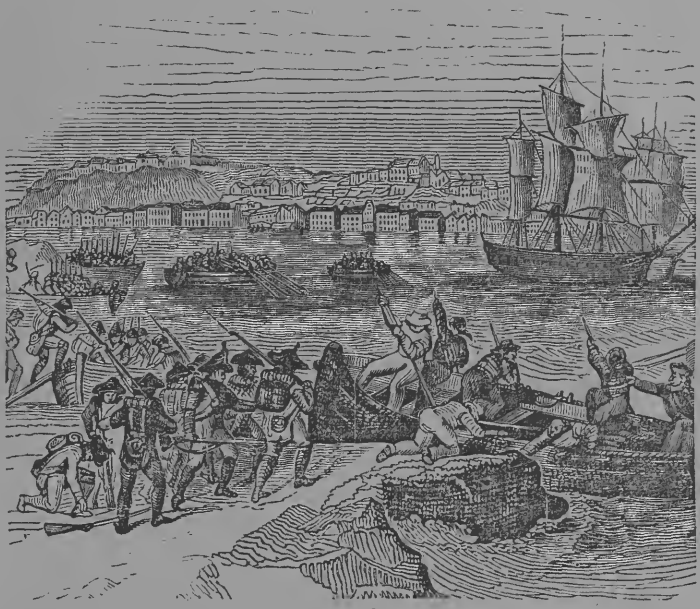
The Five Nations, by their geographical position, formed a sort of barrier between the French possessions in the northwest, and the middle colonies of the English. The confederacy is said to have originated in remote antiquity; and, as the name implies, comprehended five Indian tribes, of which, the Mohawks were the most powerful, and the most celebrated. These tribes were united on terms of the strictest equality, in a perpetual league, offensive and defensive. The principles of their alliance and government display much more refinement than might have been expected of "savages." Each nation had its own separate republican constitution, in which rank and authority were only attainable by the union of age and merit, and enjoyed during the public will. Each nation was divided into three tribes, distin-

guished by the names, the Tortoise, the Bear, and the Wolf. The confederacy had adopted the Roman policy of increasing their strength by absorbing the conquered tribes; and the effect was the same in both cases, though, in the latter, it was on a smaller scale. In no community, was age ever more respected, or worth more admired and emulated. Their habits and training were calculated to make them cruel and revengeful, but bold, active, cunning, strong, and graceful.

The Mohawks prided themselves upon their fortitude, and their persevering bravery. Stratagem was always preferred to open war, as among the generality of Indians; but the tribes of this confederacy did not fear an open field. Almost all the Indians who were not included in the confederacy, within a great extent of country, paid tribute to it, and could not wage war or make peace without its permission. All matters of common interest were discussed and transacted in general meetings of the braves of each nation; and so completely had time and success given the federal character to these republicans of the woods, that all individual interests were sacrificed to the good of the whole. In the year 1677, the Five Nations could bring into the field, two thousand five hundred fighting men. The accession of the Tuscaroras, at a later period, considerably increased their power. Surely, there is as much to admire in the character and institutions of these Indians, as there was in those of the Spartans of antiquity.

When the Five Nations first became known to the French settlers in the northwest, they were engaged in a struggle for supremacy with the powerful Andirondacks. The latter drove the confederates from their possessions round Montreal, and forced them to seek an asylum on the southeast coast of Lake Ontario. Rallying their strength, the confederates defeated their enemies in turn, and compelled them to fly beyond the strait where Quebec was afterwards built. The arrival of the French, however, threw the advantage upon the side of the Andirondacks, who, by aid of the whites, with their fearful fire arms, defeated the Five Nations in many battles, despite their valor and skill. In this state of affairs, the Dutch arrived in the Hudson river; and from these adventurers, the defeated, but not dispirited confederates, obtained a supply of the new instruments of warfare. The struggle was furiously renewed, and the Andirondacks were annihilated.

The feelings of hate and dread, awakened between the French and the Five Nations by this war, continued to exist as long as the former held possession of Canada. The Indians never forgive such injuries. In the wars which succeeded, the advantages of a knowledge of the country, and of being accustomed to rapid



QUEBEC.

and secret movements, gave the confederates a superiority which the French could not controvert. In the winter of 1665, a party sent out by the governor of Canada to attack the Five Nations, lost their way in the snow, and after enduring the extremity of misery, arrived at the village of Schenectady, recently founded by a Dutchman, named Corlear. The French would have fallen an easy prey to the Indians, but for the generosity of this noble-hearted man. Moved by their wretched appearance, Corlear employed persuasion and artifice to induce the Indians to spare their enemies; and he succeeded. The French were supplied with provisions and other necessaries, and sent home to Canada. Corlear received the thanks of the French governor for his humanity. After a lengthened series of hostilities, destructive to both parties, a peace was concluded in 1667. This continued until 1692.

The love of traffic made the Dutch keep upon good terms with the Indians. For this purpose, they could afford to bear any invasions of honor. When the British governors succeeded the Dutch, they entered into a treaty with the Five Nations, who adhered to their allies upon all subsequent occasions, but required

all the observances of respect due to an independent people. In the mean time, the French availed themselves of the peace, to extend their settlements along the St. Lawrence; and in 1672, they built Fort Frontignac on the northwest bank, near where it flows from Lake Ontario. They filled the Indian settlements with Jesuit missionaries, who made many converts, and served to attach many of the tribes to the French interest. Their courage, skill, and activity formed a striking contrast to the indolent security of the English, who were content to trust to the faith of the Indians in holding to their treaties.

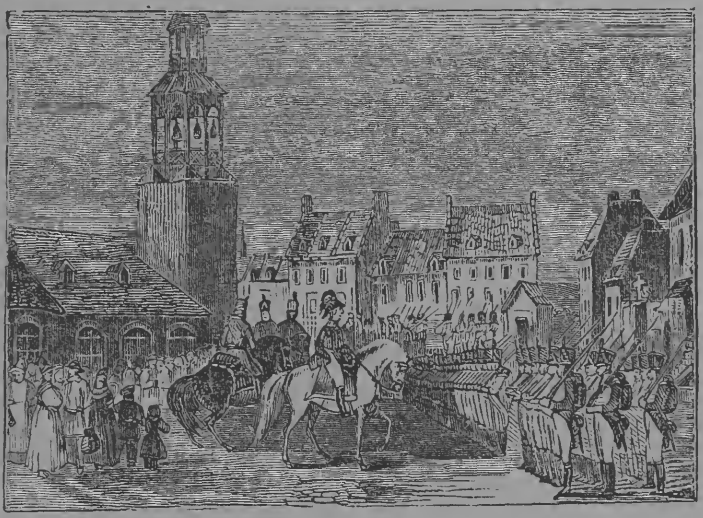
Inflamed by the love of conquest, the vice of the mighty, the Five Nations turned their arms southward, and subdued and exterminated the Indians from the Mississippi to the Carolinas. Many of the allies of the colonists of Maryland and Virginia were attacked, and the English were frequently obliged to interfere in their behalf. There was danger of a general rupture with the English; but in 1684, Colonel Dongan, governor of New York, and Lord Effingham, governor of Virginia, concluded a definitive treaty with the Five Nations. All the English settlements were included in this treaty. A number of hatchets were buried, and the arms of the Duke of York, the head of the English and Indian confederacy, were suspended along the frontiers of the territories of the Five Nations.

The rivalry between the French and English in the trade with the Indians upon the great lakes, led to the hostilities which next occurred. The chiefs of the Indian confederacy saw through the plans of the French governors, and became apprehensive of their own safety. Considering the conduct of the French in giving arms to their enemies, as an indication of hostility, they constantly attacked the Canadian traders during their expeditions. The French used every means to prevent this annoyance and obstruction to their designs; but force nor intrigue could not calm the hostility of the Indians. The weakness of James II. of England, who prevented Colonel Dongan from assisting his faithful allies, left the contest to be continued by the Five Nations alone; but Dongan seized every occasion to advise them how to conduct their enterprise, and to treat their prisoners.

The two parties carried on their operations with a mutual fury and cruelty that left no distinction between the Frenchman and the savage. The confederacy was completely successful, and for some time, it was thought the whites would be entirely subdued by their inveterate foes. On the 25th of August, 1689, twelve hundred warriors of the Five Nations landed upon the island of Montreal, while the French were in a state of perfect security, burned their houses, sacked their plantations, and slew nearly a thousand persons. A number of prisoners were taken and burnt



TREATY WITH THE FIVE NATIONS



PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

alive. The Indians returned, having lost but three men. In the following October, they attacked the island again, with nearly equal success. These dreadful disasters threw the whole of the French settlements into consternation. The fort at Lake Ontario was abandoned by its garrison, and as soon possessed by their foes. Here, among other things of value, twenty-eight barrels of gunpowder fell into their hands. The French were saved from extermination, only by the ignorance of the Indians of the art of attacking fortified places. Here, the English could have aided them; but the short-sighted policy of King James prevented it.

In the early part of King William's War, the Five Nations could not be induced to aid the English. But in 1691, Governor Slaughter held a conference with them, and his propositions for a new alliance, offensive and defensive, were accepted; and to use their own poetical expression, they *"brightened the ancient belt of friendship,"* and commenced hostilities against their old enemies.

In the summer of 1691, Major Schuyler, an influential man among the Indians, with a body of Mohawks, fell upon the French settlements in the north end of Lake Champlain. Mr. Drake thus relates what ensued:

"De Callieres, governor of Montreal, hastily collected about

eight hundred men, and opposed them; but, notwithstanding his force was vastly superior, yet they were repulsed with great loss. About three hundred of the enemy were killed in this expedition. The French now took every measure in their power to retaliate. They sent presents to many tribes of Indians, to engage them in their cause, and in the following winter, a party of about three hundred men, under an accomplished young gentleman, marched to attack the confederate Indian nations at Niagara. Their march was long, and rendered almost insupportable; being obliged to carry their provisions on their backs through deep snow. Black-kettle, a famous chief, met them with about eighty men, and maintained an unequal fight, until his men were nearly all cut off; but it was more fatal to the French, who, far from home, had no means of recruiting. Black-kettle, in his turn, carried the war into Canada during the whole summer following, with immense loss and damage to the French inhabitants. The governor was so enraged at his successes, that he caused a prisoner, which had been taken from the Five Nations, to be burnt alive. This captive withstood the tortures with as much firmness as his enemies showed cruelty. He sung his achievements while they broiled his feet, burnt his hands with red hot irons, cut and wrung off his joints, and pulled out the sinews. To close the horrid scene, his scalp was torn off, and red hot sand poured upon his head.

"But this was a day in which that people were able to contend successfully against even European enemies. They had, in 1691, laid a plan to prevent the French from extending their settlements westward, for surprising those already formed, and for intercepting the western Indians as they brought down their peltries to them.

"Two armies, of three hundred and fifty men each, were to march out on this business about November; the first, were to attack the fort at the Falls of St. Louis, and the other, to proceed by way of Lake Champlain against the settlements. Before they set out, two Indian women, who had been captives among them, made their escape, and gave notice of their object. This, in a great measure, defeated the enterprise. Governor De Callieres raised troops, and strengthened every place he was able. The first party was discovered as they approached St. Louis, who, after skirmishing some time with the parties detached against them, retired without gaining any material advantage. The second did little more, and retired, after destroying some houses, and carrying with them some prisoners.

"About the end of November, thirty-four Mohawks surprised some of the French Indians of St. Louis, who were carelessly hunting about Mount Chambly, killing four and capturing eight

others. Some escaped, and informed their friends of what had happened, and a company immediately went in pursuit. They overtook them near Lake Champlain, and a hard fight followed. The Catholic Indians rushed upon them with great fury, tomahawk in hand, and although the Mohawks had taken post behind rocks, they were routed, six being killed, and five taken. They also liberated all their friends taken at Mount Chambly.

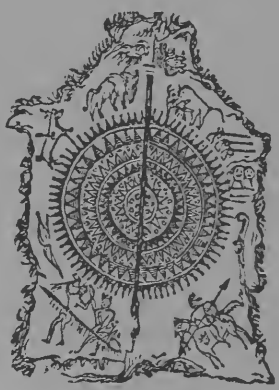
"In the beginning of February, 1692, De Calliere ordered M. D'Orvilliers to march, with three hundred men, into the peninsula, which terminates at the confluence of the Otto vay and the St. Lawrence rivers, to surprise a company of Iroquois he had been informed was there. It was their hunting ground during the winter, and the pretext for attacking them was, that they were now there to surprise the settlements, and intercept such as passed up and down said rivers. While on his march D'Orvilliers met with an accident, which obliged him to return to Montreal, and the command devolved upon Captain De Beaucourt. This officer marched to Isle Tonihata, not far from Catarocouy, or Katarokkui, where he surprised fifty Senecas in their cabins, killed twenty-four, and took six of them prisoners.

"Enough had passed before this to arouse the spirit of vengeance in the great chief of Onondaga, Black-kettle; but this last act could not be passed without, at least, an attempt at retaliation. About one hundred Senecas were near the Sault de la Chaudiere, on Ottoway river, at this time, and Black kettle soon after joined them with a band of his Onondagos; and they immediately put themselves into an attitude for intercepting their enemies.

"Governor De Callieres had supposed that by the affair at Tonihata, the Iroquois were sufficiently humbled for the present, and that they were not to be regarded as capable of any considerable undertaking; but he soon discovered the error of judgment; for sixty friendly Indians, having arrived at Montreal to trade, reported that the way was clear, but requested a guard when they returned. This was granted them. S. Michel volunteered upon this service, and put under the command of Lieutenant De la Gemeraye, thirty men. He had for his two ensigns, M. Le Fresniere, oldest son of the Sieur Hertel, and his brother. Having arrived at a place called the Long Falls, on Ottoway river, some marched upon the side of the river, while others endeavored to effect the passage of the falls in the boats. They had no sooner entered upon this business, than the warriors of Black-kettle, from an ambush, fired upon them, put the sixty Indians to flight, killing and wounding many of the French. They then rushed upon them with such fury, that little time was allowed for resistance, and they fled to their boats for safety;

but in their hurry they overturned them, and many were made prisoners. Among these were S. Michel and the two Hertels. La Gemeraye and a few soldiers only escaped. Black-kettle's force on this occasion was computed at one hundred and forty men."

The contest between these constant foes, was maintained with varied success until after the peace of Ryswick, in the latter part of 1697. The French had one of the most active and skilful of governors in the old Count de Frontignac, and his measures taught the Indians to know him as their most formidable foe. The peace of Ryswick enabled him to concentrate his whole force against the Five Nations. The Earl of Bellamont, then governor of New York, perceived the danger to the English colonies, should the allies be vanquished; and he not only furnished them with arms and ammunition, but notified the Count de Frontignac that if the French attacked them, he would come with his whole force to their aid. This resolution saved the Five Nations from an attack—and, perhaps, a complete overthrow. Soon after this, a peace was concluded between the two parties. But the Indians always retained their friendship for the English and their hatred of the French. The Jesuit missionaries obtained considerable influence among them, and the French trading agents so far secured them to their interest, that in the next war between the rival powers, four of the tribes took part against the British colonists. This was of but short duration, however, and before the total defeat of the French, the Five Nations had returned to their first friends. Before this period, the confederacy had been increased by the addition of the Tuscaroras, of the south. This tribe, however, was not equal to the others in strength and courage, and its members were always looked upon as inferior.





## CHAPTER VII.

### INDIAN WARS OF CAROLINA, PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTION.

When the English settled in South Carolina, it was found that the State was inhabited by about twenty different tribes of Indians. The whites made gradual encroachments without meeting with any opposition from the Indians, until the latter saw that if these advances were continued, they would be completely driven from their country. A struggle was immediately begun, in which the colonists suffered so much from the number and fury of their enemies, that a price was fixed upon every Indian who should be brought captive to Charleston, from whence they were sold into slavery for the West Indies.

The hostility of the southern Indians was instigated by the Spaniards, who supplied them with arms and ammunition. In the year 1702, Governor Moore marched into the country of the Apalachian Indians, took a great number of prisoners, and compelled the remainder to submit to the supremacy of the English government. A more important contest occurred in 1712. The Tuscaroras, and other powerful tribes, whose country extended from Cape Fear river to the peninsula of Florida, united in a league, the object of which was, to wage a war of extermination against the whites.

Every part of the design was laid with secrecy and ingenuity. They fortified their principal village, in order to shelter their women and children, and there the warriors met and matured their scheme. When the favorable moment arrived, they scat-

tered in small bands, and entering the houses of the planters, demanded something to eat. They then murmured at the provisions set before them, and pretending to be angry, they immediately began to murder men, women, and children without discrimination. One hundred and thirty settlers were slaughtered in the neighborhood of Roanoke, and but few escaped to give the timely warning to the remainder of the colonists.

The government immediately commenced active operations against their merciless foes. The Assembly voted four thousand pounds towards the war. A body of six hundred men was collected, and, under command of Colonel Barnwell, marched against the enemy. Several friendly tribes sent their warriors to aid the English, which swelled the number of Colonel Barnwell's force to one thousand men. After marching through a wilderness, and suffering all the hardships incident to such marches, he came up with the enemy, and a furious battle ensued. About three hundred Indians were killed, and one hundred wounded. The remainder of their force retreated to the fortified town. The forces of Barnwell surrounded this place, and so resolutely prosecuted the attack, that a great number were killed, and the remainder compelled to sue for peace. Besides a large number of the other tribes in the league, it is computed that one thousand Tuscaroras were killed in this expedition. The survivors left their country, and going northward, joined the Five Nations.

Three years after this war, another plot for the extermination of the English was formed by the powerful Yemassees, of South Carolina. This tribe occupied considerable territory on the northeast side of the Savannah river. Many others were joined with them in the plot.

On the 15th of April, at the dawn of day, the Indians fell on the defenceless settlers, unapprehensive of danger, and, in a few hours, massacred above ninety persons, in Pocotaligo. One man escaped to Port Royal, and alarmed the town. The inhabitants of it generally fled to Charleston. While the Yamassees were laying waste the southern frontiers of Carolina, other tribes, from the northward, were perpetrating similar devastations, in that quarter. The southern division of the enemy consisted, by computation, of six thousand bowmen; and the northern, between six hundred and a thousand. The planters, thus taken by surprise, were so dispersed, that they could not assemble together, nor act in concert. They generally fled to Charleston. The intelligence they brought, magnified the danger, so as to induce doubts of the safety even of the capital; for, at that time, it contained on the muster roll, no more than twelve hundred men fit to bear arms. A party of four hundred Indians came to Goose creek, about twenty miles from Charleston. Every family there



MASSACRE AT ROANOKE BY THE TUSCARORAS.

had fled to town, with the exception of seventy white men and forty negroes, who, having surrounded themselves with a slight breastwork, resolved on defence. After they had resisted for some time, they incautiously agreed to terms of peace. The faithless savages, being admitted within their works, butchered the garrison.

The invaders spread destruction through the parish of St. Bartholomew, and, advancing as far as Stono, burned the church, and every house on the plantations by the way. Similar ravages were committed in several other places. In this time of general calamity, Governor Craven, of South Carolina, acted with spirit. He proclaimed martial law, laid an embargo on all vessels in the harbor, and marched out of town, at the head of the militia, to attack the Yamassee invaders. He guarded himself against their mode of fighting from thickets, and behind trees; and took every precaution to prevent a surprise. He knew, full well, that his followers must either conquer or die, most probably by torture. The fate of the province depended on the success of his arms. The event of the expedition would decide, whether Carolina should remain a British province, or be annexed to Florida, in the occupation of the aborigines. There was no back country, then settled with friendly white inhabitants, to whom the settlers below might fly for refuge, or from whom they might look for relief. Virginia was the nearest place, from which effectual aid could be expected.

As Governor Craven marched through the country, straggling parties of the Indians fled before him, till he reached Saltcatchers, where they had pitched their great camp. Here a sharp and bloody contest took place. The Indians fought from behind trees and bushes, alternately retreating and returning to the charge. The militia, with the governor at their head, kept close to the enemy, improved every advantage, and drove them from their lurking places. The pursuit was continued till the invaders were expelled from Carolina, and forced to retreat over Savannah river. The number of the militia lost in this expedition, or of the Indians killed therein, is not known; but, in the course of the war, four hundred of the inhabitants of Carolina were murdered, by the invading savages.

The Yamassees, after their defeat and expulsion from Carolina, went directly to the Spanish garrison, St. Augustine, where they were received with so much hospitality and kindness, and had such ample encouragement given them to settle in Florida, as confirmed the suspicions previously entertained, that their late conspiracy was contrived by Spaniards, and carried on by their encouragement.

This victory raised the inhabitants of South Carolina from the

depths of despair to the highest pitch of joy. The expedition had disconcerted the greatest conspiracy ever formed against the colony, and given it a security which the inhabitants could not before feel in the presence of such a formidable foe as the Yemassees.

When, during the war which led to the conquest of Canada, the French had been compelled to abandon Fort Duquesne, they retreated down the Ohio river, and in revenge, endeavored to excite the Cherokees to war against the colonists of Carolina. In this they were aided by the occurrence of a quarrel between the Indians and the colonists. It had always been the custom for both parties to seize the horses that run wild in the woods. A party of Cherokees, returning from Fort Duquesne, where they had been in the service of the English, seized some stray horses, and made use of them to hasten home. But, it seems, that the horses belonged to the whites, who, instead of seeking redress legally, pursued the Cherokees and killed a considerable number of them. This, very naturally, enraged the Indians, and they immediately attacked several of the frontier settlements of Carolina.

The Cherokees could, at this time, bring about three thousand men into the field. Upon receiving information of these hostile acts, Governor Lyttleton made great preparation to invade the Cherokee country. Fearing his power, the Indians sent thirty-two chiefs to make a treaty with the whites. But the governor, detaining the chiefs as captives, marched for Port Prince George, on the banks of the Savannah. Upon reaching the Congaree, he received a reinforcement, which increased his army to fourteen hundred men.

When Governor Lyttleton arrived at Fort Prince George, he found his troops mutinous, and himself in very bad repute among them. He then saw the necessity of a peace, and invited Attakullakulla, the wisest of the Cherokee chiefs, to a conference. A treaty was concluded, which the Indians never meant to observe since Lyttleton had violated all laws of nations, by making their ambassadors prisoners. By the treaty, Ockonostota, a great war chief, and Fiftoe, were set at liberty, while the other chiefs were retained at the fort on the Savannah. The affair being thus arranged, Lyttleton returned to Charleston, where he was received as a conqueror, although he had done nothing to merit the title The remaining incidents of this war, are thus related by Mr Drake.

"Ockonostota, for good reason, no doubt, entertained a deep-rooted hatred against Captain Cotymore, an officer of the garrison, and the army had but just left the country, when it was found that he was hovering about the garrison with a large num-



OCKONOSTOTA,

ber of warriors. But it was uncertain, for some time, whether they intended to attack the fort, or whether they wished to continue near their friends, who were imprisoned in it. However, it is said, that, by some means, a plan was concerted between the Indians without and those confined within the fort, for surprising it. Be this as it may, Ockonostota, on the 16th of February, 1760, practised the following wile to effect the object. Having placed a party of his warriors in a dark cane brake near at hand, he sent a squaw to the garrison to invite the commander to come out, for he had something of importance to communicate to him. Captain Cotymore imprudently went out, accompanied by two of his officers, and Ockonostota appeared upon the opposite bank of the Savannah, with a bridle in his hand, the better to conceal his intentions. He told the captain he was going to Charleston to effect the release of the hostages, and requested that a white man might accompany him; and that, as the distance was great, he would go and try to catch a horse. The captain promised him a guard, and hoped he would succeed in finding a horse. Ockonostota then quickly turned himself about, and swinging his bridle thrice over his head, which was the signal to his men, and they promptly obeying it, about thirty guns were discharged upon the officers at the same moment. Captain Cotymore received a shot in his left breast, from which he died in two or three days after, and both the others were wounded. On recovering the fort, an attempt was made to put the hostages in irons. An Englishman, who laid hold on one of them for that purpose, was stabbed and slain; and, in the scuffle, two or three more were wounded, and driven out of the place of confinement. The tragedy in the fort had now only commenced; the miserable prisoners had repelled their assassins for the moment, and, doubtless, hoped for deliverance from their friends without, who had now closely besieged the place. But, unfortunately for these poor wretches, the fort was too strong to be carried by their arts of war, and the dastardly whites found time and means to murder their victims, one by one, in a manner too horrible to relate. There were few persons among the Cherokees who did not lose a friend or relation by this massacre; and, as one man, the nation took up the hatchet, and desolations quickly followed.

"Meanwhile, singular as it may appear, Attakullakulla remained the fast friend of the whites, and used all his arts to induce his countrymen to make peace. But it was in vain he urged them to consider that they had more than revenged themselves; they were determined to carry all before them. Attakullakulla was now an old man, and had become much attached to the English, from several causes. On the other hand, Ockonostota was a stern warrior, in the vigor of manhood, and, like

the renowned Pontiac, was determined to rid his country of his barbarous enemies.

The leaders in every town seized the hatchet, telling their followers that the spirits of murdered brothers were flying around them, and calling out for vengeance. All sung the war song, and, burning with impatience to imbrue their hands in the blood of their enemies, rushed down among innocent and defenceless families on the frontiers of Carolina, where men, women, and children, without distinction, fell a sacrifice to their merciless fury. Such of the whites as fled to the woods, and escaped the scalping knife, perished with hunger. Every day brought fresh accounts to the capital of their ravages and desolations. But, while the back settlers impatiently looked to their governor for relief, the small pox raged to such a degree in town, that few of the militia could be prevailed on to leave their distressed families to serve the public. In this extremity, an express was sent to General Amherst, the commander-in-chief in America, for assistance, in terms too pressing to be denied. Accordingly, he ordered a battalion of Highlanders, and four companies of Royal Scots, under the command of Colonel Montgomery, afterwards Earl Eglinton, to embark at New York for Carolina. In the mean time, Littleton, having been appointed governor of Jamaica, William Bull succeeded him; a change much to the advantage of the province.

"Colonel Montgomery arrived in Carolina towards the end of April, to the great joy of the people, who had taken measures to co-operate with him to the best advantage; but, as the conquest of Canada was the grand object now, General Amherst had ordered Colonel Montgomery to strike a sudden blow for the relief of the Carolinians, and then to return to headquarters at Albany, without loss of time; and we have scarce an example in military history, where an officer fulfilled his commission with greater promptitude. He soon after rendezvoused at Congaree; and, being joined by many gentlemen of distinction as volunteers, besides the principal strength of the country, he marched for the heart of the Cherokee country. After reaching a place called Twelve Mile River, he encamped upon advantageous ground, and marched with a party to surprise Estatoe, about twenty miles from his camp. In the way, he took Little Keowee, and put every man to the sword. Estatoe he found abandoned, except by a few that could not escape, and it was reduced to ashes, as was Sugar Town, and every other settlement in the lower nation. About sixty Indians were killed, and forty taken prisoners; but the warriors had generally escaped to the mountains and deserts. Thus far, the campaign had been prosperous with the whites, but

three or four men having been killed; but it had no other effect upon the Indians than to increase their rage.

"Meanwhile, Fort Prince George had been closely invested, and Colonel Montgomery marched to its relief. From this place, two friendly chiefs were despatched to the middle settlements, to offer peace to the people there, and orders were sent to those in command at Fort Loudon, to use means to bring about an accommodation with the Upper Towns; but the Indians would not hear to any terms, and Colonel Montgomery was constrained to march again to find the enemy. He had now the most difficult part of his service to perform. The country through which he had to march was covered by dark thickets, numerous deep ravines, and high river banks; where a small number of men might distress and wear out the best appointed army.

"Having arrived within five miles of Etchoe, the nearest town of the middle settlements, the army was attacked on the 27th of June, in a most advantageous place for the attacking party. It was a low valley, in which the bushes were so thick, that the soldiers could see scarcely three yards before them; and in the bottom of this valley flowed a muddy river, with steep clay banks. Through this place the army must march. Rightly judging, the enemy had not omitted so important a pass, Colonel Montgomery ordered out a company of rangers, under Captain Morrison, to enter the ravine and make discovery. No sooner had he entered it, than the fierce war whoop was raised, and the Indians darted from covert to covert, at the same time firing upon the whites. Captain Morrison was immediately shot down, and his men closely engaged; but, being without delay supported by the infantry and grenadiers, they were able to maintain their ground, and the battle became obstinate; nor could the Indians be dislodged, until after an hour of hard fighting. In the mean time, the Royal Scots took possession of a place between the Indians and a rising ground on their right, while the Highlanders sustained the light infantry and grenadiers on the left. As the left became too warm for them, and not well understanding the position of the Royal Scots, the Indians, in their retreat, fell in with them, and were sharply encountered; but they soon effected their retreat to a hill, and could no more be brought to action. In this fight, ninety-six of the whites were killed and wounded, of whom twenty were of the former number. Of the Cherokees, forty were said to have been killed.

"The Indians had now been driven from one ravine, with a small loss; but Colonel Montgomery was in no condition to pursue his advantage farther, and he, therefore, after destroying so much of his provisions as would afford horses for the wounded, began his retreat out of the Indian country, and, in obedience to

his commission, soon after returned to New York; not, however, without leaving four hundred men for the security of the province. But it was soon seen, that what had yet been done only increased the rage of the Indians, and their depredations continued at the very heels of the retreating army. They immediately cut off all communication with Fort Loudon, which was garrisoned with two hundred men. Ockonostota, with his numerous warriors, kept strict watch, insomuch, that there was no means of escape. At length, the garrison having miserably subsisted, for some time, upon poor famished horses, dogs, &c., many of them became resolved to throw themselves into the power of the Indians, wishing rather to die by their hands, than miserably to perish within their fortress. Captain Stewart, an officer among them, was well known to the Indians, and possessed great address and sagacity. He resolved, at this crisis, to repair to Chote, the residence of Ockonostota, and make overtures for the surrender of the garrison. He, accordingly, effected his object, and returned with articles of capitulation agreed upon. Besides the names of Ockonostota and Paul Demere, the commander of the garrison, the name of another chief was subscribed to the articles, called Cunigacatgoae. The articles stipulated, that the garrison should march out with their arms and drums, each soldier having as much powder and ball as his officers should think necessary, and that they should march for Virginia unmolested.

"Accordingly, on the 7th of August, 1760, the English took up their march for Fort Prince George. They had proceeded but about fifteen miles, when they encamped, for the night, upon a small plain near Taliquo. They were accompanied thus far by Ockonostota in person, and many others, in a friendly manner, but at night they withdrew without giving any notice. The army was not molested during the night, but, at dawn of day, a sentinel came running into camp with the information that a host of Indians were creeping up to surround them. Captain Demere had scarce time to rally, before the Indians broke into his camp with great fury. The poor emaciated soldiers made but feeble resistance. Thirty of their number fell in the first onset, among whom was their captain. Those that were able, endeavored to save themselves by flight, and others surrendered themselves upon the place. This massacre, it will not be forgotten, was in retaliation for that of the hostages, already related. Among the prisoners was Captain Stewart. They were conducted to Fort Loudon, which now became Ockonostota's headquarters.

"Attakullakulla, learning that his friend Stewart was among the captives, proceeded immediately to Fort Loudon, where he ransomed him at the expense of all the property he could com-

mand, and took care of him with the greatest tenderness and affection.

"The restless Ockonostota next resolved to invest Fort Prince George. He was induced to undertake that project, as fortune had thrown in his way some of the means for such an undertaking, hitherto beyond his reach. Before leaving Fort Loudon, the English had hid in the ground several bags of powder. This his men had found. Several cannon had also been left behind, and he designed to force his English prisoners to get them through the woods, and manage them in the attack upon Fort Prince George. But Attakullakulla defeated these operations, by assisting Captain Stewart to escape. He even accompanied him to the English settlements, and returned loaded with presents."

As the Indians were now masters of the field, application was again made to General Amherst for aid, and he quickly gave it. Sir James Grant arrived in South Carolina in 1761, and took the field with a force of twenty-six hundred Englishmen and Indians. He traversed the Cherokee country, and subdued that people in a hard fought battle, near the same place where Colonel Montgomery had been attacked the year before. The fight lasted three hours, and about sixty whites were killed and wounded. The loss of the Indians was not known. Colonel Grant then destroyed fifteen of the Cherokee towns. Peace was at length restored by the mediation of Attakullakulla, who had, during the whole contest, shown himself, to be a wise, humane, and peace loving man.





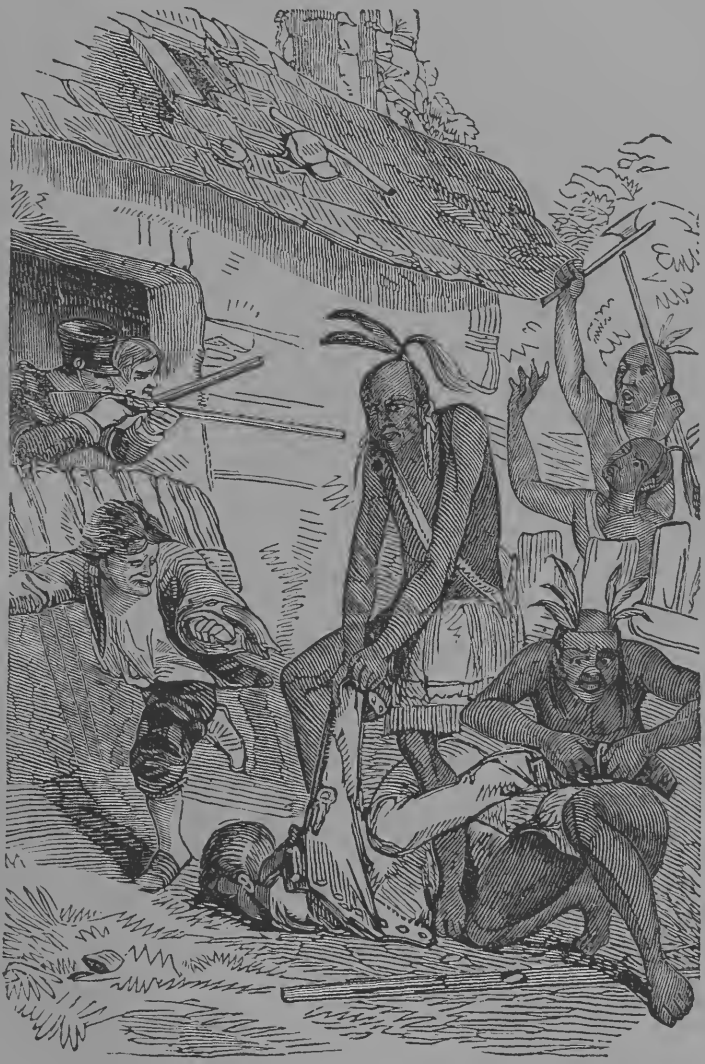
A TATOOED INDIAN.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### QUEEN ANNE'S WAR.

War was declared against France by Queen Anne, of England, in May, 1702, and, of course, the contest was renewed in America. Villebon, the governor of Canada, immediately began to encroach upon the northern frontier of the British colonies, and to instigate the Indians to commence their destructive ravages. Dudley, the governor of Massachusetts, visited Casco, Maine, in June, 1703, and held a conference with a number of Indian chiefs, and concluded a treaty which the Indians promised to observe as long as the sun and moon should continue. Notwithstanding these protestations, they made an attack a few weeks after upon all the settlements from Casco to Wells, killing and taking one hundred and thirty persons, and destroying all in their way.

On the 17th of August, 1703, a party of Indians attacked Hampton village, killed five persons, and plundered two houses. This alarmed the neighboring country, and the Indians fled. In



ATTACK AND PLUNDER OF THE DEAD,

the fall, Colonel March, of Casco, attacked a party of the enemy, killing six and taking six prisoners. Hostilities were suspended during the winter.

In the spring, Colonel Church, renowned as the conqueror of Metacomet, planned an expedition against the Indians in Maine, and sailed from Boston, with a number of small boats, in May. At Green Island, he took a number of prisoners, and at Penobscot, he took or killed every Indian or Frenchman who could be found. Among the captives was a daughter of Castein, whom they kindly treated, though her father had been such a bloody foe of New England. Thence they proceeded, and drove the French and Indians from Passamaquaddy. Sailing across the bay, they took Menas, a town in Nova Scotia. On his return, Colonel Church touched at various places on the main and the islands, and found that the enemy were all gone. He was informed that the French priests had told the Indians, it was impossible for them to live in the same country with the English, and advised them to remove to the Mississippi, promising to go and live and die with them. According to this advice of the French, who had excited them to quarrel, and were the occasion of their ruin and sufferings, the Indians left their homes, their provisions, and their country to the victorious English.

In the winter, a body of two hundred and seventy men, under Colonel Hilton, proceeded against the Norridgewock Indians. But upon arriving at their village, it was found deserted, and the English could only content themselves with burning the wigwams and the chapel built by the Jesuit, Father Ralle. The governor of Canada induced the Indians on the frontier of New England to remove to Canada, by which course, he attached them by stronger bonds to the interests of the French. Although both parties made preparations for offence and defence, nothing occurred until April, 1706, when the Indians killed a number of people at a house on Oyster river. Governor Dudley kept a vigilant eye upon the French movements during this period, and was well prepared to counteract them.

In July, 1706, Dudley was informed that a party of the enemy was marching towards Piscataqua. He immediately ordered the people of that place to keep close within their fortifications, and had the militia ready to assist them. Major Hilton, with sixty men, marched forward to meet the enemy, but was obliged to return, without accomplishing his object. As Major Hilton was dreaded by the enemy, on account of his bravery and activity, they determined to get rid of him, if possible. For this purpose, his house was constantly watched, and at one time, a party of mowers was attacked, four killed, one wounded, and three taken captive. Hilton, however, eluded his foes; and in the winter of

1707, he marched eastward, and in the course of his expedition, killed twenty-one men, and took two. Considering the difficulty of getting at the haunts of the Indians, this was a triumph very honorable to the valiant major.

In 1707, a party of French Mohawks, painted red, attacked some Englishmen who were hewing timber, near Oyster river. At the first fire, they killed seven and mortally wounded another. Chesley, the brave English commander, kept the French in check for some time; but, overpowered by numbers, he was slain, and his men either killed, captured, or dispersed.

But a more serious attack was made upon Haverhill, in August, 1708, by a party of French and Indians, sent by the Marquis de Vandreuil, governor of Canada, to attack Portsmouth.

On the 16th of July, the army of French and Indians started from Canada. The Hurons and the Mohawks soon found pretexts for returning home. The French officers, however, accompanied by the Algonquin and St. Francis Indians, making collectively, a body of about two hundred men, marched between three and four hundred miles through the woods to Nikipisique, expecting to be joined there by the eastern Indians. Though disappointed in that expectation, they went forward, and on the 29th of August, about break of day, surprised the town of Haverhill, on Merrimack river, burned several houses, and plundered the rest. Mr. Rolfe, the minister, Captain Wainwright, and between thirty and forty persons were killed, and many taken prisoners. The French and Indians then retreated, without attempting to prosecute the objects of the expedition any further.

During the remainder of this war, the Indians ravaged the frontiers of New England, and committed their customary acts of cruelty; but no important contest between them and the whites is recorded. The French did not restrain their savage allies, even when they had full power to do so; and, therefore, must bear their full share of the stigma attached to such deeds. When peace was concluded in 1713, the Indians complied with the request of the French, and entered into a treaty with the colonists. Thus were the English inhabitants once more relieved from the terrors of savage warfare.



ATTACK ON HAVERHILL.



## CHAPTER IX.

### LOVEWELL'S WAR.

THE contest between the New England colonists and the Indians, which begun in 1722, and concluded in 1725, was called "Lovewell's War," from Captain John Lovewell, of Dunstable, being the principal English commander engaged in it. Although the English had purchased the greater portion of the land they occupied, the Indians, instigated by the French, would not acknowledge their title. The colonial government were anxious to avoid a war, and endeavored to settle the difficulties at conferences held between the two parties. Nothing would satisfy the Indians but a complete settlement of the boundaries. This the English governor, Shute, refused to effect, and the parties left the conferences with embittered feelings, but hostilities did not commence immediately.

The most influential of the French Jesuits, who were among the eastern tribes, was Father Ralle. He had built a chapel at Norridgewock, and lived as a sort of chief ruler over the Indians of that village. That he acted as the agent of the French government, and took every occasion to excite the Indians to war against the English, is sufficiently proved by the papers captured by Colonel Westbrook, in 1722. That officer was despatched to Norridgewock, by the government of Massachusetts, to take the Jesuit; but he escaped.

Regarding this as a new aggression, the Indians began their hostilities at once. An attack was made upon Fort George; but it failed. In revenge for this disappointment, the Indians at-

tacked and destroyed the town of Brunswick. Massachusetts now declared war. The border garrisons were increased, and Lieutenant-governor Wentworth was active and unwearying in his efforts to place them in an efficient condition. One hundred pounds was offered for every Indian scalp which should be presented to any magistrate. Dover was attacked by the Indians, but the inhabitants nearly all escaped to the fort, and the foe retreated.

In the spring of 1724, Kingston was attacked, and four persons captured, one of whom afterwards made his escape. At Oyster Bay, some Indians were discovered lurking in the field of Moses Davis, and a company of volunteers, under Abraham Renwick, being notified of the fact, they hastened to the place, and, after Davis and his son had been killed, drove the Indians from their shelter, with the loss of three men. The remainder succeeded in making their escape.

While the enemy were thus active, the colonists determined on an expedition against the Norridgewock Indians. The force which proceeded on this business, consisted of two hundred and eight men and three Mohawk warriors, and was commanded by Captains Harman and Moulton. "They came upon the village," says Mr. Drake, "the 23d of August, while there was not a man in arms to oppose them. They had left forty of their men at Teconet Falls, which is now within the town of Winslow, upon the Kennebec, and about two miles below Waterville College, upon the opposite side of the river. The English had divided themselves into three squadrons: eighty, under Harman, proceeded by a circuitous route, thinking to surprise some in their corn fields, while Moulton, with eighty more, proceeded directly for the village, which, being surrounded by trees, could not be seen until they were close upon it. All were in their wigwams, and the English advanced slowly and in perfect silence. When pretty near, an Indian came out of his wigwam, and, accidently discovering the English, ran in and seized his gun, and giving the war whoop, in a few minutes the warriors were all in arms, and advancing to meet them. Moulton ordered his men not to fire until the Indians had made the first discharge. This order was obeyed, and, as he expected, they overshot the English, who then fired upon them, in their turn, and did great execution. When the Indians had given another volley, they fled with great precipitation to the river, whither the chief of their women and children had also fled during the fight. Some of the English pursued and killed many of them in the river, and others fell to pillaging and burning the village. Mogg disdained to fly with the rest, but kept possession of a wigwam, from which he fired upon the pillagers. In one of his discharges, he killed a Mo-

hawk, whose brother observing it, rushed upon Mogg and killed him; and thus ended the strife. There were about sixty warriors in the place, about one half of whom were killed.

"The famous Ralle shut himself up in his house, from which he fired upon the English; and, having wounded one, Lieutenant Jaques, of Newbury, burst open the door and shot him through the head; although Moulton had given orders that none should kill him. He had an English boy with him, about fourteen years old, who had been taken some time before from the frontiers, and whom the English reported Rasle was about to kill. Great brutality and ferocity are chargeable to the English in this affair, according to their own account; such as killing women and children, and scalping and mangling the body of Father Ralle."

The great reward offered for scalps, induced one John Lovewell to raise a company of volunteers, and hunt the Indians. On his first scout, he captured one Indian and got one scalp, which he brought into Boston on the 5th of January, 1725.

Encouraged by this success, Lovewell marched a third time; intending to attack the villages of Pigwacket, on the upper part of the river Saco, which had been the residence of a formidable tribe, and which they still occasionally inhabited. His company at this time consisted of forty-six, including a chaplain and surgeon; two of them proving lame, returned: another falling sick, they halted, and built a stockade fort on the west side of the great Ossapy pond; partly for the accommodation of the sick man, and partly for a place of retreat in case of any misfortune. Here the surgeon was left with the sick man, and eight of the company for a guard. The number was now reduced to thirty-four. Pursuing their march to the northward, they came to a pond, about twenty-two miles distant from the fort, and encamped by the side of it. Early the next morning, May 8th, while at their devotions, they heard the report of a gun, and discovered a single Indian standing on a point of land, which runs into the pond, more than a mile distant. They suspected that the Indian was placed there to decoy them, and that a body of the enemy was in their front. A consultation being held, they determined to march forward, and by encompassing the pond, to gain the place where the Indian stood; and that they might be ready for action, they disencumbered themselves of their packs, and left them, without a guard, at the northeast end of the pond, in a pitch pine plain, where the trees were thin, and the brakes, at that time of the year, small. It happened, that Lovewell's march had crossed a carrying place, by which two parties of Indians, consisting of forty-one men, commanded by Paugus and Wahwa, who had been scouting down Saco river, were returning to the lower village of Pigwacket, distant about a mile and a half

from this pond. Having fallen on his track, they followed it till they came to the packs, which they removed; and counting them, found the number of his men to be less than their own: they, therefore, placed themselves in ambush, to attack them on their return. The Indian who had stood on the point, and was returning to the village, by another path, met them, and received their fire, which he returned, and wounded Lovewell and another with small shot. Lieutenant Wyman firing again, killed him, and they took his scalp. Seeing no other enemy, they returned to the place where they had left their packs, and while they were looking for them, the Indians rose and ran toward them with a horrid yelling. A smart firing commenced on both sides, it being now about ten of the clock. Captain Lovewell and eight more were killed on the spot. Lieutenant Farwell and two others were wounded: several of the Indians fell; but, being superior in number, they endeavored to surround the party, who, perceiving their intention, retreated; hoping to be sheltered by a point of rocks which ran into the pond, and a few large pine trees standing on a sandy beech. In this forlorn place they took their station. On their right was the mouth of a brook, at that time unfordable; on their left was the rocky point; their front was partly covered by a deep bog and partly uncovered, and the pond was in their rear. The enemy galled them in front and flank, and had them so completely in their power, that had they made a prudent use of their advantage, the whole company must either have been killed, or obliged to surrender at discretion; being destitute of a mouthful of sustenance, and an escape being impracticable. Under the conduct of Lieutenant Wyman they kept up their fire, and showed a resolute countenance all the remainder of the day; during which, their chaplain, Jonathan Frie, Ensign Robbins, and one more, were mortally wounded. The Indians invited them to surrender, by holding up ropes to them, and endeavored to intimidate them by their hideous yells; but they determined to die, rather than yield; and by their well directed fire, the number of the savages was thinned, and their cries became fainter, till, just before night, they quitted their advantageous ground, carrying off their killed and wounded, and leaving the dead bodies of Lovewell and his men unscalped. The shattered remnant of this brave company, collecting themselves together, found three of their number unable to move from the spot, eleven wounded but able to march, and nine who had received no hurt. It was melancholy to leave their dying companions behind, but there was no possibility of removing them. One of them, Ensign Robbins, desired them to lay his gun by him charged, that if the Indians should return before his death, he might be able to kill one more. After the rising of the moon,

they quitted the fatal spot, and directed their march toward the fort, where the surgeon and guard had been left. To their great surprise, they found it deserted. In the beginning of the action, one man, (whose name has not been thought worthy to be transmitted to posterity,) quitted the field, and fled to the fort; where, in the style of Job's messengers, he informed them of Lovewell's death, and the defeat of the whole company; upon which, they made the best of their way home; leaving a quantity of bread and pork, which was a seasonable relief to the retreating survivors. From this place they endeavored to get home. Lieutenant Farwell, and the chaplain, who had the journal of the march in his pocket, and one more, perished in the woods, for want of dressing for their wounds. The others, after enduring the most severe hardships, came in, one after another, and were not only received with joy, but were recompensed for their valor, and sufferings; and a generous provision was made for the widows and children of the slain.





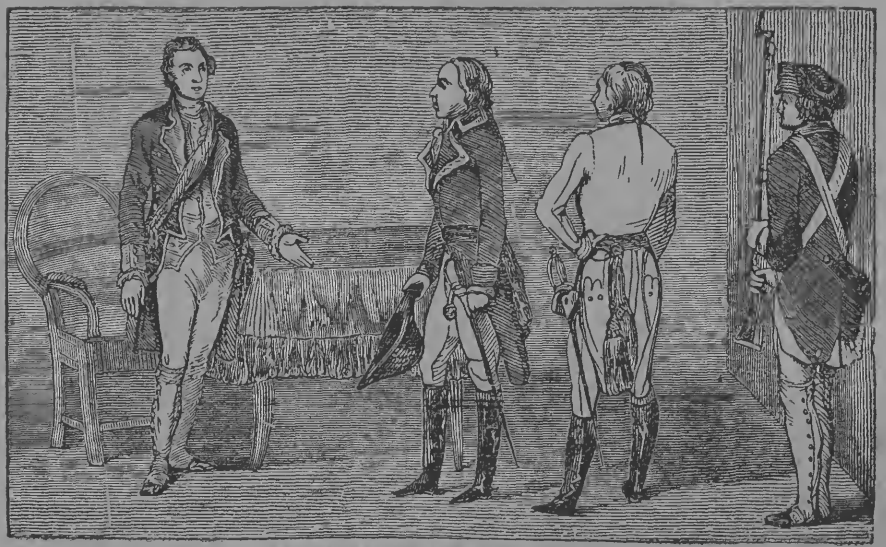
THE SCOUT.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR FROM 1754 TO 1759.

After the peace, concluded between France and England in 1748, the French, excluded from the Atlantic coast of North America, designed to take possession of the country further west, and for this purpose, commenced to build a chain of forts to connect the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi rivers. The English, to prevent this scheme from being carried into action, formed an Ohio company, to whom a considerable extent of country was granted by the English government. Upon hearing of this, the governor of Canada notified the governors of New York and Pennsylvania, that if the English traders came upon the western territory, they would be seized or killed.

This menace did not divert the Ohio company from prosecuting its design of surveying the country as far as the falls in the Ohio river. While Mr. Gist was making that survey for the company, some French parties, with their Indians, seized three British traders, and carried them to Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, where a strong fort was then erecting. The British, alarmed at this capture, retired to the Indian towns for shelter; and the Twightwees, resenting the violence done to their allies, assembled, to the number of five hundred or six hundred, scoured the woods, and, finding three French traders, sent them to Pennsylvania. The French determined to persist; built a strong fort, about fifteen miles south of the former, on one of the branches



WASHINGTON'S INTERVIEW WITH ST. PIERRE.

of the Ohio; and another still, at the confluence of the Ohio and Wabache; and thus completed their long projected communication between the mouth of the Mississippi and the river St. Lawrence.

The Ohio company complained loudly of these aggressions on the country which had been granted to it as part of the territory of Virginia: Robert Dinwiddie, lieutenant governor of that colony, considered the encroachment as an invasion of his province, and judged it his duty to demand, in the name of the king, that the French should desist from the prosecution of designs, which he considered as a violation of the treaties subsisting between the two crowns. This service, it was foreseen, would be rendered very fatiguing and hazardous by the extensive tract of country, almost entirely unexplored, through which an envoy must pass, as well as by the hostile dispositions of some of the Indian inhabitants, and the doubtful attachments of others. Uninviting, however, and even formidable, as it was, a regard to the intrinsic importance of the territory in question, with extensive views into the future interest of the American colonies, incited an enterprising and public spirited young man to undertake it. GEORGE WASHINGTON, then in his twenty-second year, instantly engaged in the difficult and perilous service. Attended by one person only, he set out from Williamsburg on the 31st of October. The season was uncommonly severe, and the length of his journey was above four hundred miles, two hundred of which lay through a trackless desert, inhabited by Indians. On the 14th of November, he arrived at Will's creek, then, the exterior settlement of the English, where he procured guides to conduct him over the Alleghany mountains; and, after being considerably impeded by the snow and high water, he, on the 22d, reached the mouth of Turtle creek, on the Monongahela. Pursuing his route, he ascended the Alleghany river, and at the mouth of French creek found the first fort occupied by the troops of France. Proceeding up the creek to another fort, he was received, on the 12th of December, by M. Lagardier de St. Pierre, commanding officer on the Ohio, to whom he delivered the letter of Governor Dinwiddie. The chief officers retired, to hold a council of war; and Washington seized that opportunity of taking the dimensions of the fort, and making all possible observations.

Having received a written answer for the Virginia governor, he returned to Williamsburg. The answer of St. Pierre stated, that he had taken possession of the country by direction of the governor general of Canada; that he would transmit Governor Dinwiddie's letter to him; and that to his orders he should yield implicit obedience.



WASHINGTON GOING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS TO THE FRENCH FORT.

The conclusion of Washington's expedition is thus described by himself, in his journal:

"Our horses were now so weak and feeble, and the baggage so heavy, (as we were obliged to provide all the necessaries which the journey would require,) that we doubted much their performing it. Therefore, myself and others, except the drivers, who were obliged to ride, gave up our horses for packs, to assist along with the baggage. I put myself in an Indian walking dress, and continued with them three days, until I found there was no probability of their getting home in any reasonable time. The horses became less able to travel every day; the cold increased very fast; and the roads were becoming much worse by a deep snow, continually freezing: therefore, as I was uneasy to get back, to make report of my proceedings to his honor the governor, I determined to prosecute my journey, the nearest way through the woods, on foot.

"Accordingly, I left Mr. Vanbraam in charge of our baggage, with money and directions to provide necessaries from place to place for themselves and horses, and to make the most convenient despatch in travelling.



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE RIVER ON HIS EXPEDITION TO THE FRENCH FORT.

"I took my necessary papers, pulled off my clothes, and tied myself up in a watch coat. Then, with gun in hand, and pack on my back, in which were my papers and provisions, I set out with Mr. Gist, fitted in the same manner, on Wednesday, the 26th. The day following, just after we had passed a place called Murdering town, (where we intended to quit the path and steer across the country for Shanapin's town,) we fell in with a party of French Indians, who had laid in wait for us. One of them fired at Mr. Gist or me, not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed. We took this fellow into custody, and kept him until about nine o'clock at night, then let him go, and walked all the remaining part of the night without making any stop, that we might get the start, so far as to be out of the reach of their pursuit the next day, since we were well assured they would follow our track as soon as it was light. The next day we continued travelling until quite dark, and got to the river about two miles above Shanapin's. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not, only about fifty yards from each shore. The ice, I suppose, had broken up above, for it was driving in vast quantities.

"There was no way for getting over but on a raft, which we set about, with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sun setting. This was a whole day's work: we next got it launched, then went on board of it, and set off; but, before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice, in such a manner, that we expected every moment our raft to sink, and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet water; but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make to it.

"The cold was so extremely severe, that Mr. Gist had all his fingers, and some of his toes frozen, and the water was shut up so hard, that we found no difficulty in getting off the island on the ice in the morning, and went to Mr. Frazier's. We met here with twenty warriors, who were going to the southward to war; but coming to a place on the head of the Great Kanawa, where they found seven people killed and scalped, (all but one woman with very light hair,) they turned about and ran back, for fear the inhabitants should rise and take them as the authors of the murder. They report, that the bodies were lying about the house, and some of them much torn and eaten by the hogs. By the marks which were left, they say they were French Indians of the Ottowa nation, &c., who did it.

"As we intended to take horses here, and it required some time to find them, I went up about three miles to the mouth of Yohogany, to visit Queen Alliquippa, who had expressed great concern that we had passed her in going to the fort. I made her a present of a watch coat and a bottle of rum, which latter was thought much the best present of the two.

"Tuesday, the 1st of January, we left Mr. Frazier's house, and arrived at Mr. Gist's, at Monongahela, the 2d, where I bought a horse, saddle, &c. The 6th, we met seventeen horses loaded with materials and stores for a fort at the forks of Ohio, and the day after, some families going out to settle. This day, we arrived at Wills's Creek, after as fatiguing a journey as it is possible to conceive, rendered so by excessive bad weather. From the 1st day of December to the 15th, there was but one day on which it did not rain or snow incessantly; and throughout the whole journey, we met with nothing but one continued series of cold, wet weather, which occasioned very uncomfortable lodgings, especially after we had quitted our tent, which was some screen from the inclemency of it.

"On the 11th, I got to Belvoir, where I stopped one day to take necessary rest; and then set out and arrived in Williamsburg the 16th, when I waited upon his honor the governor, with the letter I had brought from the French commandant, and to give an account of the success of my proceedings. This I beg leave to do by offering the foregoing narrative, as it contains the most remarkable occurrences which happened in my journey."

The answer from the French commandant brought by Washington, was the signal for active measures. A regiment was immediately raised for the service by the government of Virginia, and George Washington, who was appointed lieutenant-colonel, marched, in April, 1754, for the Great Meadows, lying within the disputed territory. Hearing that the French had erected a fort at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, he judged that this was a hostile movement; and, availing himself of the offered guidance of Indians, Washington marched, with his detachment, to the Great Meadows, where he surprised a French detachment, and captured the whole of it.

At the Great Meadows, Washington built Fort Necessity. While he was engaged in surrounding it with a ditch, about fifteen hundred French and Indians, under command of M. de Villiers, appeared and commenced a furious attack. The defence was maintained with bravery from ten in the morning until dark, when De Villiers demanded a parley, and in the course of the night the garrison capitulated. Washington and his men were permitted to march out without molestation, and with the honors of war. In this attack, it is supposed, the French commander

lost two hundred men, killed and wounded. The loss of the gallant garrison was only fifty-eight men killed and wounded.

The English erected a fort on Wills' creek soon after this affair, and made extensive preparations for the struggle which seemed impending. A union of the colonies was formed, for purposes of offence and defence, and the friendship of a portion of the Six Nations secured. But the dissentions of the colonial governments caused the union to be rejected, and the war was left to the prosecution of the British troops and such aid as each colony might choose to offer.

In the north, about six hundred Indians invaded Hoosack, and burned and plundered without mercy. The Scatecook tribe instigated the Orondocks and others to this invasion. Some of their allies were descended from the Connecticut river Indians, who were drawn from their country in Philip's war. Major General Winslow had entered into a treaty with the eastern tribes immediately previous to the invasion.

Early in 1755, General Braddock, with a respectable body of British troops, arrived in America; and a convention of the colonial governors was held in Virginia, at his request, to fix the plan of military operations. Three expeditions were designed, one against Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, to be conducted by General Braddock; the second, an attempt on the fort at Niagara, to be conducted by Governor Shirley; and the third, an attempt to capture Crown Point, to be executed by the militia of the northern colonies.

General Braddock might have entered upon action early in the spring; but the contractors for the army not seasonably providing a sufficient quantity of provisions, nor a competent number of wagons, for the expedition, the troops could not be put in motion until June. On the 10th of that month, the general began his march from a post on Wills' creek, at the head of about twenty-two hundred men. The additional delay that must be occasioned in opening a road through an extremely rough country, with an apprehension of a reinforcement of Fort Duquesne, induced a resolution to hasten the march of a part of the army to the point of destination. The general, at the head of twelve hundred men, selected from the different corps, with ten pieces of cannon and the necessary ammunition and provisions, marched forward; leaving the residue of the army under the command of Colonel Dunbar, to follow, with all the heavy baggage, by slow and easy marches. Such, however, were the natural and necessary impediments, that Braddock did not reach the Monongahela until the 8th of July. The next day he expected to invest Fort Duquesne; and in the morning made a disposition of his forces conformably to that expectation. His van, composed of three



WASHINGTON ADVISING BRADDOCK TO SEND FORWARD SCOUTS.

hundred British regulars, was commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Gage, and he followed, at some distance, with the artillery and main body of the army, divided into small columns.

Colonel Dunbar was then nearly forty miles behind him. This circumstance alone evidently required caution. But the nature of the country over which the troops were to be conducted, and the character of the enemy to be encountered, rendered circumspection indispensably necessary. The general was cautioned by Washington, of the sources of danger, and advised to advance in his front the provincial troops in his army, consisting entirely of independent and ranging companies, to scour the woods and guard against an ambuscade; but he thought too contemptuously both of the enemy and of the provincials, to follow that salutary advice. Heedless of danger, he pressed forward; the distance of seven miles still intervening between his army and the anticipated place of action. At this unsuspicious moment, in an open wood, thick set with high grass, his front was attacked by an unseen enemy. The van was thrown into some confusion; but the general having ordered up the main body, and the commanding officer of the enemy having fallen, the attack was suspended, and the assailants were supposed to be dispersed. The attack, however, was renewed with increased fury; the van fell back on the



RUINS OF TICONDEROGA.

main body; and the whole army was thrown into confusion. The general, if deficient in other military virtues, was not destitute of courage; but, at this embarrassing moment, personal valor afforded a very inadequate security. An instant retreat, or a rapid charge without observance of military rules, seems to have been imperatively necessary; but neither of these expedients was adopted. The general, under an incessant and galling fire, made every possible exertion to form his broken troops on the very ground where they were first attacked; but his efforts were fruitless. Every officer on horseback, excepting Colonel Washington, who was aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, was either killed or wounded. After an action of three hours, General Braddock, under whom three horses had been killed, received a mortal wound; and his troops fled, in extreme dismay and confusion. The provincials, who were among the last to leave the field, formed after the action by the prudent valor of Washington, and covered the retreat of the regulars. The defeat was entire. Of eighty-five officers, sixty-four were killed and wounded, and about half the privates. The defeated army fled precipitately to the camp of Dunbar, where Braddock expired of his wounds. The British troops were soon after marched to Philadelphia, where they went into winter quarters.

In August of this year, General William Johnson, with between five and six thousand men, English and Mohawks, proceeded upon the expedition for the reduction of Crown Point. Having pitched his camp at the south end of Lake George, he learned that a large body of French and Indians was advancing towards him from Ticonderoga. The Baron Dieskau, lately appointed commander of the French forces, hearing of the intended expedition against Crown Point, resolved to prevent it by a counter movement. He embarked at Crown Point, with two thousand men, and landing at South Bay, marched for Fort Edward, which had been built by the English a short time previous. But the Canadians and Indians were opposed to attacking a regularly furnished fortress, and Dieskau changed his route and marched against the camp of Johnson. The English general heard of his approach, and sent out Colonel Ephraim Williams with twelve hundred men, to meet him. The baron's skill was displayed in his arrangement to receive this detachment. Keeping the regulars with him in the centre, the Canadians and Indians were ordered to advance through the woods upon the right and left, so as to enclose the enemy. The Mohawk scouts of the English, prevented the full success of this design; but, as the enemy approached they were so hotly received, and suffered such a terrible loss, that they made a precipitate retreat. Colonel



BARON DIESKAU TAKEN PRISONER.

Williams was among the slain. Hendrick, the celebrated Mohawk chief, with a number of his Indians died fighting bravely.

After this success, Dieskau pressed on to encounter the main body of the English, who had erected a breastwork and made other preparations for an attack. The regular French troops made the central assault upon the breastwork, and the Canadians and Indians attacked the flanks. The English determined upon a desperate defence; and as soon as their cannon began to play upon the enemy, they forced the French general to order a retreat, and his troops retiring in confusion, were attacked in the rear and almost dispersed. Their rout was completed by the arrival of two hundred New Hampshire militia, under Captain McGinnes. Dieskau, dangerously wounded, was taken prisoner. Captain McGinnes fell in the attack. This repulse revived the spirits of the colonists; but the success was not improved, and Shirley's expedition against Niagara failed for want of concert and rapidity in making preparations.

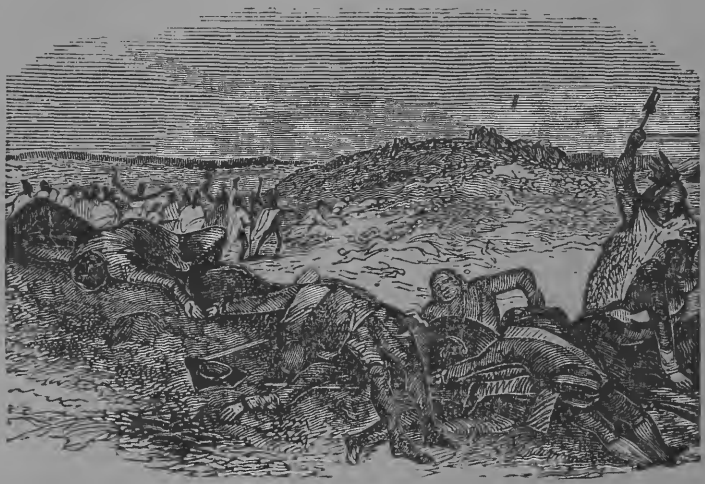
The campaign of 1756 began with vigorous preparations for various expeditions. Baron Dieskau had been succeeded by the bold and skilful Marquis de Montcalm, whose movements anticipated those of the English generals. On the 10th of August, he



ENCAMPMENT OF FRENCH AND INDIANS.

approached Fort Ontario, with more than five thousand regulars, Canadians, and Indians. Having made the necessary dispositions, he opened the trenches on the 12th, at midnight, with thirty-two pieces of cannon, besides several brass mortars and howitzers. The garrison having fired away all their shells and ammunition, Colonel Mercer, the commanding officer, ordered the cannon to be spiked up, and crossed the river to Little Oswego Fort, without the loss of a single man. The enemy, taking immediate possession of the deserted fort, began to fire from it, which was kept up without intermission. About four miles and a half up the river was Fort George, the defence of which was committed to Colonel Schuyler. On the abandonment of the first fort by Colonel Mercer, about three hundred and seventy of his men had joined Colonel Schuyler, in the intention of having an intercourse between his fort and that to which their own commander retreated; but a body of twenty-five hundred Canadians and Indians boldly swam across the river, in the night between the 13th and 14th, and cut off that communication. On the 13th, Colonel Mercer was killed by a cannon ball. The garrison, deprived of their commander, who was an officer of courage and experience, frustrated in their hope of aid, and destitute of a cover to their fort, demanded a capitulation on the following day, and surrendered as prisoners of war. They were the regiments of Shirley and Pepperell, and amounted to fourteen hundred men. The conditions, required and acceded to, were, that they should be exempted from plunder; conducted to Montreal; and treated with humanity. No sooner was Montcalm in possession of the two forts at Oswego, than, with admirable policy, he demolished them in the presence of the Indians of the Six Nations, in whose country they had been erected, and whose jealousy they had excited. This event entirely disconcerted the English plan of operations, and they attempted nothing further during the year.

Fort Granby, on the confines of Pennsylvania, was surprised by a party of French and Indians, who made the garrison prisoners. Instead of scalping the captives, they loaded them with flour, and drove them into captivity. The Indians on the Ohio having killed above one thousand of the inhabitants of the western frontiers, were soon chastised with military vengeance. Colonel Armstrong, with a party of two hundred and eighty provincials, marched from Fort Armstrong, which had been built on the Juniata river, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Philadelphia, to Kittaning, an Indian town, the rendezvous of those murdering Indians, and destroyed it. Captain Jacobs, the Indian chief, defended himself through loop holes of his log house. The Indians refusing the quarter which was offered them, Colonel Armstrong ordered their houses to be set on fire; and



MASSACRE OF THE PRISONERS AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

many of the Indians were suffocated and burnt; others were shot in attempting to reach the river. The Indian captain, his squaw, and a boy called the King's Son, were shot as they were getting out of the window, and were all scalped. It was computed, that between thirty and forty Indians were destroyed. Eleven English prisoners were released.

Lord Loudoun, the English commander-in-chief, made considerable exertion to raise a sufficient force to carry out his designs; but he directed all his disposable force against Louisbourg, which was found to be almost impregnable, while Montcalm was active in another quarter. The general inefficiency of this commander was made manifest by his career. Thus far, he had effected nothing.

The Marquis de Montcalm, availing himself of the absence of the principal part of the British force, advanced with an army of nine thousand men, and laid siege to Fort William Henry. The garrison at this fort consisted of between two and three thousand regulars, and its fortifications were strong and in very good order. For the farther security of this important post, General Webb was stationed at Fort Edward with an army of four thousand men. The French commander, however, urged his approaches with such vigor, that, within six days after the investment of the fort, Colonel Monroe, the commandant, after a spirited resistance, surrendered by capitulation. The garrison was to be



MONTREAL

allowed the honors of war, and to be protected against the Indians until within the reach of Fort Edward; but no sooner had the soldiers left the place, than the Indians in the French army, disregarding the stipulation, fell upon them, and committed the most cruel outrages.

Whether Montcalm could have prevented these cruelties, is a question upon which historians differ. It seems that the Indians served in this expedition, on the promise of plunder; and being prevented from plundering by the terms granted the garrison, they resolved to violate them. Accordingly, they stripped the unarmed English, and murdered all who made any resistance. Out of two hundred men in the New Hampshire regiment, which formed the rear, eighty were killed or taken. The acknowledged virtues of Montcalm should create a presumption in his favor, only to be removed by clear proof of his guilt.

This event aroused the colonists to fresh exertions. The details of the massacre were exaggerated, and the hatred of the French and their savage allies greatly increased. Nineteen hundred men, under Colonel Stanwix, were ordered for the protection of the western frontiers. Troops were raised in all quarters, and early in 1758, General Abercrombie could command the services of fifty thousand men—the largest army yet seen in the colonies. Three expeditions were projected; one against Louisbourg, another against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and the third against Fort Duquesne.

Louisbourg was captured by the English fleet, under Admiral Boscawen, and the land force, under General Amherst, after a seige extending from the 2d of June until the 26th of July. The Chevalier de Drucourt, with about three thousand men, defended the place until it was but a mass of ruins. This was considered the most important triumph of the war.

The army destined for the attack upon Ticonderoga and Crown Point, consisted of fifteen thousand men, attended by a formidable train of artillery, and was commanded by General Abercrombie. Crossing Lake George on the 5th of July, Abercrombie directed his first operations against Ticonderoga. In marching through the woods, the columns became entangled with each other. Lord Howe, at the head of the right centre column, fell in with the advanced guard of the enemy, and attacked it with such vigor as to kill, capture, or disperse the whole of it. Lord Howe fell at the first fire. An ill-judged assault was soon after made upon Ticonderoga, but such had been the measures adopted by the French and Indians, that the English were repulsed with the loss of twenty-five hundred men killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy was inconsiderable.

The reduction of Fort Duquesne was the next object accom-



GENERAL ABERCROMBIE'S ARMY CROSSING LAKE GEORGE.

plished. General Forbes, to whom this enterprise was entrusted, had marched early in July from Philadelphia at the head of the army destined for the expedition; but, such delays were experienced, it was not until September that the Virginia regulars, commanded by Colonel Washington, were commanded to join the British troops at Ray's town. Before the army was put in motion, Major Grant was detached with eight hundred men, partly British and partly provincials, to reconnoitre the fort and the adjacent country. Having invited an attack from the French garrison, this detachment was surrounded by the enemy; and after a brave defence, in which three hundred men were killed and wounded, Major Grant and nineteen other officers were taken prisoners. General Forbes with the main army, amounting to at least eight thousand men, at length moved forward from Ray's town; but did not reach Fort Duquesne until late in November. On the evening preceding his arrival, the French garrison, deserted by their Indians, and unequal to the maintenance of the place against so formidable an army, had abandoned the fort, and escaped in boats down the Ohio. The English now took possession of that important fortress, and, in compliment to the popular minister, called it Pittsburg. No sooner was the British flag erected on it, than the numerous tribes of the Ohio Indians came in, and made their submission to the English. General Forbes,



GENERAL PUTNAM.

having concluded treaties with those natives, left a garrison of provincials in the fort, and built a blockhouse near Loyal Hannan; but, worn out with fatigue, he died before he could reach Philadelphia.

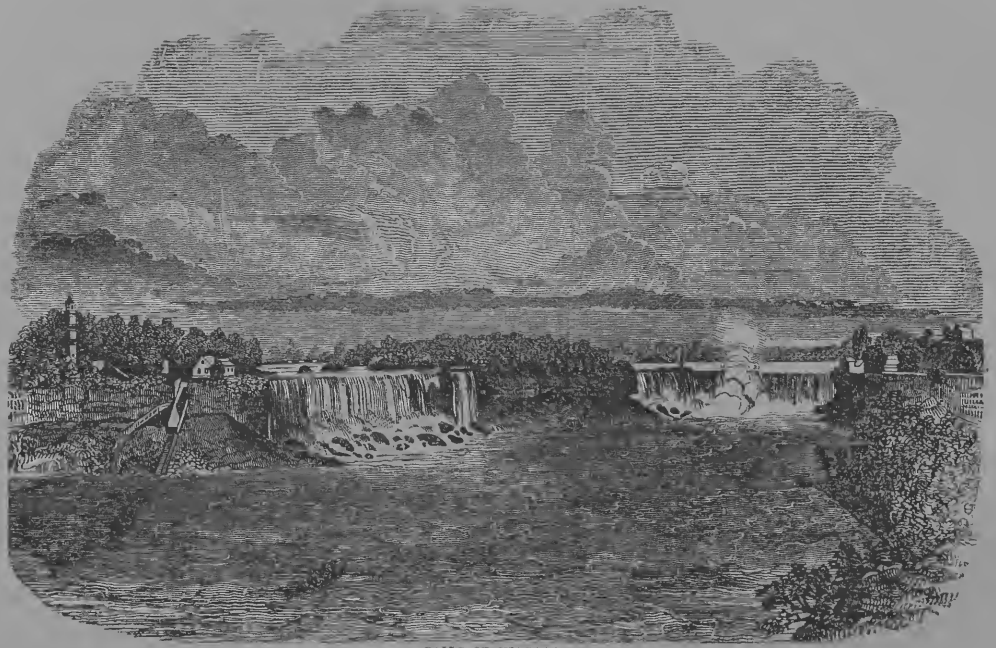
While the entrenchments of Abercrombie enclosed him in security, M. de Montcalm was active in harrassing the frontiers, and in detaching parties to attack the convoys of the English. Two or three convoys having been cut off by these parties, Major Rogers and Major Putnam made excursions from Lake George to intercept them. The enemy, apprized of their movements, had sent out the French partizan Molang, who had laid an ambuscade for them in the woods. While proceeding in single file in three divisions, as Major Putnam, who was at the head of the first, was coming out of a thicket, the enemy rose, and with discordant yells and whoops attacked the right of his division. Surprised, but not dismayed, he halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other divisions to advance for his support. Perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, he determined to maintain his ground. The officers and men, animated by his example, behaved with great bravery. Putnam's fusee at length missing fire, while the muzzle was presented against the breast

of a large and well proportioned Indian; this warrior, with a tremendous war whoop, instantly sprang forward with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender, and, having disarmed him and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle. The enemy were at last driven from the field, leaving their dead behind them; Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and carried to the place where they were to encamp that night. Besides many outrages, they inflicted a deep wound with a tomahawk upon his left cheek. It being determined to roast him alive, they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, piled combustibles at a small distance in a circle round him, and, with horrid screams, set the piles on fire. In the instant of an expected immolation, Molang rushed through the crowd, scattered the burning brands, and unbound the victim. The next day Major Putnam was allowed his moccasins, and permitted to march without carrying any pack; at night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard. After having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, he was conducted to Montreal by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity. The capture of Fort Frontenac affording occasion for an exchange of prisoners, Major Putnam was set at liberty.

During these important military operations, the French incited the eastern Indians to begin hostilities, but their attacks were repulsed, by the vigilance and activity of Governor Pownall. The governors of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with Sir William Johnston, and other agents, concluded a treaty in October, with nearly all the powerful tribes of the territory between the Apalachian mountains and the lakes. As the French depended upon the support of these Indians, to maintain their western garrisons, this treaty weakened them so much, that they successively fell into the hands of the English.

In 1759, General Amherst succeeded Abercrombie as commander-in-chief of the English forces. The great project of the immediate conquest of Canada was then formed. Three powerful armies, under the command of Amherst, Wolfe, and Prideaux, were to enter Canada about the same time. We shall not detail the events which led to the execution of the plans of the English. The Indians were employed by the French up to the latest hour of their authority in North America; and the English also secured the services of a strong body of them, to form part of the army of General Prideaux.

In prosecution of the enterprise against Niagara, General Prideaux had embarked with an army on Lake Ontario; and on the 6th of July, landed without opposition within about three miles



FALLS OF NIAGARA.

from the fort, which he invested in form. While directing the operations of the siege, he was killed by the bursting of a cohorn, and the command devolved on Sir William Johnson. That general, prosecuting with judgment and vigor the plan of his predecessor, pushed the attack of Niagara with such intrepidity, as soon brought the besiegers within a hundred yards of the covered way. Meanwhile, the French, alarmed at the danger of losing a post, which was a key to their interior empire in America, had collected a large body of regular troops, from the neighboring garrisons of Detroit, Venango, and Presque Isle, with which and a party of Indians they resolved, if possible, to raise the siege. Apprized of their intention to hazard a battle, General Johnson ordered his light infantry, supported by some grenadiers and regular foot, to take post between the cataract of Niagara and the fortress; placed the auxiliary Indians on his flanks; and, together with this preparation for an engagement, took effectual measures for securing his lines, and bridling the garrison. About nine in the morning of the 24th of July, the enemy appeared, and the horrible sound of the war whoop from the hostile Indians was the signal of battle. The French charged with great impetuosity, but were received with firmness; and in less than an hour were completely routed. This battle decided the fate of Niagara. Sir William Johnson, the next morning, sent a trumpet to the French commandant; and in a few hours a capitulation was signed. The garrison, consisting of six hundred and seven men, were to march out with the honors of war, to be embarked on the lake, and carried to New York; and the women and children were to be carried to Montreal. The reduction of Niagara effectually cut off the communication between Canada and Louisiana.

At this last period of the war, the St. Francis Indians suffered severely for their cruelty and perfidy. This tribe was notoriously attached to the French, and had, for near a century, harrassed the frontiers of New England, barbarously and indiscriminately killing persons of all ages and of each sex, when there was not the least suspicion of their approach. Captain Kennedy, having been sent with a flag of truce to these Indians, was made a prisoner by them, with his whole party. To chastise them for this outrage, General Amherst ordered Major Robert Rogers to take a detachment of two hundred men, and proceed to Misisque bay, and to march thence and attack their settlements on the south side of the river St. Lawrence. In pursuance of these orders, he set out on the 13th of September with the detachment for St. Francis, and on the twenty-second day after his departure, in the evening, he came in sight of the Indian town St. Francis. At eight in the evening, he, with a lieutenant and ensign, recon-

noitred the town; and, finding the Indians "in a high frolic or dance," returned to his party at two, and at three marched it within five hundred yards of the town, where he lightened the men of their packs, and formed them for the attack. At half an hour before sunrise he surprised the town, when the Indians were all fast asleep, and destroyed most of them. A few, who were making their escape by taking to the water, were pursued, and both they and their boats were sunk. A little after sunrise, Major Roberts set fire to all their houses, except three, in which there was corn, which he reserved for the use of his men. A number of Indians, who had concealed themselves in the cellars and lofts of their houses, were consumed in the fire. By about seven in the morning, the affair was completed. Two hundred Indians, at least, were killed, and twenty of their women and children taken prisoners. Five only of the last, two Indian boys and three Indian girls, Rogers brought away, leaving the rest to their liberty. He likewise retook five English captives, whom he also took under his care. Of his party, Captain Ogden was badly wounded, six men were slightly wounded, and one Stockbridge Indian was killed.

The war was virtually concluded by the fall of Quebec, in 1759. The Indians knew their weakness, and would not maintain a contest against the overpowering force the English now had in the field, and, therefore, the greater portion of them came and made peace, or according to their own expressien, "buried the hatchet."





## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WAR BETWEEN THE COLONIES AND THE WESTERN INDIANS, FROM 1763 TO 1765.

A STRUGGLE began in 1760, in which the English had to contend with a more powerful Indian enemy than any they had yet encountered. Pontiac, a chief renowned both in America and Europe, as a brave and skilful warrior, and a far-sighted and active ruler, was at the head of all the Indian tribes on the great lakes. Among these were the Ottawas, Miamis, Chippewas, Wyandotts, Pottawatomies, Winebagoes, Shawanese, Ottagamies, and Mississagas.

After the capture of Quebec, in 1760, Major Rodgers was sent into the country of Pontiac to drive the French from it. Apprised of his approach, Pontiac sent ambassadors to inform him that their chief was not far off, and desired him to halt until he could see him "with his own eyes."

When Pontiac met the English officer, he demanded to know the business which had brought him into his country, and how he dared to enter it without his permission. The major told him he had no designs against the Indians, but only wished to expel the French; and at the same time, he delivered him several belts of wampum. Pontiac replied, "I stand in the path you travel until to-morrow morning," and gave the major a belt. This communication was understood to mean, that the intruder was not to march further without his leave. Next day, the English detachment was plentifully supplied with provisions by the Indians, and Pontiac giving the commander the pipe of peace, assured him that he might pass through his country unmolested, and that he would protect him and his party. As an earnest of his friendship, he sent one hundred warriors to aid in driving the cattle belonging to the party, and then accompaniod the major as far as Detroit, effectually securing him from the fury of the Indians who had been in the service of the French.

The northwestern tribes retained a hatred of the English after the fall of the French power in America; and Pontiac's schemes received the ready support of these hardy warriors. Concealing his enmity until he had united these tribes, and arranged his system of warfare, Pontiac completely deceived the English into a feeling of security. In his transactions during the war, he displayed his superiority over all the other Indian chiefs. He appointed a commissary, and issued bills of credit, all of which he carefully redeemed. These bills were made of bark, on which was drawn the article wanted, with the figure of an otter, the insignia of the Ottawas. Pontiac also endeavored to prevent his people from using European commodities and having intercourse with the whites. In 1763, Major Rodgers sent a bottle of brandy to him, which his counsellors advised him not to drink. But with true greatness he exclaimed, "It is not in his power to kill him who has so lately saved his life."

Several traders brought news to the fort at Michilimackinak that the Indians meditated hostilities; but Major Etherington, who was commander of the garrison, would believe nothing of it. Nor were any precautions taken when about four hundred Indians, apparently with friendly intent, assembled in the vicinity. On the 4th of June, the Indians, as if for amusement, began to play a game at ball. Such was the exciting character of the game, that a number of the garrison went out to see it. Sud-



PONTIAC.

denly, the ball was thrown over the stockade, as if by accident, and the Indians rushing in for it, completely surprised the garrison and took possession of the fort. Seventy of the soldiers were butchered, and the other twenty reserved for slaves. A few days after, a boat from Montreal, with English passengers, came ashore, and all fell into the hands of the wily Indians.

Within fifteen days after taking Michilimakinak, Pontiac was in possession of all the western garrisons except three. This alone is sufficient evidence of the perfection of Pontiac's plans and the rapidity of their execution. Detroit alone remained in the distant region of the northwest, and this, as will be shown, was brought to the verge of destruction.

Before the news of the massacre of Michilimakinak could reach the garrison at Detroit, that place was closely besieged by the Indians, under the personal direction of their great chief. The garrison consisted of three hundred men, under Major Gladwin. When Pontiac and his warriors came, although in great numbers, they were so intermixed with women and children, and brought so many articles of trade, that suspicion was lulled. Pontiac encamped at some distance from the fort, and sent to Major Gladwin, to inform him that he had come to trade, and wished to hold a talk with him, to "brighten the chain of peace" between the English and the Indians. The major readily consented, and the next morning was fixed for the conference.

The same evening, a circumstance transpired which saved the garrison from a dreadful massacre. When the fort was clear of strangers, an Indian woman was found loitering, and being asked what she wanted, made no reply. The major, informed of her singular demeanor, directed her to be conducted into his presence. When she was brought to him, her answers were so confused and unsatisfactory, that the major suspected she had something to communicate but was restrained by her fears. Being assured of his protection, she told him that the chiefs who were to meet him in council next day, had formed a plan to murder him and the garrison, and take possession of the fort; that each chief would come to the council with his gun under his blanket, and when Pontiac gave the signal, which was the delivery to the major of a belt of wampum, they were to begin their work.

Having thus a full knowledge of the plot, Major Gladwin had every precaution taken to put the garrison in the best possible state for defence. At the appointed hour of ten o'clock, the next morning, Pontiac and his chiefs, and a train of warriors entered the fort. The gates were then closed. The vigilant eye of the Indian chief discovered an unusual degree of activity among the garrison, but his fears were somewhat quieted by being informed that the men were exercising. The council

opened, and Pontiac commenced his speech. When he came to the signal of presenting the belt, the peculiar attitudes of the officers and men told the chief that his plot was discovered. The belt was not given, and Pontiac closed his speech with many professions of respect and affection for the English. Major Gladwin then reproached the chief with his treachery, and told him that he knew his whole diabolical plot. Pontiac made an effort to excuse himself and deny that he had intended any injury; but the major stepped to the chief nearest himself, pulled aside his blanket, and exposed the gun, thus completing the confusion of the Indians. They were then ordered to leave the fort.

The next day a furious attack was made. Every stratagem was used by the savages, but all were defeated by the resolution of the garrison. Finding their efforts vain, they relinquished the attack; but blockaded the fort, cut off its supplies, and reduced the garrison to the greatest distress. Several small vessels, approaching to relieve the besieged, were seized by the Indians and their crews cruelly treated.

In consequence of the great extent of country between Detroit and the other western posts, there was much difficulty encountered in sending relief to the garrison. But Captain Dalyell, with a considerable body of men, succeeded in reaching it on the 29th of July, 1763. Shortly after, Dalyell, with about two hundred and fifty men, went out of the fort with the object of surprising Pontiac in his camp; but the chief had timely notice, and concealing a superior force behind a picket fence, near a bridge, over which the English were to pass, poured upon them a dreadful fire. After a short action, the detachment retreated to the fort, having lost sixty-one men, including Captain Dalyell.

The siege of Detroit was continued twelve months—being the longest regular siege the Indians ever maintained. The fame of Pontiac had now reached Europe, and the British government made extensive preparations to crush the power of the Indians. Aware that General Bradstreet was marching to relieve Detroit, with a large force, Pontiac raised the siege and sued for peace, which the English were glad to grant. It may be proper here to state the after career of the greatest of Indian chiefs. He maintained the peace with the English faithfully until his death. When the American revolution broke out, Pontiac wished to take part with the Americans; but was prevented by Governor Hamilton, of Detroit. During the war, he went into Illinois to an Indian council there, and the English, suspecting his intentions were hostile to them, employed an Indian as a spy upon him. In the council he made a speech unfriendly to the English, and the Indian stabbed him to the heart. Thus fell a man with the true commanding spirit—daring, persevering, and saga-



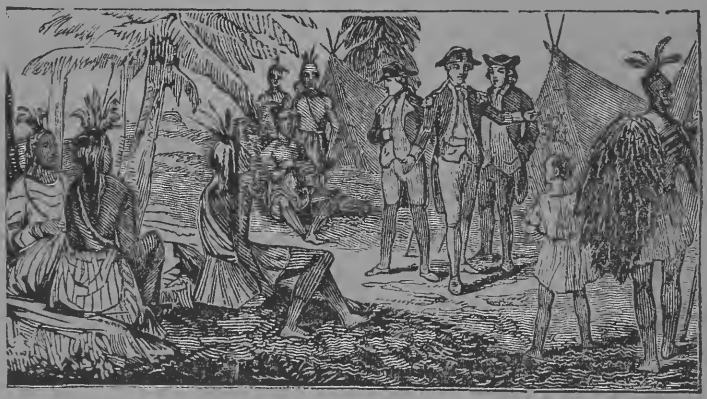
COLONEL BOUQUET.

cious. Among his own race, Pontiac was a warrior whose name was synonymous with success. His fertility of stratagem was only equalled by his firm courage. In short, he possessed most of those qualities which make men great, either among savage or civilized nations.

While Pontiac and his warriors were contending with the English in Michigan, all the tribes in the western part of Pennsylvania and along the Ohio, were active in their operations against the common enemy. The Delawares and the Shawnese were the leading tribes in this quarter. When Detroit was besieged by the Ottawas, Fort Pitt and Niagara, which were furnished with numerous garrisons, well provided, expected the same fate. Niagara was not attacked; and Fort Pitt, commanded by Captain Huger, resisted all the efforts of the Delawares. A body of troops under Colonel Bouquet, was sent to the assistance of this place. Proceeding by forced marches, he gained the valley of the Bushy Run. The defiles appeared to be free. But on the 5th of August, 1763, the English were suddenly surrounded by swarms of Indians, who assailed them on all sides in this narrow passage. The Indian mode of fighting gave them a great advantage in this woody country. In this series of skirmishes, which began about mid-day, the English succeeded in repulsing every attack of their foes, and drove them from all their positions. But the next morning, they renewed the attack with a much larger force. The English commander then determined to bring the Indians to a decisive battle, if possible.

When the attack commenced, Bouquet ordered the centre line to fall back, in order to draw the savages into an attack upon this point alone. The right and left wings then retreated into the underwood and formed an ambuscade on each side. The Indians rushed into the passage thus opened for them, full of the belief that their enemies were nearly defeated; but, suddenly, the ambuscade troops appeared on their flanks and rushed upon them with such force that they were almost annihilated. A great number of Indians perished in these two days' contests, but the number was not accurately known. This was their last attempt to obstruct the progress of Colonel Bouquet's forces, and after a fatiguing, rapid march, he arrived at Fort Pitt, and compelled the Indians to raise the siege. Not having enough troops to pursue them to the forests of Ohio, Bouquet returned to go into winter quarters in Pennsylvania.

After raising the siege of Fort Pitt, the Indians retreated as far as the Muskingum. There they collected their forces, attached new tribes to their confederacy, and made every preparation for renewing the struggle in the spring. But all their designs were destined to be crushed in the bud. General Gage



THE CONFERENCE.

became commander-in-chief of the British forces in the colonies, and prepared two expeditions against them. One body of troops, under Colonel Bradstreet, proceeded against the Ottawas, the Wyandotts, Chippewas, and other tribes near the great lakes. Another under Colonel Bouquet, was to attack the tribes between the great lakes and the Ohio.

Bradstreet proceeded by rapid marches to Sandusky, and soon captured all the northwestern forts which the Indians had taken from the English. As before related, Pontiac then sued for peace. The other expedition was delayed until late in August, and Colonel Bouquet did not arrive at Pittsburg until the 17th of September, 1767. Apprehending their danger, the Indians of Ohio were anxious for peace; but their terms were so ambiguous, that Bouquet thought it necessary to penetrate farther into their country, and, accordingly, he proceeded as far as the Muskingum.

The Indians, not being able to check his passage, demanded that a conference should be held on the 18th of October. Bouquet with an efficient force, proceeded to the place appointed, and the chiefs of the Delawares, Shawanese, and Senecas appeared with their principal warriors. The colonel informed them that peace would not be granted unless they would deliver to him all prisoners whom they held in possession. This was to be done within twelve days. On the first day, the Delawares delivered eighteen whites, and collected a bundle of sticks to signify that they had eighty-three more, who were then absent. The Shawanese refused to make such an engagement, until Colonel Bouquet advanced into their country as far as the Sciota; they then agreed to the demand.

On the 9th of November, two hundred and six English prisoners were brought into camp; and on the same day, another conference was held, to conclude a treaty of peace. Even in defeat, the Shawanese retained all their pride and spirit, declaring that they only gave up the war in commiseration of their wives and children. The arrival of the prisoners in camp afforded a very affecting scene. There was the meeting of father and child, husband and wife, brothers and sisters. Some looked for those they had lost, but they were not there, and the full heart prevented them from asking for them. The Indians delivered their captives with great regret, having become attached to them, and looking upon them as their own people. Many of the captives had adopted the Indian mode of life, and did not seem anxious to give it up. A few afterwards escaped from the settlements and returned to the Indians.

Having accomplished its design, the army proceeded homeward, and reached Pittsburg on the 28th of November. Colonel Bouquet returned to Philadelphia in January, 1765, where the representatives of Pennsylvania tendered him and his soldiers thanks for their services. The same was done by the representatives of Virginia; and George III., of England, appointed the colonel a brigadier-general, and gave him the command of his armies in the southern provinces.





## CHAPTER XII.

### CRESAP'S WAR.

We now come to a war in which one of the most celebrated of Indian chiefs bore the most prominent part. Logan was a Mingo chief, whose father, Shikellinus, was a chief of the Cayugas. He derived his name from the attachment which had existed between the benevolent James Logan and his father. In true greatness of soul few have surpassed Logan, and his misfortunes have excited much sympathy among all capable of appreciating them or him.

In the spring of 1774, a party of Indians robbed some whites who were preparing to settle upon the banks of the Ohio. The whites, considering this an indication of hostile intentions, assembled at a place on Wheeling creek. Captain Michael Cresap, at the head of the party, proceeded to attack a party of Indians on the Ohio river, and, by professing friendly intentions, completely surprised them. Several were slain; and among them were some of the family of Logan. Soon after this affair, another party of these borderers, with Daniel Greathouse at their head, attacked a company of Indians about thirty miles above Wheeling. Many of them were murdered, under circumstances which aggravated the crime. A brother and sister of Logan were among the victims. (May 24th, 1674.) Logan returning from a hunting ex-



LOGAN FINDING HIS MURDERED FAMILY.

cursion to his home, finding the remains of his murdered relatives, vowed revenge. The consequence was a war, in which little mercy was shown upon either side.

The Shawanese, Delawares, and many other tribes were united for the contest. Cornstalk was the great commander upon the side of the Indians; but Logan and Red Eagle displayed their bravery in an equal manner. On the 12th of July, Logan, at the head of only eight warriors, attacked some settlers upon the Muskingum, killed one man, and captured two others, one whom afterwards became his secretary. When the news of the Indian depredations reached the seat of government of Virginia, Governor Dunmore immediately ordered out the militia, to the number of three thousand men, half of whom, under Colonel Andrew Lewis, marched toward the mouth of the Great Kanhawa, while the governor himself with the remainder, marched against the Indian towns on the Ohio.

The division under Colonel Lewis, met with no opposition until it arrived at Point Pleasant on the Great Kanhawa, where about fifteen hundred Indians under the chief command of Cornstalk were drawn up for battle. A detachment of three hundred men first fell in with them, and was defeated with great slaughter; but the other divisions coming up, the conflict became obstinate and bloody, and was maintained during the whole day. As night closed upon the battle, the Indians slowly retreated, without being pursued. There is much difference in the statements of the loss of the English and Indians in this well fought battle. From the Indian custom of carrying off the dead, it is impossible to give an accurate account of their killed and wounded. Thirty-three bodies were found upon the field. The loss of the English is stated to have been fifty-five killed and eighty-seven wounded.

After the battle, the English force encamped on a plain eight miles from Chilicothe, a place appointed for meeting the chiefs in order to negotiate a peace. Three days after, Cornstalk and eight other chiefs, came to the encampment, and in the conference which ensued, both parties charged each other with breach of treaties and injuries committed by their respective countrymen. At length a treaty was concluded. Logan would not meet the whites in council, although he desired peace. He remained in his cabin in sullen silence, until a messenger was sent to him, to know whether he would accede to the proposals. It was then he delivered his famous speech, which was in substance as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not.

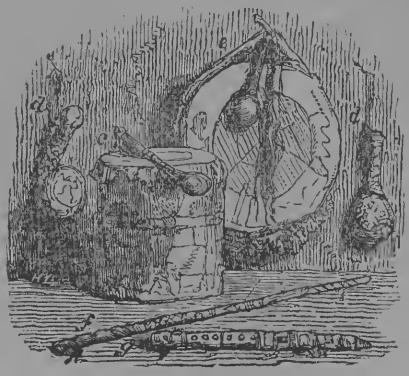
"During the course of the last long bloody war, Logan re-

mained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.'

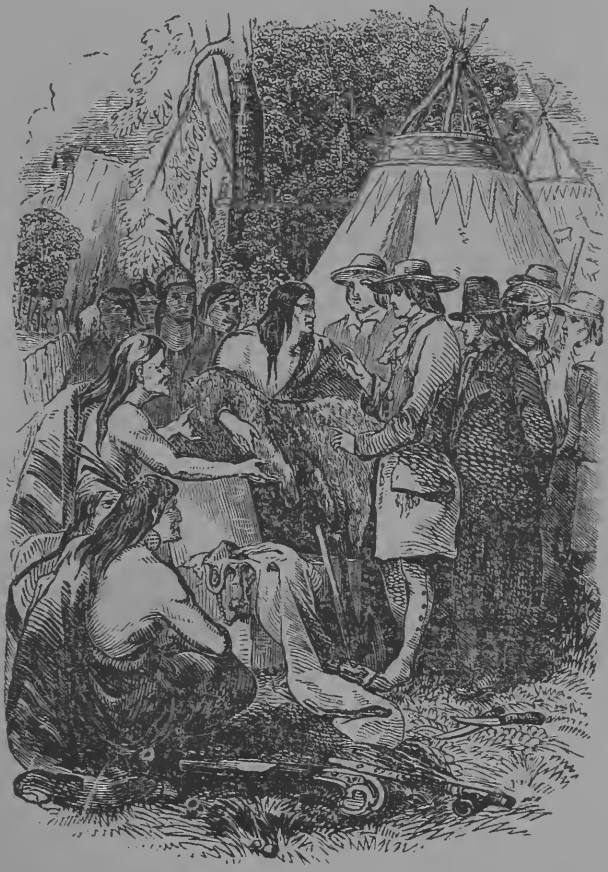
"I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan; not even sparing my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one!"

Not long after the conclusion of the treaty, Logan was cruelly murdered as he was on his way home from Detroit. His greatness was obscured previous to his death by the habits of constant intoxication which he had contracted—perhaps, says the voice of sympathy, to "drown his sorrow." Cornstalk, his great compatriot, with his valiant son, Ellinipnis, met the same fate, while on a mission of peace to Point Pleasant, in 1777. To which shall the term "savages" be applied?







BRITISH AGENTS TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.



## CHAPTER XIII

### INDIAN WARS OF THE REVOLUTION.

At the commencement of the American struggle for independence, the Indians stood in a peculiar position. Their friendship became a matter of importance to both parties. To secure this, the English took particular care, and had many advantages, of which the colonists were deprived. The expulsion of the French from Canada had given the Indians a high opinion of the valor and power of British forces. They also had the means of supplying the wants of the Indians by presents of articles, which could only be obtained from Europe, and which the American Congress had prohibited the colonists from importing. They had still another and a more important advantage. Since the peace of 1763 nearly all the transactions of the English with the Indians had been conducted by agents who were attached to the home government; and who, of course, secured the Indians as far as possible, to the interest of that government, when the colonies rebelled.

In the meantime, the Americans were not unmindful of their interests in this quarter. They appointed commissioners to explain the nature of the struggle, and to gain their good will by treaties and presents. Congress, also resolved to distribute goods to the amount of two thousand dollars among them; but the wise resolution was never executed. In almost every period of the

war, the Indians took part with the English. South Carolina was one of the first states that felt the force of British influence. All intercourse with the Creeks and Cherokees, the tribes nearest the frontier settlements of that state, had, for some years previous to the beginning of the war, been conducted by John Stuart, an officer very zealous in the British cause. He formed a plan to land a British force in Florida, and in conjunction with the Indians, to attack the western settlements of South Carolina, while a fleet should appear upon the coast. This plan was discovered by the capture of Moses Kirkland, bearer of despatches to General Gage, and the Americans immediately took measures to frustrate it.

Yet so nearly had the scheme succeeded, that the Cherokees began their attacks on the settlements at the same time the British fleet attacked the fort on Sullivan's Island. But the defeat of the fleet enabled the Americans to carry the war into the Indian country. An effective force was sent by Virginia, North Carolina, and the other states, at the same time, which traversed the Indian ground, burnt their villages, and destroyed their crops, and forced about five hundred Cherokees to enter Florida, and seek protection from the British. Soon after, they sued for peace, and by the treaty which was then made, ceded a considerable quantity of land to South Carolina. This expedition so far humbled the Cherokees, that they did not attempt hostilities for several years after.

The Six Nations had been secured to the British cause in July, 1775, by Colonel Guy Johnson, intendant-general of the king for Indian affairs. This was unfortunate for the American frontier settlements in the northern and middle states. A great number of tories had taken refuge among the Indians, and by their knowledge of the state of things in the settlements, greatly aided the savages in their constant attacks. So embittered were these men against those who had driven them from the abodes of civilization, that they outdid the Indians in displaying their cruelty. The principal leaders of these expeditions were Colonel John Butler, a Connecticut tory, and Brant, a half-blood Indian, principal chief of the Six Nations.

When Burgoyne started upon his expedition of invading the northern states, he deemed it important that Fort Schuyler should be taken, otherwise, he would leave a favorable post in his rear. Accordingly, he detached Colonel St. Leger with a large force of British and Indians to effect its capture. The fort was invested on the 3d of August, 1777. It was in so poor a state of defence, that an immediate attempt to drive off the enemy and relieve it, was absolutely necessary. General Herkimer, a leading person in Tryon county, marched with more than



THE INDIAN'S CURSE.



HERKIMER'S DEFEAT.

eight hundred militia on this service. St. Leger had with him about seven hundred Indian warriors, who with their wives, children, other men and women made up near fourteen hundred. He detached Sir John Johnson, with some troops and the In dians, to lie in ambush in the woods, and intercept the militia (August 6.) Herkimer fell into the snare, and was surprised; but several of the chief Indians fell by the first fire he gave them; soon after which, the battle was a scene of confusion be yond any thing the Indians had ever seen. The white people, consisting of the militia and Sir John Johnson's tory troops, as his own corps was called, got together in parties of twenty or thirty, so that they could not fire; but pulled and hauled, drew their knives and stabbed each other. The Indians, who consisted f Shawanese, Delawares, Senecas, and others, after a while con ectured, from their own loss and the confusion which prevailed, hat both Sir John's people, and Herkimer's intended to destroy em; at length some of their chiefs told the young warriors, at it was a plot of the white people to draw them into a scrape d cut them off; and then ordered them to kill all white people atever. It is thought that near as many of Sir John's tory ty were killed by the Indians as by the militia. A number Herkimer's ran off: about a hundred were so surrounded that y could not get away; but they possessed themselves of an vantageous post behind logs, &c., where they continued fight-



GENERAL SCHUYLER.

ing the Indians with great bravery, till Sir John drew off his men, fearing that the garrison would sally out and fall upon him: near upon seventy of the hundred by this means escaped. Two hundred and fifty men, under Lieutenant-colonel Willet, sallied out about that time, and routed two of the Indian and tory encampments, destroying their provisions, and carrying off kettles, blankets, muskets, tomahawks, spears, clothing, deer skins, a variety of Indian trophies, and five standards; which, on their return to the fort were displayed under the continental flag.

Both parties suffered terribly in this close struggle. The Senecas alone lost thirty men, and the tories one hundred. The loss of the Americans in killed, wounded, and prisoners was about four hundred men. Many of the most active political characters in that part of the country were among the slain. St. Leger now summoned the fort to surrender, but again met with a steady refusal.

Deeming it a matter of importance to prevent the junction of Burgoyne and St. Leger, General Schuyler sent Arnold, with a



MURDER OF MISS MACREA.

considerable force to relieve Fort Schuyler. Arnold made use of stratagem to effect this. He captured an American of wealth and influence, whom he believed had been acting the part of a traitor, and promised his life and fortune on condition that he would go to Fort Schuyler and alarm the Indians and British by magnifying the force which was marching against them. This was done; and the Indians, who had already become discontented on account of their losses in the battle with Herkimer, and the disappointmen of their hopes of plunder, left St. Leger to prosecute the siege with the British troops alone. But he concluded to raise the siege, and retreated with his whole force two days before Arnold arrived. The firm and successful defence of Fort Schuyler, added to the victory at Bennington, contributed greatly to inspirit the Americans, and may be considered as the commencement of that which ended in glory at Saratoga.

The horrid cruelties of the Indians in the service of the British roused the indignation of the Americans to a fearful height. One barbarous act, although it was a case of individual suffering, made a deep impression on the Americans, and was alluded to in a letter from General Gates to General Burgoyne, dated 2d of September. It deserves particular mention, because of the excitement it created at the time it was first made known.

Mr. Jones, an officer of the British army, had engaged the affections of Miss Macrea, a young lady of amiable character and spotless reputation, daughter of a gentleman attached to the royal cause, living near Fort Edward; and they had agreed to be married. In the course of his duties, the officer was removed to some distance from his bride, and became anxious for her safety. He engaged two Indians of different tribes, to bring her to camp, and promised a keg of rum to the person who should deliver her safe to him. She dressed to meet her intended husband, and accompanied her savage conductors. By the way, the two Indians quarrelled in regard to who should deliver her to her lover; and to settle the matter according to Indian usage, one of them cleft her skull with a tomahawk. This simple, but affecting story was exaggerated and dwelt upon by the American newspapers in a style that fired the people with a hatred and a determined spirit that would not be satisfied with any thing short of an extermination of the savages wherever found, and which aided materially in securing the triumph of the American arms.

The next exploit of Brandt and the savage Butler, was at Wyoming, a new and flourishing settlement on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. The territory in which the town was situated, was claimed by two states—Pennsylvania and Connecticut. From the collision of contradictory claims, the laws of neither state were enforced, and the security of the inhabitants

was destroyed. The tories were numerous, and were under less control than in the larger towns. But twenty-seven of them were taken and sent to Hartford for trial; these were afterwards set at liberty. Burning with desire of revenge for loss of property and banishment, these tories and their friends joined the Indians, and prepared to attack the settlement. A little before the main attack, some small parties made sudden irruptions, and committed several robberies and murders; and from ignorance, or a contempt of all ties whatever, massacred the wife and five children of one of the persons sent for trial to Connecticut in their own cause.

At length, in the beginning of July, the enemy suddenly appeared in full force on the Susquehanna, headed by Colonel John Butler, a Connecticut tory, and cousin to Colonel Zebulon Butler, the second in command in the settlement. He was assisted by most of those leaders, who had rendered themselves terrible in the present frontier war. Their force was about sixteen hundred men, near a fourth Indians, led by their own chiefs: the others were so disguised and painted as not to be distinguished from the Indians, excepting their officers, who, being dressed in regimentals, carried the appearance of regulars. One of the smaller forts, garrisoned chiefly by tories, was given up or rather betrayed. Another was taken by storm, and all but the women and children massacred in the most inhuman manner.

(July 3.) Colonel Zebulon Butler, leaving a small number to guard Fort Wilkesbarre, crossed the river with about four hundred men, and marched into Kingston Fort, whither the women, children, and defenceless of all sorts crowded for protection. He suffered himself to be enticed by his cousin to abandon the fortress. He agreed to march out, and hold a conference with the enemy in the open field (at so great a distance from the fort, as to shut out all possibility of protection from it) upon their withdrawing according to their own proposal, in order to the holding of a parley for the conclusion of a treaty. He at the same time marched out about four hundred men well armed, being nearly the whole strength of the garrison, to guard his person to the place of parley, such was his distrust of the enemy's designs. On his arrival, he found no body to treat with him, and yet advanced toward the foot of the mountain, where at a distance he saw a flag, the holders of which, seemingly afraid of treachery on his side, retired as he advanced; whilst he, endeavoring to remove this pretended ill impression, pursued the flag, till his party was thoroughly enclosed, when he was suddenly freed from his delusion by finding it attacked at once on every side. He and his men, notwithstanding the surprise and danger, fought with resolution and bravery, and kept up so continual and



MASSACRE AT WYOMING



COLONEL ZEBULON BUTLER.

heavy a fire for three quarters of an hour, that they seemed to gain a marked superiority. In this critical moment, a soldier, through a sudden impulse of fear, or premeditated treachery, cried out aloud, "the colonel has ordered a retreat!" The fate of the party was now at once determined. In the state of confusion that ensued, an unresisted slaughter commenced, while the enemy broke in on all sides without obstruction. Colonel Zebulon Butler, and about seventy of his men escaped; the latter got across the river to Fort Wilkesbarre, the colonel made his way to Fort Kingston, which was invested the next day, (July 4,) on the land side. The enemy, to sadden the drooping spirits of the weak remaining garrison, sent in for their contemplation the bloody scalps of one hundred and ninety-six of their late friends and comrades. They kept up a continual fire upon the fort the whole day. In the evening, the colonel quitted the fort and went down the river with his family. He is thought to be the only officer that escaped.

(July 5.) Colonel Nathan Dennison, who succeeded to the command, seeing the impossibility of an effectual defence, went with a flag to Colonel John Butler, to know what terms he would grant on a surrender; to which application Butler answered with more than savage phlegm in two short words—*the hatchet.*—Dennison having defended the fort, till most of the garrison were

killed or disabled, was compelled to surrender at discretion. Some of the unhappy persons in the fort were carried away alive; but the barbarous conquerors, to save the trouble of murder in detail, shut up the rest promiscuously in the houses and barracks, which having set on fire, they enjoyed the savage pleasure of beholding the whole consumed in one general blaze.

They then crossed the river to the only remaining fort, Wilkesbarre, which, in hopes of mercy, surrendered without demanding any conditions. They found about seventy continental soldiers, who had been engaged merely for the defence of the frontiers, whom they butchered with every circumstance of horrid cruelty The remainder of the men, with the women and children, were shut up as before in the houses, which being set on fire, they perished altogether in the flames.

A general scene of devastation was now spread through all the townships. Fire, sword, and the other different circumstances of destruction alternately triumphed. The settlements of the tories alone generally escaped, and appeared as islands in the midst of the surrounding ruin. The merciless ravagers having destroyed the main objects of their cruelty, directed their animosity to every part of living nature belonging to them; shot and destroyed some of their cattle, and cut out the tongues of others, leaving them still alive to prolong their agonies.

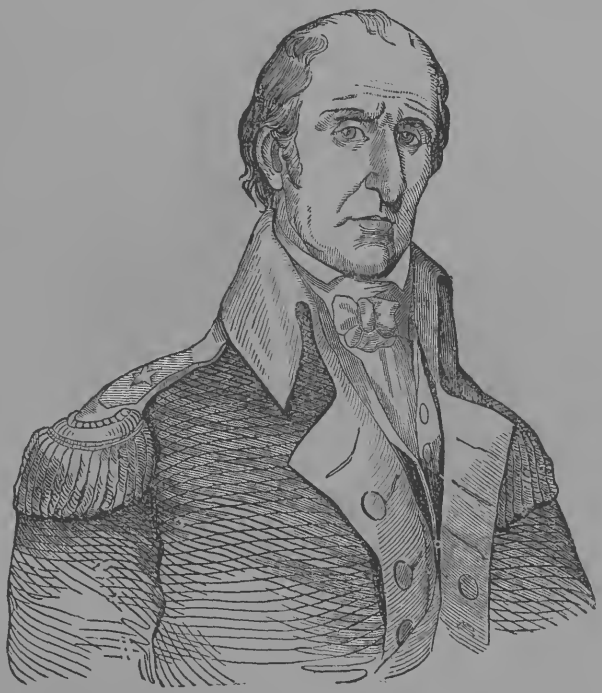
In the following November, the inhabitants of Cherry Valley were attacked by a large body of tories and Indians, under Butler and Brandt. An attempt was made upon Fort Alden; but it failed. The enemy, however, killed and scalped thirty-two of the settlers, mostly women and children, and also Colonel Alden and ten soldiers.

But retribution overtook the merciless Butler. In October, 1781, Colonel Willet with four hundred soldiers and sixty Oneidas, surprised a party of tories and Indians, in the country of the Mohawks, and killed and took the most of them. Walter Butler was among the party, and being wounded by an Oneida Indian, he called out for quarter, upon which the Indian screamed out "Sherry Valley," and instantly despatched him.

A short time previous to this affair, Colonel William Butler, with a party of Pennsylvania troops, proceeded on an expedition into the Indian country. On the 1st of October, he reached the head of the Delaware, marched down that river for two days, and then struck across to the Susquehanna. Great difficulties were surmounted in this expedition. The men carried their provisions on their backs, and thus loaded, waded through rivers and creeks, and endured damp nights and heavy rains. Yet they were successful. They burned the Indian villages and the tory settlements on both sides of the Susquehanna; but the inhabitants



DEATH OF WALTER BUTLER.



COLONEL PICKENS.

escaped. Butler returned to Schoharie, within sixteen days after leaving that place, and was received with a salute and a *feu de joie*.

Other expeditions were conducted against the Indians in the course of the year. In April, Colonel Van Schaick with fifty-five men marched from Fort Schuyler, and burned the whole Onondago settlements, consisting of about fifty houses, with a large quantity of provisions, killed twelve Indians, and made thirty-four prisoners, without the loss of a single man. In August, General Williamson and Colonel Pickens, of South Carolina, entered the Indian country adjacent to the frontier of their state; burned and destroyed the corn of eight towns; and required the Indians to remove into more remote settlements. In the same month, Colonel Broadhead made a successful expedition against the Mingo, Munsey, and Seneca Indians. Leaving Pittsburg with six hundred and five men, he in about five weeks pene-



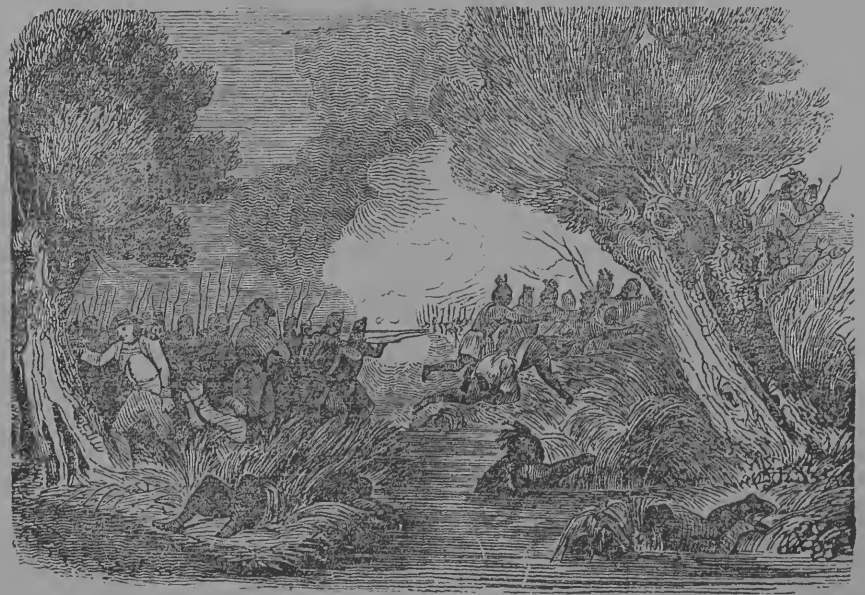
GENERAL SULLIVAN.

trated about two hundred miles from the fort, destroyed a number of Indian huts, and about five hundred acres of corn.

Detached parties of Indians distressed different portions of the United States. In July, a party of sixty Indians and twenty-seven white men under Brandt, attacked the Minisink settlement, in the state of New York, and burned ten houses, twelve barns, a fort, and two mills, and carried off much plunder, with several prisoners. In August, the Indians with their tory associates burned fifty houses and forty-seven barns at Canijohary, a fine settlement about fifty-six miles from Albany; and destroyed twenty-seven houses at Schoharie, and two at Norman's Creek.

But Washington determined to send a force into the country of the Six Nations which should effect something decisive. A body of twenty-five hundred men, under General Sullivan, was ordered upon this service. The forces were not concentrated at Wyoming until July, 1779. On the 22d of July, a party of militia, who had marched from this place to Lackawaxen to protect the settlers there, was attacked by a body of tories and Indians, and out of one hundred and forty men, only thirty escaped unhurt.

The Indians, on hearing of the expedition projected against



GENERAL WILLIAMSON AND COLONEL PICKENS, PURSUING THE INDIANS

them, acted with firmness. They collected their strength, took possession of proper ground, and fortified it with judgment. General Sullivan on the 29th of August, attacked them in their works. They stood a cannonade for more than two hours; but then gave way. This engagement proved decisive. After the trenches were forced, the Indians fled without making any attempt to rally. The consternation occasioned among them by this defeat was so great, that they gave up all ideas of further resistance. As the Americans advanced into their settlements, the Indians retreated before them, without throwing any obstructions in their way. General Sullivan penetrated into the heart of the country inhabited by the Mohawks, and spread desolation every where. Many settlements in the form of towns were destroyed. All their fields of corn, and whatever was in a state of cultivation underwent the same fate. Scarcely any thing in the form of a house was left standing, nor was an Indian to be seen. To the surprise of the Americans, they found the lands about the Indian towns well cultivated, and their houses both large and commodious. The quantity of corn destroyed was immense. Orchards, in which were several hundred fruit trees, were cut down; and of them many appeared to have been planted for a long series of years. Their gardens, replenished with a variety of useful vegetables, were laid waste. The Americans were so full of resentment against the Indians, for the many outrages they had suffered from them, and so bent on making the expedition decisive, that the officers and soldiers cheerfully agreed to remain, till they had fully completed the destruction of the settlement. The supplies obtained in the country lessened the inconvenience of short rations. The ears of corn were so remarkably large, that many of them measured twenty-two inches in length. Necessity suggested a novel expedient for pulverising the grains thereof. The soldiers perforated a few of their camp kettles with bayonets. The protrusions occasioned thereby formed a rough surface, and, by rubbing the ears of corn thereon, a coarse meal was produced, which was easily convertible into agreeable nourishment.

Having thus completed the work of devastation, Sullivan and his army returned. The work accomplished was fully justified on the ground of retaliation. There was no other way of making the foe feel the consequences of their bloody and desolating deeds. The Indians were greatly cowed in spirit by the expedition, and the frontiers were relieved from their attacks for a long time afterwards.

In the latter part of the war, in 1782, a party of civilized Indians who had settled near the Muskingum, at the Moravian towns, were barbarously murdered by a party of one hundred and



GENERAL WAYNE.

sixty white men, who crossed the Ohio and attacked them without the slightest provocation. Ninety of them were put to death without resistance on their part. These Kentuckians earned a name by this horrible deed worthy to be ranked with those of Butler and Brandt. Retribution soon overtook them. A party set out to destroy the Indian towns near Sandusky; but the Delawares opposed, and a battle ensued. The Indians conquered, and several Americans were killed and others taken prisoners. Among the latter was Colonel Crawford, who was sacrificed to the manes of those who were murdered at the Moravian towns; the rest were unmercifully tomahawked.

On the 24th of June, 1782, General Wayne was furiously attacked at a plantation about five miles from Savannah, by a large body of Creeks, who at first drove his troops and took two pieces of artillery; but Wayne soon rallied his force, and charged the Indians with such spirit, that they were completely routed. The action was contested hand to hand with tomahawk, sword, and bayonet. Fourteen Indians, including Emistessigo, a famous chief, were slain. Wayne lost but two men. The royalists who came from Savannah to assist the Indians, were driven back by the victorious Americans, who took a British standard and one hundred and twenty-seven horses with packs. Of the continentals, five were killed and eight wounded.

This was the last Indian battle during the war. The whole course of the contest maintained between the Indians and the Americans had been marked by an excess of cruelty almost unparalleled in the annals of war. Women and children were put to death as mercilessly as those in arms. In the political dissensions, families were divided among themselves, and, as at Wyoming, all ties were forgotten in a fiendish desire for blood and revenge. Such a struggle is scarcely to be found elsewhere in history.





## CHAPTER XIV.

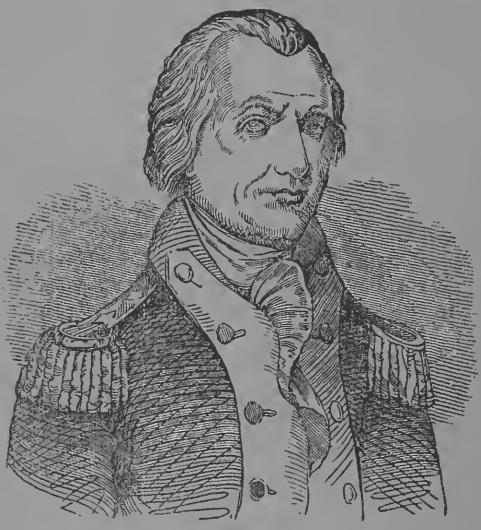
### THE WAR WITH THE INDIANS OF THE WEST DURING WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

After the termination of the revolutionary war, the hardy settlers of the west had still a contest to maintain, which often threatened their extermination. The Indian tribes of the west refused to bury the hatchet when Great Britain withdrew her armies, and they continued their terrible devastations. The vicinity of the Ohio river, especially, was the scene of their operations. Boats were plundered and their crews murdered. Farms were destroyed and settlements burned. A great number of people were carried into hopeless captivity. All efforts to obtain peace by negotiation proved fruitless. For the Indians were stimulated to these hostilities by the British agents, and supplied with arms and sheltered under the guns of the British forts, which, in defiance of the treaty, were still held in American territory.

Finally, it became necessary to reduce the Indians by force of arms, and an expedition was prepared for that purpose.

The object of the expedition was, to bring the Indians to an engagement, if posssible; but, in any event, to destroy their settlements on the waters of the Scioto and Wabash. On the 30th of September, General Harmar, who was placed at the head of the federal troops, marched from Fort Washington with three hundred and twenty regulars, and effected a junction with the militia of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, who had advanced about twenty miles in front. The whole army amounted to fourteen hundred and fifty-three men.

On the approach of Colonel Harden, who commanded the Kentucky militia, with a detachment of six hundred men to reconnoitre the ground, and to ascertain the intentions of the enemy, the Indians set fire to their principal village, and fled precipitately to the woods. The same officer, again detached at the head of two hundred and ten men, thirty of whom were regulars, when about ten miles west of Chilicothe, where the main body of the army lay, was attacked by a small party of Indians. The militia fleeing at the first appearance of the enemy, the handful of regulars, commanded by Lieutenant Armstrong, made a brave resistance. Twenty-three of them fell in the field, and the surviving seven escaped and rejoined the army. The remaining towns on the Scioto were, notwithstanding, reduced to ashes; and the provisions, laid up before the winter, were entirely destroyed. After this service, the army decamped, to return to Fort Washington. To retrieve the disgrace of his arms, General Harmar halted about eight miles from Chilicothe, and late in the night detached Colonel Harden again, with orders to find the enemy and bring on an engagement. His detachment, consisting of three hundred and sixty men, of whom sixty were regulars commanded by Major Wyllys, early the next morning, reached the confluence of the St. Joseph and the St. Mary, where it was divided into three columns. The left division, commanded by Colonel Harden, crossed the St. Joseph, and proceeded up its western bank; the centre, consisting of the federal troops, was led by Major Wyllys up the eastern side of the river; and the right, under Major M'Millan, marched along a range of heights which commanded the right flank of the centre division. The columns were soon met by a considerable body of Indians, and a severe engagement ensued. The militia retrieved their reputation. Several of the bravest officers fell; among whom was Major Fontaine, a gallant young gentleman, who acted as aid to the general. The Indians, after giving a semblance of fighting with the regulars in front, seized the heights of the right of the centre column, and attacked the right flank of the centre with



GENERAL ST. CLAIR.

great fury. Major Wyllys was among the first who fell; but the battle was still kept up with spirit, and with considerable execution on both sides. The remnant of this little band, overpowered at length by numbers, was driven off the ground, leaving fifty of their comrades, beside two valuable officers, Major Wyllys and Lieutenant Frothingham, dead upon the field. The loss sustained by the militia amounted to upwards of one hundred men, among whom were ten officers. After this engagement, the detachment joined the main army, and the troops returned to Fort Washington.

The general government was prompt in the endeavor to retrieve the defeat of Harmar's detachments. Another expedition was determined upon, and General St. Clair was appointed to command it.

The troops could not be raised and assembled in the neighborhood of Fort Washington until the month of September, 1791. On the 7th of that month, the regulars, marching thence directly north towards the object of their destination, established two intermediate posts, Forts Hamilton and Jefferson, about forty miles distant from each other, as places of deposit and security, after garrisons had been placed in these forts, the effective num-



FORT WASHINGTON.

ber of the army, including militia, amounted to nearly two thousand men. With this force the general continued his march, which was necessarily slow and laborious. After some unimportant skirmishes, as the army approached the country in which they might expect to meet an enemy, about sixty of the militia deserted in a body; in pursuit of whom the general detached Major Hamtranck with the first regiment. The army, consisting of about fourteen hundred effective rank and file, continued its march, and on the 3d of November, encamped on a commanding ground, about fifteen miles south of the Miami villages. The militia, crossing a creek, and advancing about a quarter of a mile in front, encamped in two lines; and on their approach, a few Indians, who had showed themselves on the opposite side of the creek, fled with precipitation. It was the general's determination to throw up a slight work at this place, for the security of the baggage; and after being rejoined by Major Hamtranck, to march unencumbered, and expeditiously, to the Indian villages. In both these designs, however, he was frustrated.

The next morning, about half an hour before sunrise, an unexpected attack was made upon the militia, who fled in the utmost

confusion, and rushing into the camp through the first line of continental troops, threw them into disorder. The exertions of the officers to restore order were not entirely successful. The Indians pressed closely upon the flying militia, and intrepidly engaged General Butler. The action instantly became severe. The fire of the assailants, passing round both flanks of the first line, was in a few minutes poured furiously on the rear division of the American army. Directed most intensely against the centre of each wing, where the artillery was posted, it made great destruction among the artillerists. The Indians, firing from the ground, and from the shelter of the woods, were scarcely seen, but when springing from one cover to another. Thus advancing close up to the American lines, and to the very mouths of the field pieces, they fought with the most daring and intrepid bravery.

The unequal conduct of the soldiers, as is usual on such occasions, imminently exposed the officers, who, in their fearless efforts, fell in great numbers. Their only hope of victory was now in the bayonet. Lieutenant Colonel Darke, with the second regiment forming the left of the wing, made an impetuous charge upon the enemy, and drove them with some loss, about four hundred yards; but, though followed by that whole wing, he was unable, for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to press this advantage, and when he stayed the pursuit, the enemy renewed the attack. In the meantime, General Butler was mortally wounded; the left of the right wing was broken; the artillerists, almost to a man, were killed; the guns seized; and the camp penetrated by the enemy. Darke, with his own regiment, and with the battalions commanded by Majors Butler and Clarke, charging again with the bayonet, drove the Indians out of the camp, and recovered the artillery. But while pressed in one point, they kept up a fatal fire from every other. Though successfully charged in several instances by particular corps, they could not be fought by the whole combined forces; and in every charge, a great loss of officers was sustained. The soldiers breaking their ranks, flocked together in crowds, and were shot down without resistance. To save the remnant of his army, General St. Clair, in the morning, ordered Lieutenant Colonel Darke, with the second regiment, to charge a body of Indians who had intercepted their retreat, and to gain the road; and Major Clarke, with his battalion, to cover the rear. A most disorderly flight now commenced. After a pursuit of about four miles, the Indians turned back to the camp for plunder, and the troops continued their flight about thirty miles, to Fort Jefferson. Here they met Major Hamtranck with the first regiment; and, calling a council of war, it was determined not to attempt to retrieve



AN INDIAN CHIEF.

their misfortune; and, leaving the wounded at Fort Jefferson, the troops continued their retreat to Fort Washington. In this disastrous battle, thirty-eight commissioned officers were killed upon the field, and five hundred and ninety-three non-commissioned officers and privates were slain and missing; twenty-one commissioned officers, several of whom died afterwards of their wounds, and two hundred and forty-two non-commissioned officers and privates were wounded. General Butler was a gallant officer, who had served with distinction through the revolutionary war. It was observed by General St. Clair, in his official letter: "The loss the public has sustained by the loss of so many officers, particularly of General Butler and Major Ferguson, cannot be too much regretted." The Indian force, in this action, was estimated from one thousand to fifteen hundred warriors; but no estimate could be made of their loss.

The celebrated chief, Little Turtle, was the Indian commander in both of the battles with General Harmar's troops, and in this one with St. Clair. He belonged to the Miamis, and his Indian name was Mishikinakwa. Emboldened by their great success, the Indians committed more serious depredations. Ambassadors sent to negotiate a peace with them were murdered, and no resource was left but to send another army against them. Several months elapsed before the necessary troops could be collected. The gallant General Wayne, known to the Indians as a "sleepless chief," was appointed to succeed St. Clair, who had resigned his command.

To bring the war to a prosperous termination, it was judged necessary not merely to expel the Indians, but to prevent their return, and for this purpose to hold the country by a chain of permanent posts. Not being able to execute this plan during the autumn, the general had contented himself with collecting his army and penetrating about six miles in advance of Fort Jefferson, where he established himself for the winter in a camp called Greensville. After fortifying this camp, he took possession of the ground on which the Americans had been defeated in 1791; and there another fort was erected, called Fort Recovery. The opening of the campaign was unavoidably protracted until near midsummer. Early in August, General Wayne reached the confluence of the Au Glaize and the Miamis of the lakes, where were the richest and most extensive settlements of the Indians; and here he threw some works of defence and protection for magazines. About thirty miles from the mouth of the Au Glaize was a post occupied by the British, on the Miamis of the lakes, in the vicinity of which was collected the whole strength of the enemy, understood to be somewhat less than two thousand men. The continental legion was not much inferior in



GENERAL WAYNE DEFEATING THE INDIANS.

number; and a reinforcement of about eleven hundred mounted militia from Kentucky, commanded by General Scott, gave the army of Wayne a decided superiority in strength. Though it was well understood that the Indians had determined to give him battle; yet, in pursuance of the pacific policy of the United States, the general sent messengers to the several hostile tribes assembled in his front, inviting them to appoint deputies to meet him for the purpose of negotiating a permanent peace.

The American army, on the 15th of August, marched down the Miamis, and on the 18th arrived at the rapids, where they halted the next day to erect a temporary work for the protection of the baggage, and to reconnoitre the enemy. The Indians were advantageously posted behind a thick wood, and behind the British fort. On the morning of the 20th the American army advanced in columns: the legion, with its right flank, covered by the Miamis; one brigade of mounted volunteers, commanded by General Todd, on the left; the other, under General Barbee, in the rear; and a select battalion commanded by Major Price, moving in front of the legion in advance. After marching about five miles, Major Price received a heavy fire from a concealed

enemy, which compelled him to retreat. The Indians had taken a position almost inaccessible, in a thick wood in front of the British works, where they were formed in three lines, with a very extended front, their lines stretching to the west, at right angles with the river, about two miles; and their first effort was to turn the left flank of the American Army. On the discharge of the first rifle, the legion was formed in two lines. The front was ordered to advance with trailed arms, reserving their fire until they had forced the enemy from his covert at the point of the bayonet, and, after a discharge, to press the fugitives too closely to permit them to reload their pieces. Perceiving the aim of the enemy to turn the American left, the general ordered the second line to support the first. The legion cavalry, led by Captain Campbell, was ordered to penetrate between the Indians and the river, to charge their left flank; and General Scott, with the mounted volunteers, to make a circuit, and turn their right flank. These orders were executed with great spirit and complete success. An impetuous charge, made by the first line of infantry, entirely broke the enemy's line; a rapid pursuit succeeded; and in the course of one hour the Indians were driven more than two miles, through thick woods, within gun shot of the British fort. In this decisive battle, the loss of the Americans in killed and wounded, including officers, was one hundred and seven. Among the slain were Captain Campbell, and Lieutenant Fowles, both of whom fell in the first charge. The American troops engaged in the battle did not amount to nine hundred; the number of Indians was two thousand.

After remaining on the banks of the Miamis, in front of the field of battle, three days, during which time the houses and corn fields above and below the fort were burnt, General Wayne, on the 28th, returned with the army to Au Glaize, having destroyed all the villages and corn within fifty miles of the river.

The Indians still continuing hostilities, their whole country was laid waste, and forts were erected in the heart of their settlements. The effect of the battle of the 20th of August was instantly and extensively felt. To the victory, gained by the Americans, is ascribed the rescue of the United States from a general war with the Indians northwest of the Ohio; and its influence is believed to have extended to the Indians in Georgia.

The principal tribes engaged in the war were the Miamis, Delawares, Shawnees, and Wyandots. Besides the brave and cautious Mishikinakwa, the Indians had other commanders, of almost equal fame. Blue Jacket, a Shawnese chief, was known as a more cruel and precipitate leader than Mishikinakwa, but possessed of less discrimination and judgment. The Shawnees, though compelled to peace, retained their hatred to the whites.



TECUMSEH.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE TIPPECANOE WAR.

BRITISH influence and the exertions of two remarkable Indians were the causes of the next important war between the Americans and their western savage neighbors. The two Indians were Tecumseh, a Shawnese chief, and his brother, the Prophet, Oliwachica. These men commenced their intrigues in 1806. Their object was the same which had been aimed at by Philip of Mount Hope, Pontiac, and other great chiefs—the union of the different Indian tribes for the expulsion or extermination of the whites. But Philip's schemes were trifling compared with those of Tecumseh and his brother. They wished to unite all the Indian tribes of the west, from the Creeks to the Ottawas, and hoped to drive the whites entirely from the valley of Mississippi. To effect this vast object, Tecumseh and the Prophet who was, perhaps, the tool of his great brother, traversed the whole frontiers, made stirring appeals to the prejudices of the



THE PROPHET.

different tribes, and made use of all the arts of persuasion and diplomacy, in which they were skilled.

The two brothers, born at the same birth, differed widely in character, but were well fitted to act together in such an enterprise. The Indian name of the Prophet signified "*a door opened*," in allusion to the way of deliverance he was expected to point out to the red men. The name of Tecumseh, or Tecumthé, as it is sometimes written, signified "*a panther crouching*." Tecumseh possessed the daring, active, enthusiastic mind, necessary for forming great plans, and carrying them into execution. He was an able military commander, a skilful negotiator, and possessed that dignity of temper and deportment which secures respect. Well skilled in the springs of human action, he was able to take advantage of the weaknesses of others, and mould them to his purposes. His abilities were stained by a cruel temper, and it is said that he asked no quarters and gave none.

The Prophet had none of the manly qualities of his brother. He is described as being an indifferent warrior and hunter, and crafty, cruel, cowardly, and sensual. He extorted a living from the Indians through the influence of superstition; and circum-

stances gave him a vast control over their minds. Tecumseh had obtained such a mastery over his brother, that when in council together, the latter never spoke—although, as an orator, he was more persuasive than his brother.

Taking advantage of a belief among the Shawanese, that their tribe was destined to restore the dominions of the red men, the Prophet commenced a series of incantations, and from time to time communicated the result to the credulous Indians. He prophesied the speedy downfall of the power of the whites, and the resumption by the Indians of the customs of their ancestors. To effect this, they were advised to abstain from all intercourse with the whites, and from using any article manufactured by them. The result of the operations of the brothers was the Tippecanoe war.

When the treaty of Fort Wayne took place, Tecumseh was absent, and on his return, he threatened with death some of the chiefs who had signed it. Hereupon, Governor Harrison dispatched a message to inquire the cause of his dissatisfaction with the treaty, and inviting him to come to Vincennes and exhibit his pretensions; assuring him that if they were valid, the land acquired by the treaty should be given up or ample compensation made for it.

Tecumseh accepted the invitation, but treacherously brought with him four hundred armed warriors, instead of thirty, as directed. At the council, he claimed for all the Indians of the country, a common right to all the lands in it; denied the right of any tribe to sell any portion of it without the consent of all, and pronounced the treaty of Fort Wayne null and void. Harrison replied, that when the whites came to this continent, they found the Miamis in occupation of all the country of the Wabash, at which time the Shawanese dwelt in Georgia, from whence they were driven by the Creeks; that the Miamis had consulted their own interest, as they had a right to do, in selling their own lands on terms satisfactory to themselves; and that the Shawanese had no right to come from a distant country, and undertake to control the Miamis in the disposition of their own property. Scarcely were these words interpreted, when Tecumseh fiercely exclaimed, "It is false!" and giving his signal to his warriors, they sprang to their feet and raised their weapons, while Tecumseh continued to address the Indians in a loud voice and with violent gestures. At this critical moment, the courage and decision of Harrison prevented a scene of bloodshed and horror. He rose immediately and drew his sword; but, restraining his guards, he calmly, but authoritatively, told Tecumseh, that "he was a bad man, that he would have no further talk with him; and that he must return to his camp and take his



COUNCIL OF VINCENNES.

departure from the settlements immediately;" and with that the council was dissolved; and Tecumseh and his warriors, awed by the courage and decision of Harrison, withdrew in silence.

The next morning, Tecumseh, perceiving that he had to deal with a man as vigilant and bold as himself, apologized for the affront which he had offered, and requested another conference. In the second council he behaved with greater moderation, and told the governor, that white men (British agents, undoubtedly,) had advised him to do as he had done, and that he was determined to maintain the old boundary. This the governor said he would report to the president: and the council ended. Governor Harrison then went to Tecumseh's camp, attended only by an interpreter. He was courteously received: but the chief would not recede from his demands; and as he was not yet ready to commence hostilities, the matter rested here for a while.

In the latter part of the year 1811, the confederated Indians began to ravage the frontiers; and the government found it necessary to take immediate measures for the protection of its citizens. For this purpose, a small force of regulars and militia was assembled at Vincennes, and placed under the command of



GENERAL HARRISON.

William Henry Harrison, governor of the Indiana territory. Harrison was instructed to march to the Prophet's town, and demand a restoration of the property which had been carried off by his partisans; and he was to obtain redress by force, if necessary.

Accordingly, he marched into the enemy's country, and on the evening of the 5th of November, encamped within nine miles of the Prophet's town. The next morning he resumed his march, but discovered no Indians until he had arrived within six miles of the town. Parties of Indians were then frequently seen, but all efforts to open a communication with them were vain. When Harrison came within two miles of the town, the path descended a steep hill, at the bottom of which was a small creek running through a wet prairie; and beyond this a level plain, covered with oak timber, and without underwood. As this was a situation, in which the Indians might attack with advantage, Harrison proceeded with caution, but he met no interruption, and arrived safely before the Indian town. Another attempt was made at negotiation, but the Indians would not listen to it, and Harrison drew up his troops in order of battle. Then three ambassadors came from the Prophet, and after some consideration, it was resolved that no hostilities should take place until the next morning, when a conference should be held with the chiefs, and terms of peace settled.

The army now bivouacked on an elevated plain northwest of the village. To guard against a night attack, the order of en-

campment was to be the order of the battle. The infantry, in two columns, occupied the front and rear, separated on the left one hundred and eighty yards, and on the right, about one-half that distance. The left flank was covered by two hundred and fifty mounted riflemen, commanded by Major General Wells, of Kentucky; and the right flank by Spencer's troop of mounted riflemen, numbering eighty men. The front line was composed of one battalion of the fourth regiment of United States infantry, under the command of Major Floyd, flanked on the right by two companies of militia, and on the left by one. The rear line was formed of another battalion of the fourth United States infantry, under Colonel Baer, flanked by four companies of militia, under Lieutenant-colonel Decker. Two troops of dragons, sixty strong, took post in the rear of the left flank, and another, in the rear of the front line. The order was given to the army in the event of a night attack, that each corps should maintain its ground at all hazards, till relieved.

On the morning of the 7th of November, 1811, just before reveillé, an attack commenced on the left flank, and the piquets were driven in. The yell of the savages, who had violated the armistice, was the first notice the army had of their proximity. Nothing but the precaution of encamping in the order of battle, and the firmness of the officers in preventing the usual effects of surprise, saved the whole force from a disastrous defeat. The storm was first felt by Captain Barton's regulars, and Captain Geiger's mounted riflemen. Some Indians forced themselves through the line, and penetrated into the encampment, where they were killed. The companies attacked were reinforced with all possible speed. A heavy fire then poured in on the companies on the left of the front. A gallant charge by the cavalry from the rear of the front line, under Major Davies, was made for the purpose of breaking the Indians, who appeared in great force among some trees, a few yards distant, in front. The cavalry were driven back, and the major received a mortal wound. Captain Snelling's company then charged, with fixed bayonets, and the enemy were dislodged. The fire of the enemy was now very heavy upon every part of the lines. Several valuable officers fell, but the men were not daunted. As day approached, Major Wells, after reconnoitering the position of the enemy on the left, charged and broke them. At this moment, a small detachment from the cavalry dashed furiously upon the retreating Indians and precipitated them into the marsh. At the same time, the enemy were charged on the right, and pursued as far as the ground would admit. Driven from all their positions, the Indians dispersed in every direction. So severely were they handled in the retreat, that they left many of their killed and wounded on the



BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

field—with them, an evidence of positive defeat. The number of the enemy killed and wounded in battle, was estimated at one hundred and fifty. The loss of the army of Harrison was very severe, both in officers and men. One aid-de-camp, one captain, two subalterns, one serjeant, two corporals, and thirty privates were killed, and two lieutenant-colonels, one adjutant, one assistant surgeon, two captains, three subalterns, nine serjeants, five corporals, one musician, and one hundred and two privates wounded, besides one major and two captains mortally.

Tecumseh was not engaged in this battle, being on an excursion to some of the southern tribes. During the contest, the Prophet sat securely on an adjacent eminence singing a war song. He had told his followers that the Great Spirit would render the army of the Americans unsuccessful, and that their bullets would not hurt the Indians, who would have light while the enemy would be involved in darkness. Being told that his men were falling, he ordered them to fight on, and began to sing louder.

The soldiers throughout displayed the most fearless conduct, and thus were enabled to resist one of the most furious assaults ever made by the Indians. Major Davies fell early in the action, greatly lamented by all his associates. He held the first stand

ing in Kentucky as a lawyer and orator, and in the field, he was one of the bravest of the brave. The legislature of Kentucky wore mourning for thirty days, in testimony of their regret for the loss of Davies and others belonging to that state.

After laying waste the Indian settlement, from which the defeated ones were obliged to fly, Governor Harrison returned with his forces to the settled country. The Prophet was immediately abandoned by his followers, who had seen the falsity of his predictions. His life was even endangered by the sudden reaction of those whom he had so successfully deluded. However, he added but one more to the world's long list of false prophets. After their terrible defeat, the Indians seemed inclined to peace, and in a short time, they appeared as suppliants for that which they had refused to grant.





INDIAN LODGE.

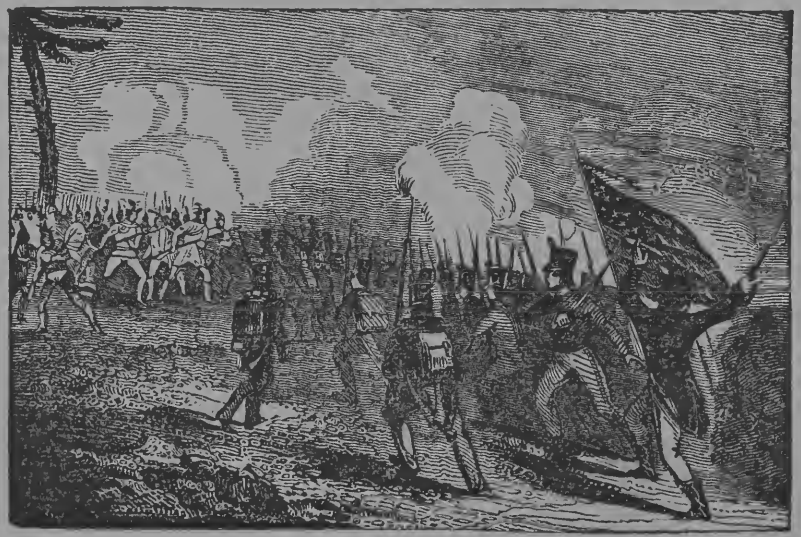
## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE NORTHWESTERN WAR OF 1812 AND 1813.

A SHORT calm followed the battle of Tippecanoe. But the influence of the British trading agents and emissaries was not wanting to awaken savage hostility, and that of the ever active Tecumseh was at work among the Indians, and their hatred of the whites only needed such a man to make it break forth into open



AN INDIAN CHIEF IN FULL DRESS.



BATTLE OF MAGUAGA.





COLONEL MILLER.

hostility. Another event precipitated that which Tecumseh desired. War was declared by the United States against Great Britain, on the 18th of June, 1812. Of course the Indians took advantage of this state of things, and commenced their horrible ravages at once. The whole western frontier was attacked at various times, and the most dreadful cruelties were every where perpetrated. Many of the inhabitants deserted their homes and sought safety in flight.

A large number of the Indians joined the British forces sent into Canada and Michigan, and the inactivity of the United States' troops under General Hull, contributed to swell their number and spirit. A detachment of two hundred men under Major Vanhorne, fell into an ambush of a much inferior force of

British and Indians, and was defeated with considerable loss Soon after, Colonel Miller, with about six hundred men, routed a large force of British and Indians near Maguaga village. The Indians were commanded by Tecumseh, and fought more bravely than their allies. The enemy's loss was about seventy men killed and wounded. The loss of the Americans was nearly as great. This victory, however brilliantly won, produced no beneficial result.

The force which besieged Detroit consisted of thirteen hundred British and Indians, under General Brock. On the approach of the enemy, the women, and children, and old men, left the place and took shelter in a neighboring ravine where they remained several days in terrible suspense awaiting the result.

The Americans in Detroit were fully capable of repulsing the British force, and were but waiting the onset to display their valor, when their pusillanimous general surrendered to the enemy without striking a blow. After such an instance of imbecility on the part of General Hull, the Indians became bolder than ever, and their ravages of the American settlements were constant.

The people of the west made great exertions to place a force in the field capable of retrieving the disgrace of the American arms, and of protecting their lives and property. Kentucky, especially, raised a large body of her hardy sons. By the unanimous call of the people, William Henry Harrison was appointed major-general, and commander-in-chief of the army of the west. His known abilities and his great experience made him the favorite of all. General Harrison immediately prepared for vigorous service.

He arrived at Cincinnati on the 28th of August, and on the following day put the troops in motion. On the 1st of September, the army reached Dayton; and, on the 3d, arrived at Pique, a small village on the west bank of the Great Miami. Here, having learned that the Indians had invested Fort Wayne, he despatched Colonel Allen with about five hundred men, directing him to make forced marches for its relief. A regiment of seven hundred mounted men, under Colonel Adams, was on its way from Ohio, for a similar purpose. The whole army was put in motion for the same place, on the 6th; and, on the 8th, overtook Colonel Allen's command, at St. Mary's river, where also it was joined, on the same day, by Major R. M. Johnson, with a corps of mounted volunteers. General Harrison's force now amounted to about two thousand two hundred men.

Fort Wayne is situated on the little river, at its junction with the St. Joseph's. Being in a favorable situation to communicate with Detroit and the Rapids, it was to be expected that the enemy would attempt it. It had accordingly been invested for



THE RETREAT AT THE RAVINE



MAJOR R. M. JOHNSON.

several days by the Indians, who resorted to various artifices to obtain possession. The garrison, however, which consisted of but seventy men, maintained their post with great bravery. The besiegers, who had obtained information of the approach of the American force, decamped precipitately on the evening preceding its arrival, having previously burnt the little village in the vicinity of the fort, and the factory which had been erected by the government to supply them with farming utensils.

The army arrived at Fort Wayne on the 12th; and, on the succeeding day, it was determined, in a council of officers, to divide it into two parts, for the purpose of laying waste the Indian settlements. The first division was composed of the regiments of Lewis and Allen, and a troop of horse, under Captain



GENERAL WINCHESTER.

Garrard, and was commanded by General Payne, who was accompanied by General Harrison. It left the camp on the 14th, with a view to destroy the Miami villages, at the forks of the Wabash. On the 15th, the expedition arrived at the place of destination, which they found abandoned by the Indians. They encamped in the town, and having destroyed its buildings, and cut up the corn, returned on the 18th to the fort, without having lost a man, or seen an enemy.

The second division was commanded by Colonel Wells, and consisted of part of his own regiment, with that of Scott, and some mounted men, and was directed to destroy the Potawatomie village on the Elkhart river; which service it completely effected, obtaining a considerable quantity of provision and forage. They rejoined the main body, a few hours after the arrival of the first expedition.

On the day succeeding the concentration of these divisions at Fort Wayne, brigadier General James Winchester arrived, and took command of the army. He, too, had served in the war of

the revolution; but, being personally a stranger to the troops, and an officer of the regular army, his arrival seems to have produced considerable uneasiness and discontent, which it required all the influence of General Harrison to assuage. The latter, being now superseded in his command, left the fort, for the purpose of organizing and bringing up the forces in the rear.

General Winchester now moved forward his army, with a view of occupying Fort Defiance, at the mouth of the river Auglaize, and there awaiting the arrival of the reinforcements from Kentucky and Ohio. The country, through which he was obliged to pass, presented difficulties of no ordinary nature, by reason of the almost impenetrable thickets and marshes, with which it is covered. The progress of the army was, therefore, very slow, seldom exceeding five or six miles in twenty-four hours. From the apprehensions entertained of an attack by the Indians, it became necessary to fortify the camp every night; and the march of the army was always preceded by a reconnoitering party of spies. On the 25th, ensign Liggett, of the advanced party, obtained permission to proceed, with four volunteers, for the purpose of discovering the strength of the enemy at Fort Defiance. Late on the same evening, they were attacked by a party of Indians, and, after defending themselves with great valor, were overpowered, and the whole party put to death. Subsequent to this affair, various skirmishes took place between the spies in advance and the savage forces, which had the effect of impeding the march of the army, and harassing the men. The Indians appear to have been the advanced party of an army destined to attack fort Wayne, which consisted of two hundred regulars, with four pieces of artillery, and about one thousand savages, the whole under the command of Major Muir. The intelligence, however, of the approach of the force under Winchester, the numbers of which were considerably exaggerated, and the report of an additional body being on the Auglaize, caused an abandonment of the project, and a retreat down the Miami. General Winchester, however, who was ignorant of the motions of his enemy, proceeded with great caution, fortifying his camp, as usual, at night, and sending reconnoitering parties in all directions. The army had now begun to suffer severely from a want of provisions, Colonel Jennings, who had been despatched by General Harrison, down the Auglaize with a supply, not being able to reach Fort Defiance, from the presence of the enemy. An escort was, therefore, sent forward by General Winchester: and after great difficulty and labor, the supplies were conveyed to the army, on pack horses. An express had, in the meantime, been despatched to General Harrison, acquainting him with the situation of the troops, and the force of the enemy,

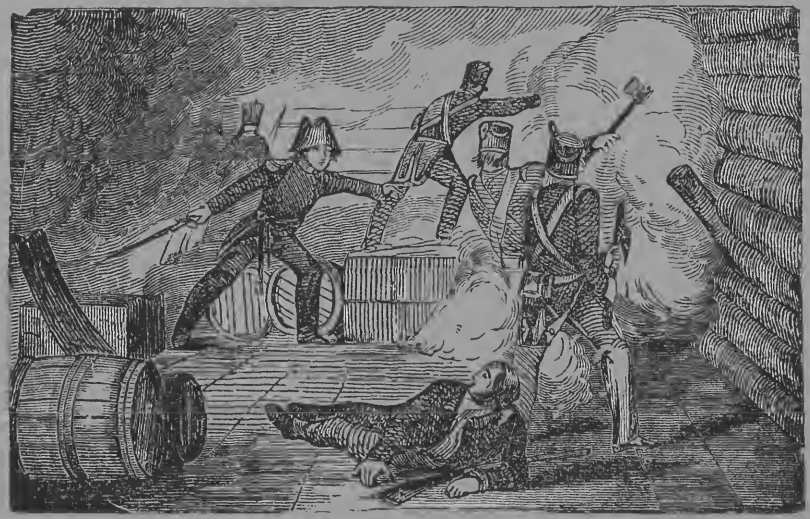
and, the 30th of September, the army took possession of Fort Defiance, from which the enemy had previously retreated.

In the meantime, General Harrison had been forming the remainder of the Kentucky draft, and some riflemen and volunteers, from Ohio, into an army, with which he appears to have contemplated making a *coup-de-main* on Detroit, by taking an unfrequented route. These troops had been detained a long time at the places of rendezvous, by the want of some of the material munitions of war. They had, however, assembled at the river St. Mary's, on the 20th of September. On the 24th of that month, General Harrison received, from the war department, information of his appointment to the command of the 8th military district, including the northwestern army, the commission of Brigadier in the regular army having been previously conferred upon him.

With this appointment extensive power was conferred, and equally extensive and arduous services were required. He was directed to provide for the security of the western frontier; to take Detroit, and to penetrate as far into Upper Canada as his force would justify. From the number and scattered situations of the posts and settlements on the frontier, and the roving bands of savages ready to assail them, it is evident, that the task of protecting them, and, at the same time, prosecuting offensive operations, in other quarters, required great skill and activity. The force, throughout his district, of all descriptions, was estimated at ten thousand men; of which, about two thousand were with General Winchester, and nearly three thousand at St. Mary's, under his personal command.

Harrison immediately formed the plan of the campaign. The rapids of the Miami was the first object, and the attack was to be made in three divisions. While arranging his plans, Harrison received intelligence of the supposed critical situation of General Winchester's force, and marched to his assistance; but the retreat of the enemy, left him at liberty to pursue his own arrangements. One thousand mounted men, under General Tupper, was sent to disperse the Indians collected at the Rapids, but the expedition failed, on account of the insubordination of the troops, and the want of energy in the commander.

While these events were occurring in the neighborhood of Lake Erie, others of importance took place on the western frontier. Of these, the first in point of time, and one most worthy of notice was the brave defence of Fort Harrison. This post, which was situated on the river Wabash, in the Indiana territory, was garrisoned by about fifty men, one-third of whom were sick, under Captain Zachary Taylor, of the regular army. On the evening of the 3d of September, two young men were shot and



DEFENCE OF FORT HARRISON.



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

scalped, in the vicinity of the fort; and, on the succeeding night, the attack was commenced by the conflagration of a block house, in which the provisions were contained; and at the same time a brisk fire was opened by a large body of the Indians, who had lain in ambush. The fire was returned with great spirit by the garrison; and, as the destruction of the block house had caused an opening in his line of defence, Captain Taylor, with great presence of mind, pulled down a cabin, and with its materials constructed a breastwork across the aperture. The situation of this small but gallant party became, however, very critical, as the attempts of the enemy to enter by the breach produced by the fire, were of a most desperate nature. Two of the garrison, preferring the risk of capture by the enemy to the prospect of massacre in the fort, endeavored to make their escape. One of them was immediately killed; the other returned to the walls, and remained concealed until morning. The enemy, finding their attemps to gain possession ineffectual, retreated about daylight, but remained in the vicinity of the fort for several days. Their loss was supposed to have been considerable; that of the garrison was only three killed and three wounded: but the destruction of the block house was a serious disadvantage, as it con-

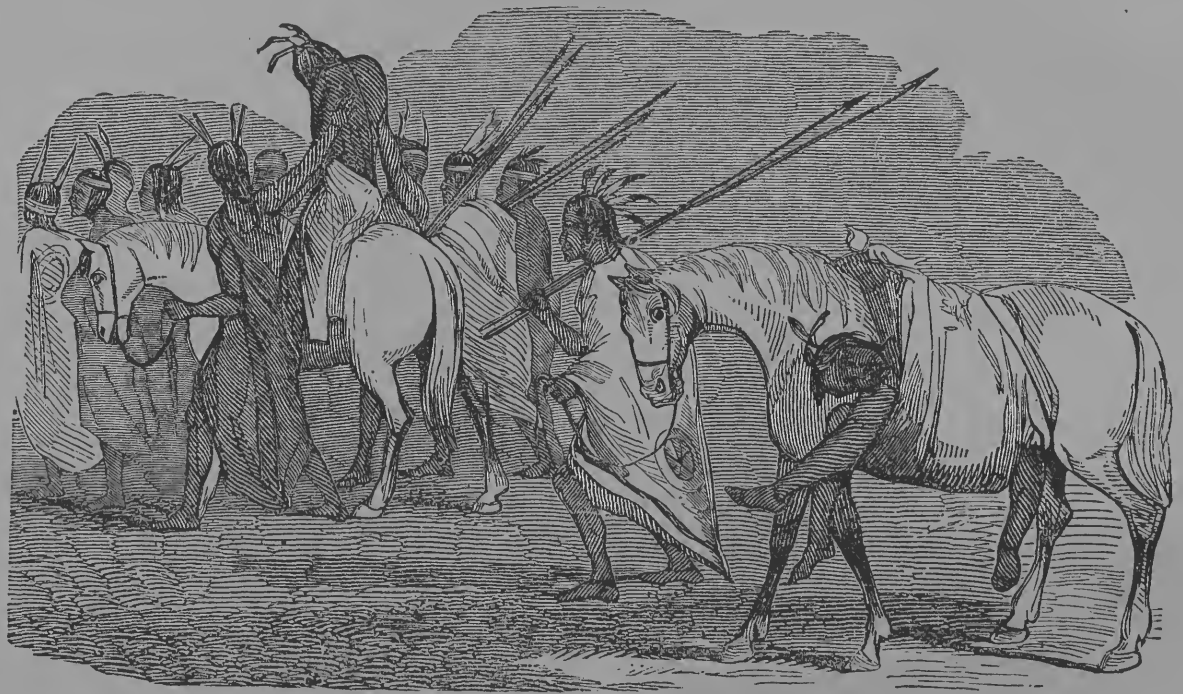
tained the whole of the provisions. For his gallant conduct on this occasion, Captain Taylor was shortly after brevetted a major.

In the middle of November, a large force of Kentuckians, under General Hopkins, proceeded into the Indian country, and destroyed the Prophet's town and a Winnebago village. The inclemency of the weather, and the constant retreat of the savages rendered pursuit useless, and inconvenient, and the detachment accordingly returned to Vincennes. Another detachment, consisting of three hundred regulars, under Colonel Russel, surprised and destroyed an Indian town on the Illinois river, and after driving the inhabitants into a swamp, captured twenty of them. Several other expeditions were undertaken, in which the Indians felt the full power of the revengeful inhabitants of the western towns. A body of six hundred men, under Colonel Campbell, marched against the towns of the Mississenawa. A large number of Indians were captured or killed, but the Americans lost forty men in a subsequent attack by the savages.

In the battle of Frenchtown, on the 17th of January, 1813, about four hundred Indians were engaged, and fought bravely; but they were defeated, with considerable loss by the Americans, under Colonel Lewis. Soon after, General Winchester arrived with his whole force, and it was intended that the army should commence the arrangements of a fortified camp on the 22d. But a more serious labor awaited them, and many were doomed to meet a terrible fate before that time.

Late in the evening of the 21st, information was given to General Winchester, by a person who had recently left Malden, that a large force of British and Indians was about to march from that place, shortly after his departure. Unfortunately, however, little attention appears to have been given to the report: and the most fatal security prevailed among both officers and men, unsuspicious of the tragedy about to follow.

A most striking proof of the want of proper preparation on the part of the American commander, is evinced by the fact, that no picket guard was placed at night, on the road by which the enemy was to be expected. The latter had thus been enabled to approach very near to the camp without discovery, and to station their cannon behind a small ravine, which ran across the open fields on the right. Soon after daylight, on the 22d, they opened a heavy fire from their artillery, at the distance of three hundred yards. The American troops were immediately formed, and received a charge from the British regulars, and a general fire of small arms. The detachment under Colonel Lewis, being defended by pickets, soon repulsed the enemy: but the reinforcement which had arrived with General Winchester were overpowered; and not being able to rally behind a fence, as directed



INDIANS RETREATING BEFORE COLONEL RUSSELL'S FORCE.

by the general, were thrown into complete confusion, and retreated in disorder across the river. All attempts to rally this unfortunate body, although made in various places by General Winchester and Colonels Lewis and Allen, proved in vain. They endeavored, as the Indians had gained their left flank and rear, to make their escape through a long lane, on both sides of which the savages were stationed, by whom they were shot down in every direction. Their officers also, carried in this general tide of flight, attempted to escape, only in most instances, to be massacred. Colonel Allen, and Captains Simpson and Mead, were killed on the field, or in the flight: and General Winchester, with Colonel Lewis, were captured a short distance from the village.

That part of the American force, however, which had been stationed behind the picketing, maintained their post with undiminished bravery. About ten o'clock, the British commander drew off his forces, with the apparent intention of abandoning the conflict: but, finding that General Winchester was his prisoner, he represented to him, that nothing but an immediate surrender could save the rest of the Americans from massacre by the Indians. Influenced by this appeal, the general consented to issue the order, which was conveyed to the detachment by a flag of truce. Finding that the force opposed to them was far superior in numbers, that there was no possibility of a retreat, and that their ammunition was nearly exhausted, Major Madison, who commanded, consented to surrender, on condition of being protected by a guard, and that the sick and wounded should be sent, on the succeeding morning, to Amherstburg. Colonel Proctor, the British commander, having promised the American officers, that their wounded should be removed the succeeding day, marched, about twelve o'clock, with his prisoners, leaving Major Reynolds, with two or three interpreters.

The unfortunate soldiers, who had been thus left, wounded and helpless, in the power of their enemy, had a right to expect, that, at least, the common duties of humanity would be exercised towards them. But the most horrid act of this sanguinary tragedy was yet to be performed. Charity induces us to hope, that the tales which innumerable eye-witnesses and sufferers have related of the barbarities that ensued, have been heightened by the coloring with which it was natural to invest them. Making all due allowance, however, on this ground, enough remains to satisfy the mind, that the cruelties perpetrated, on this occasion, were as shocking to human nature, as any which history, fruitful as it is of the crimes of man, has ever recorded. For the slaughter that has sometimes followed a desperate and protracted resistance, some apology may be found in the exasperated passions of our

nature. Self-defence, too, may require, and humanity may then palliate, the destruction of prisoners: but for the massacre of the wounded, no excuse of this sort can be devised. Their sufferings speak a language which none of the children of a common God can misunderstand, and which the greater part of mankind have therefore respected. The result of this affair affords a strong admonition against the employment, in civilized warfare, of allies by whom the most sacred calls of humanity are habitually disregarded. To the immediate agents of this sanguinary outrage, the scene was not new: their savage habits, and equally barbarous religion, as well as their ancient hostility to the whites, threw no impediments in the way of the gratification of their revenge. But no excuse of this nature can be offered on the part of the British commander. It had been often said by the friends of Great Britain, that the ties by which a common language, a common religion, and a common descent, bound the two nations together, were of the strongest and most endearing kind. These claims upon the humanity of their enemy unfortunately availed nothing to the sufferers at Frenchtown: their blood, which flowed so profusely, affords a striking proof of the feebleness of the moral bonds by which nations are connected, as well as of the inconsistency which often exists between the faith and the actions of a people. The speculative philanthropy of the British nation has led it to disseminate in every quarter of the globe the doctrines of a pacific religion, and the precepts of a pure morality: but the remembrance of the tears and bloodshed of Frenchtown, will long darken its fame, and foster a spirit of animosity towards it, in a people whom Providence has destined to survive both its charities and its cruelties.

It has been said that the British officers were not responsible for the deeds of their allies, who acted upon no suggestion or impulse but their own. Admitting the fact, that no influence was exerted over them, the moral offence of their Christian coadjutors is but little diminished. He who, possessing the means of preventing crime, shall yet refuse to interfere, is hardly less guilty than the perpetrator. Posterity, in whose impartial scales these awful scenes are to be weighed, will not hesitate to include in the same sentence of condemnation by those who committed the massacre, and those by whom it was not forbidden.*

The Indian warriors, who had participated in the engagement, had chiefly left the village of Frenchtown, with their allies, soon after the conclusion of the conflict. They proceeded, however, only a few miles on the road to Malden; and at sunrise, on the succeeding day, returned to the village. The miserable night,

* Ramsay.



MASSARE ON THE RIVER RAISIN.

which succeeded the battle, had been passed by the wounded in a state of anxious suspense, suffering from their corporeal calamities, and uncertain of the fate which awaited them. With the return of day, however, came a renewal of the hope, that the engagement of the British commander, to provide carriages for their conveyance to Malden, would not be broken. The delusion was of short continuance; the work of death had already begun. Captain Hickman, who lay severely wounded, was dragged to the door, and speedily tomahawked. This was the signal for a general destruction. The houses, in which the greater part of the prisoners were confined, were set on fire, and most of those ill-fated men perished in the conflagration. Those who possessed sufficient strength, endeavored in vain to escape; as fast as they appeared at the windows, they were thrust back into the devouring flames. Others met their death in the streets from the tomahawk, and were left mangled on the highway.

The circumstances attending the destruction of Captain Hart, inspector-general of the army, were peculiarly melancholy, and reflect the greatest disgrace on those who ought to have prevented it. Being severely wounded, previous to the departure of the enemy, he expressed to Captain Elliott, of the British army, with whom he had been personally intimate, a desire to be conveyed, with the other prisoners, to Malden. He was assured, however, by the latter, that no danger need be apprehended, and that a conveyance would be provided for him on the succeeding morning: but that morning only arrived to show him the fallacy of the hope of relief, and the fate for which he was reserved. When the savages arrived at the house in which he was confined, he was attended by a surgeon, who was tied, and conveyed to a British camp, some miles distant. He there met with Captain Elliott, to whom he related the dreadful scenes he had witnessed, and in particular described the impending fate of Captain Hart. The feelings of the British officer were, however, untouched by the narration: and no entreaties could induce him to take means for the preservation of the suffering Americans. The unfortunate Captain Hart had, in the mean time, been able to induce one of the Indians, by the offer of a large pecuniary reward, to convey him to Malden. He was placed on a horse, and was conducted through the vicinity of the town, where they encountered another savage, who claimed him as his prisoner. To put an end to the dispute, they dragged him from his horse, and despatched him with a war club. He met his fate with composure and fortitude.

Many other officers are also enumerated among the victims of this dreadful day. Among them were Majors Graves and Woolfolk, the latter an aid of General Winchester.

With further details of individual suffering, it is needless to swell these pages. Of the extent of the massacre, some idea may be formed by the statement, that of the whole American force, previous to the engagement, only thirty-three escaped to the Rapids. Five hundred and forty-seven were taken prisoners by the British, and forty-five by the Indians. Two hundred and ninety were killed during the battle, or put to death subsequently, or were missing, and not afterwards heard of. The slaughter did not cease on that day; for some period afterwards fresh scalps were carried into Malden. The prisoners who had been taken by the British, after being exposed to all the rigor of the inclement season, were marched through the interior to Fort George, where they were paroled, and permitted to return home, by the way of Pittsburg.

This horrible transaction roused the people of Kentucky to new exertion. Such a massacre might have intimidated those of less spirit. But revenge was now the uppermost thought of the Kentuckians. The plan of operations for the campaign was totally destroyed by this disaster, and General Harrison, with about seventeen hundred men, turned his attention to fortifying his position at the Rapids. The camp was about twenty-five hundred yards in circumference, the whole of which, with the exception of several intervals left for batteries and block houses, was to be picketed with timber fifteen feet long, from ten to twelve inches in diameter, and set three feet in the ground. The position thus fortified was named Fort Meigs. The number of troops in the garrison was afterwards reduced to about twelve hundred by the discharge of those whose time of service had expired.

Small parties of the enemy had been seen at various times, hovering round the camp: and, on the 28th of April, the whole force, composed of British and Indians, was discovered approaching, within a few miles of the fort, and as soon as their ordnance was landed, it was completely invested. The ground in its vicinity had been covered by a forest, which was cleared to a distance of about three hundred yards from the lines. From behind the stumps of the trees, however, which remained, the Indians kept up a severe fire, by which some execution was occasionally done. On the 1st of May, the British batteries being completed, a heavy cannonading commenced, which was continued till late at night. The intervening time had not been spent in idleness by the garrison under the direction of Captain Wood. A grand traverse, twelve feet high, upon a base of twenty feet, and three hundred yards long, had been completed, which concealed and protected the whole army. The fire of the enemy, therefore, produced little effect, except the death of



SORTIE FROM FORT MEIGS.

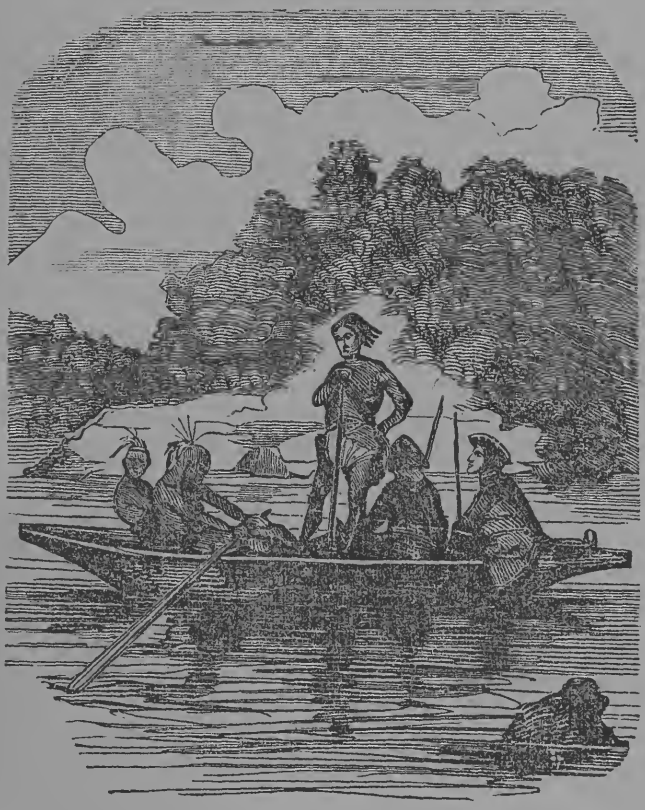
Major Stoddard, of the regular army, an officer of great merit. Disappointed in his first plan of attack, Colonel Proctor transferred his guns to the opposite side of the river, and opened a fire upon the centre and flanks of the camp. The cannonading of the enemy continued, for several days, incessant and powerful; that of the Americans, however, produced greater execution: but a scarcity of ammunition compelled them to economise their fire.

In the mean time, a reinforcement of twelve hundred Kentuckians, under General Clay, was descending the river, with the hope of being able to penetrate into the fort. As soon as General Harrison heard of their approach, he determined to make a sally against the enemy on his arrival; and sent an officer, with directions to General Clay, to land about eight hundred men, from his brigade, about a mile above the camp. They were then directed to storm the British batteries on the left bank, to spike the cannon, and cross to the fort. The remainder of the men were to land on the right side, and fight their way into the camp, through the Indians. During this operation, General Harrison

intended to send a party from the fort, to destroy the batteries on the south side.

In conformity with this direction, a body of men under Colonel Dudley, were landed in good order, at the place of destination. They were divided into three columns, when within half a mile of the British batteries, which it was intended to surround. Unfortunately, no orders appear to have been given by the commanding officer, and the utmost latitude was, in consequence, taken by the troops. The left column being in advance, rushed upon the batteries, and carried them without opposition, there being only a few artillerymen on the spot. Instead, however, of spiking the cannon, or destroying the carriages, the whole body either loitered in fatal security in the neighborhood, or, with their colonel, were engaged in an irregular and imprudent contest with a small party of Indians. The orders and entreaties of General Harrison were in vain: and the consequences were such as might have been foreseen, had the commanding officer possessed the slightest portion of military knowledge. The fugitive artillerists returned, with a reinforcement from the British camp, which was two miles below. A retreat was commenced, in disorder, by the Americans, most of whom were captured by the British or Indians, or were killed in the pursuit. Among the latter was Colonel Dudley. About two hundred escaped into the fort: and thus this respectable body of men, who, if properly disciplined and commanded, might have defeated the operations of the enemy, became the victims of their own imprudence.

The remainder of General Clay's command were not much more successful. Their landing was impeded by the Indians, whom they routed, and, with their characteristic impetuosity, pursued to too great a distance. General Harrison perceiving a large force of the enemy advancing, sent to recall the victors from the pursuit. The retreat was, however, not effected without considerable loss, the Indians having rallied, and, in turn, pursued them for some distance. The sortie, however, made by a detachment under Colonel Miller, of the regulars, gained for those who participated in it, much more reputation. The party, consisting of about three hundred and fifty men, advanced to the British batteries with the most determined bravery, and succeeded in spiking the cannon, driving back their opponents, who were supposed to be double in number, and capturing forty prisoners. The enemy suffered severely; but rallied, and pressed upon the detachment, until it reached the breastwork. The attempt to raise the siege was thus defeated, from the imprudence and insubordination of the troops concerned, rather than from any original defect in the plan. Many valuable lives were lost during the heat of the battle: and the cruelties perpetrated upon



BRITI H AND INDIANS PROCEEDING TO FORT STEPHENSON.

the prisoners, in presence of the officers of the British army, are said to have been little inferior in atrocity to those of the bloody day of Frenchtown.

From this period until the 9th, little of importance occurred. The British commander, finding he could make no impression upon the fort with his batteries, and being deserted, in a great measure, by his Indian allies, who became weary of the length of the siege, resolved upon a retreat. After several days' preparation, his whole force was accordingly embarked on the 9th, and was soon out of sight of the garrison, with little molestation on their part.

The British and Indians engaged in the siege of Fort Meigs numbered more than two thousand men, led by Proctor and Tecumseh. This was a force sufficient to have captured the whole American army, and its defeat, therefore, was considered a real triumph. The loss of the Americans during the siege was about two hundred and sixty men killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy is unknown; but supposed to be as great. The excessive ardor of the troops who made the sortie on the 5th, was the cause of their losing so many men; otherwise, the loss of the besieged would have been small.

The repulse of the allies did not deter them from making a second attempt on the fort. Early in July, the Indians appeared in the vicinity of the fort, and occasional skirmishes took place between them and parties of Americans. About the 20th of that month, a large force of British and Indians—the latter mostly from the fierce Winnebago tribe—appeared before the fort, and endeavored by stratagem to draw the garrison from their works; but without effect. A short time after, dissensions broke out among the allies, and they raised the riege.

The brilliant defence of Fort Stephenson was one of the most celebrated actions of this war. The fort was situated on the river Sandusky, about twenty miles distant from Lake Erie. At the time of this attack and defence, it was little more than a picketing, surrounded by a ditch six feet in depth, and nine in width; and had been considered by General Harrison as so untenable, that he advised its commander to retire upon the approach of an enemy. The garrison consisted of but one hundred and sixty men, commanded by Major George Croghan. On the 29th of July, General Harrison received intelligence of the retreat of the enemy from Fort Meigs, and of the probability of an attack upon Fort Stephenson. He immediately sent an order to Major Croghan, to abandon and set fire to the fort. But this order did not reach Croghan until the place was surrounded by the Indians, and then he did not think it advisable to comply.

On the 1st of August, the enemy's gun boat appeared in



COLONEL CROGHAN.

sight; and their troops were shortly afterwards landed, with a howitzer, about a mile below the fort. Previous to the commencement of the operations, an officer was despatched by the British commander, to demand the surrender of the garrison, to which a determined refusal was immediately returned by Major Croghan. The force of the enemy was supposed to consist of about five hundred regulars, and eight hundred Indians, the whole commanded by General Proctor. The enemy now opened a fire from the six pounders in their gun boats, as well as from the howitzer, which was continued during the night, with very little injury to the fort. The only piece of artillery in this post was a six pounder, which was occasionally fired from different quarters, to impress the enemy with a belief that there were several. The fire of the assailants having been principally directed against the northwestern angle of the fort, with the inten-



DEFENCE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

tion, as it was supposed, of storming it from that quarter, the six pounder was placed in such a position as to enfilade that angle, and masked so as to be unperceived. The firing was continued during the next day, and until late in the evening, when the smoke and darkness favoring the attempt, the enemy advanced to the assault. Two feints were made in the direction of the southern angle; and at the same time, a column of about three hundred and fifty proceeded to the attack of that of the northwest. When they arrived within thirty paces of this point, they were discovered, and a heavy fire of musketry opened upon them. The column, however, led by Colonel Short, continued to advance, and leaped into the ditch; but, at this moment, the embrasure was opened, and so well directed and raking a fire was poured in upon them from the six pounder, that their commander and many of the men were instantly killed; and the remainder made a disorderly and hasty escape. A similar fate attended the other column, commanded by Colonel Warburton. They were received, on their approach, by so heavy a fire, that they broke and took refuge in an adjoining wood. This affair cost the enemy twenty-five privates killed, besides a lieutenant, and the leader of the column, Colonel Short. Twenty-six prisoners were taken, and the total loss, including the wounded, was supposed to be



GOVERNOR SHELBY.

about one hundred and fifty. The scene which followed the attack reflected the greatest credit on the Americans. Numbers of the enemy's wounded were left lying in the ditch, to whom water and other necessaries were conveyed by the garrison, during the night, at the risk of their safety. A communication was cut under the picketing, through which many were enabled to crawl into the fort, where surgical aid, and all that the most liberal generosity could dictate, was administered to them.

About three o'clock in the morning, after their repulse, the enemy commenced a precipitate retreat, leaving behind them many valuable military articles. The defence of Fort Stephenson, achieved as it was by youth scarcely arrived at manhood, against a foe distinguished for his skill and bravery, and that too, with so small means of defence at the time subsisting, was cer-



BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

tainly one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. The news of the repulse of the enemy was received with great exultation throughout the Union. Major Croghan was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and, together with his brave companions, received the thanks of Congress.

The brave and patriotic people of Kentucky, at the call of their venerable Governor, Isaac Shelby, raised a body of three thousand five hundred men for the service, under General Harrison. This formidable force arrived at Upper Sandusky, on the 12th of September. Nothing, however, was attempted until Harrison received the news that Commodore Perry had met and conquered the British fleet on Lake Erie. Then the army was conducted into Canada, and on the 27th, the American standard was floating over the town of Malden, from which Proctor had made a hasty retreat. The whole force of the enemy, consisting of about two thousand, regulars, Indians and militia, retreated along the rivers Detroit and Thames. General Harrison, with three thousand five hundred men, mostly volunteers, pursued, and early on the 3d of October, arrived at the river Thames, where a party of the enemy were captured in the act of destroying a bridge

over a creek in the vicinity. In the pursuit, some skirmishing took place between the advance guard and a party of Indians, in which the Americans were victors. On the morning of the 5th of October, Harrison received information that the enemy was lying at a short distance awaiting the attack. Colonel Johnson was then sent forward to reconnoitre, and the troops were prepared for action.

The allied army was drawn up across a narrow isthmus, covered with beech trees, and formed by the river Thames on the left, and a swamp running parallel to the river on the right. The regulars were posted with their left on the river, supported by the artillery; while the Indians, under Tecumseh, were placed in a dense wood, with their right on a morass. In the order in which the American army was originally formed, the regulars and volunteer infantry were drawn up in three lines, in front of the British force; while the mounted volunteers were posted opposite to the Indians, with directions to turn their right flank. It was soon perceived, however, that the nature of the ground on the enemy's right would prevent this operation from being attempted with any prospect of success. General Harrison therefore determined to change his plan of attack. Finding that the enemy's regulars were drawn up in open order, he conceived the bold idea of breaking their ranks, by a charge of part of the mounted infantry. They were accordingly formed in four columns of double files, with their right in a great measure out of the reach of the British artillery. In this order they advanced upon the enemy, receiving a fire from the British lines, from which their horses at first recoiled. Recovering themselves, however, the column continued to advance with such ardent impetuosity, that both the British lines were immediately broken. Wheeling then on the enemy's rear, they poured a destructive fire into his ranks; and in a few minutes the whole British force, to the number of about eight hundred men, threw down their arms, and surrendered to the first battalion of the mounted regiment, the infantry not having arrived in time to share the honor. Their commander, General Proctor, however, escaped with a small party of dragoons.

In the meantime, a more obstinate and protracted conflict had been waged with the Indians on the left. The second battalion of the mounted volunteers, under the immediate command of Colonel Johnson, having advanced to the attack, was received with a very destructive fire; and the ground being unfavorable for the operations of horse, they were dismounted, and the line again formed on foot. A severe contest now ensued; but at length the militia, under Governor Shelby, advancing to the aid



BATTLE BETWEEN THE INDIANS AND THE MOUNTED RIFLEMEN.

of Colonel Johnson's battalion, the Indians broke, and fled in all directions, pursued by the mounted volunteers.

A complete and brilliant victory was thus obtained by the American army over an enemy, who, though somewhat inferior in numbers, possessed very decided advantages in the choice of his position, as well as the experience of his officers and men. The battle was, indeed, chiefly fought by the mounted volunteers, to whose unprecedented charge against a body of regular infantry, posted behind a thick wood, the fortune of the day was principally owing. This novel manœuvre, at variance with the ordinary rules of military tactics, reflects the highest credit on the general who conceived, and the troops who executed it. The whole of the American force fully performed its duty, as far as it was engaged. The venerable governor of Kentucky was seen at the head of the militia of his state, exciting their valor and patriotism by the influence of his personal example, and adding to the laurels he had acquired thirty years before, in a contest with the same enemy.

The trophies acquired by this victory were of the most gratifying nature. Besides a great quantity of small arms and stores, six pieces of brass artillery were captured, three of which had been taken, during the revolution, at Saratoga and Yorktown; and were part of the fruits of General Hull's surrender. The prisoners amounted to about six hundred, including twenty-five officers, and were chiefly of the forty-first regiment. Of the Americans, seven were killed and twenty-two wounded; and of the British troops, twelve were killed and twenty-two wounded.

The Indians, however, suffered far more severely. The loss of thirty of their number killed was trifling, in comparison with that sustained by the death of Tecumseh, their celebrated leader. His intelligence and bravery were no less conspicuous on this occasion than in the preceding part of the war. He was seen in the thickest press of the conflict, encouraging his brethren by his personal exertions; and, at the conclusion of the contest, his body was found on the spot where he had resisted the charge of the mounted regiment. His death inflicted a decisive stroke on the confederacy of the savages, from which it never recovered, and deprived the British troops of a most active and efficient auxiliary.

The consequences of this victory upon the interests of the Indian tribes, were soon perceived. Being cut off from their communications with the British posts in Canada, many of them sent deputations to General Harrison, to sue for peace. Previous to the engagement on the Thames, an armistice had been concluded with the Ottawas and Chippewas, on condition of their raising the tomahawk against the British: and soon afterwards the Miamis and Potawatamies submitted on the same terms.



## CHAPTER XVII.

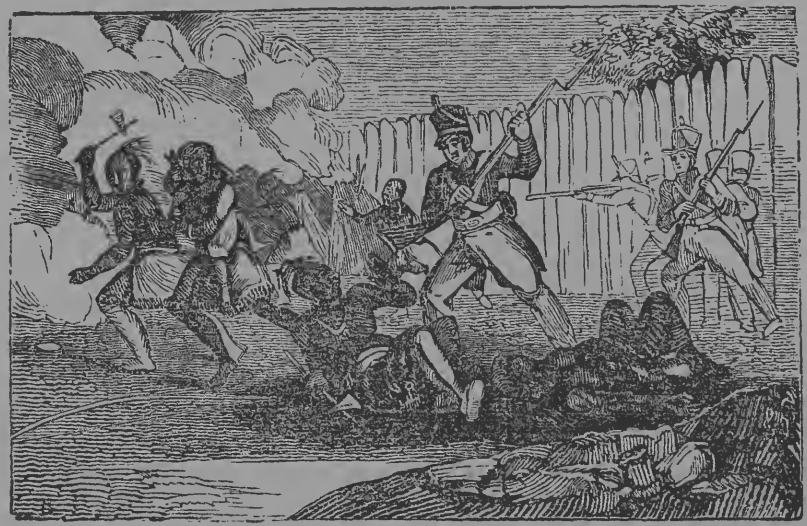
### THE CREEK WAR.

In the spring of the year 1812, the southern Indian tribes were visited by the bold and enterprising Tecumseh. His stirring appeals to their patriotism and valor were heard with attention, and he succeeded in stimulating them to open hostility. It is to be regretted that no specimen of the orations of this great Indian have been preserved. Judging from their effects, they would be ranked among the highest models of true eloquence Tecumseh particularly appealed to the powerful Creek nation These Indians had long been on friendly terms with the whites, and a portion of them were, therefore, unwilling to begin a warfare against those to whom they had become attached. But the body of the nation consented.

The worst effects soon followed. Parties of Creeks began their



AN INDIAN CONJURER.



MASSACRE AT FORT MIMMS.

depredations upon the frontier settlements. The first regular demonstration of hostility, however, was made by the Seminoles and the Creeks residing within the limits of Florida. Having been joined by a number of fugitive negroes from the United States, they commenced a cruel and harassing warfare.

In the month of September, 1812, a party of volunteers from Georgia, under Colonel Newman, to the number of one hundred and seventeen, were attacked near the Lachway towns, by a superior force of Indians. A sharp conflict ensued, which ended in the retreat of the latter into a swamp, with the loss of their leader, who bore the title of king. Finding that his body remained in the hands of their opponents, they renewed the attack, for the purpose of obtaining it; and with a loyalty and valor, which among civilized nations, would have bought them an imperishable fame, continued a desperate contest until they succeeded in obtaining it. They then retired, but returned again the same evening with reinforcements; and after various success, the Georgians were compelled to return to the place from which they had set out. From this period, however, until the summer of the succeeding year, no event of any importance occurred. The national government had called out a force from Tennessee, for the protection of the southern section, which was immediately filled by volunteers, to the number of twenty-five hundred, and placed under the command of General Jackson, afterwards so justly celebrated. With this force he marched through the country of the Choctaws, to Natchez, where he remained a short time; and was then directed to return home. His expedition had the effect of overawing the Creeks for the time; but their animosity was only concealed, and burst forth with a fatal violence a few months afterwards.

On the 30th of August, 1814, Fort Mimms, situated in the Tensaw settlement, was surprised by the Indians, at noon. The fort contained one hundred and fifty men, under Major Beasely, and a number of women and children. The garrison made a desperate resistance; but were at length driven into the houses, and they set on fire. A dreadful carnage now ensued. The fire and the tomahawk were the fate of all but seventeen persons who escaped to the neighboring stations. The remaining settlements were visited with ruin and devastation, and the unfortunate inhabitants were either butchered or carried into captivity, to be reserved for more extended torture.

These outrages so exasperated the people of the neighboring states, that they determined upon a full revenge. The legislature of Tennessee authorized the executive to call out three thousand five hundred of the militia, and General Andrew Jackson was appointed commander of the whole force. Jackson marched to

the Ten Islands, on the Coosa, which he reached towards the end of October.

A few days afterwards General Coffee was detached with nine hundred men, to attack and disperse a body of the enemy, posted at Talluchatchee, about thirteen miles distant. Early on the succeeding morning, he arrived within a short distance of the town, and dividing his force into two columns, completely surrounded it. The Indians, perceiving the approach of a company of spies, sent to draw them into the field, made a furious charge, and drove them upon the main body. The latter, in their turn, compelled the enemy to fall back, and take refuge in their town, where they maintained, for a long time, a desperate conflict, neither asking nor receiving quarter, until nearly every warrior perished. The wounded survivors, and a number of women and children, were taken prisoners. One hundred and eighty-six of the enemy were killed, among whom were unfortunately some women and children, who are represented to have lost their lives in consequence of being mingled with the warriors. Of General Coffee's force, five were killed, and forty wounded. The detachment rejoined the main body on the evening of the same day.

Having received information, soon after this event, that the enemy had invested a fort of the friendly Indians, at Talladega, about thirty miles distant, General Jackson determined to proceed with his whole army to its relief. His force now consisted of twelve hundred infantry, and eight hundred mounted cavalry and gun men: and, leaving behind the sick, the wounded, and the baggage, under a sufficient guard, he commenced his march at midnight, of the 7th of December, the day on which he received the information. Such was the ardor of the troops, and the skill and resolution of their commander, that, notwithstanding a detention of many hours in crossing the river, and their fatigue and want of sleep, they arrived by the evening within six miles of the enemy. At five the next morning, the march was resumed, and at seven, the army having arrived at the distance of a mile from the Indians, General Jackson made his disposition for the attack. The advance, under General Carroll, was directed to commence the action, and having drawn the enemy out of their post, to fall back upon the main body. The mounted men were posted on the right and left, so as to be able to surround the enemy, while a corps of reserve, of two hundred and fifty cavalry, were posted in the rear of the centre. This plan would have fully succeeded, had it not been for the defection of a part of the infantry, who fled on the first approach of the enemy. The reserve, however, having been brought up, a sharp conflict ensued, which ended in the total overthrow of the enemy. The greater part of them escaped, in consequence of



ERECTION OF THE FORT AT TEN ISLANDS.

the investment not being complete. Three hundred warriors were left dead on the field, and many more were killed in the pursuit. Their whole force was supposed to have exceeded one thousand. Fifteen of the Americans were killed, and eighty wounded. The friendly Indians were thus relieved from their anxiety, and the opportunity might have been taken, to follow up the blow, but for the want of provisions, and the situation of the posts in the rear. The American commander, accordingly, commenced his return on the succeeding day; but on his arrival at Fort Strother, at the Ten Islands, where a fort had been erected, he found, to his great mortification, that none of the expected supplies had arrived.

While in this situation, the firmness and decision of General Jackson were nobly displayed in quelling the continual attempts at mutiny. This was effected only by the most earnest remonstrances, and sometimes by force. Jackson risked his life upon one occasion; but his iron will prevailed, and he maintained order and discipline until his army reached Nashville. During this time, the Indians were suffering a full measure of retribution in another quarter. General Cocke, who commanded the detached militia of East Tennessee, had despatched General White, with a part of his force, against the towns of the Hillabee tribe. This unfortunate race, who had been the principal sufferers at the battle of Talladega, had applied to General Jackson for peace, offering to receive it on such terms as he should dictate. Ignorant of this proposal, General White proceeded to fulfil his instructions: and having destroyed their town, and killed sixty of the warriors, he returned with about two hundred and fifty prisoners. About the same time, too, the Georgia militia, under General Floyd, obtained a signal victory over a body of the enemy, at the Autossee towns, on the Tallapoosa river. The Indians fought with a degree of bravery, bordering upon desperation. The superior tactics of civilization, however, triumphed, and after a contest of three hours duration, the enemy fled, with the loss of about two hundred killed, among whom, two of their kings were included. Eleven of the Georgians were killed, and fifty wounded.

The discontent and insubordination of General Jackson's army were not diminished by the discharge of the volunteers. Every accession of force appears to have been animated with the same spirit, or to have caught the baneful contagion. Many of the superior officers, regardless of their stations and characters, are represented to have given countenance to, or not sufficiently restrained the riotous conduct of their men. The term of service of the militia, too, having now expired, General Jackson was soon afterwards abandoned by all but a small number who had

volunteered to remain. A reinforcement of about one thousand mounted volunteers, however, soon after arrived, who were engaged for sixty days only. They were placed under the command of General Coffee; and General Jackson resolved to lead them immediately against the enemy. They accordingly marched on the 15th of January, and at Talladega were joined by about two hundred friendly Indians. At this place, General Jackson received advices from General Floyd, of a contemplated movement of his force, and determined to advance further into the Indian country, for the purpose of making a diversion in his favor.

A considerable body of the enemy, being posted at a bend of the Tallapoosa, near the mouth of a creek, called Emuckfaw. he resolved to proceed thither immediately. After a difficult march, he arrived on the evening of the 21st, in the vicinity of the enemy, and encamped in a hollow square. Hearing from his spies, that the Indians were apprized of his approach, and appeared meditating an attack, every preparation was made to receive them. At dawn the next morning, they commenced a furious onset on his left flank; and after a warm action of half an hour, were repulsed, and driven back about two miles. General Jackson now ordered General Coffee, with four hundred men, to reconnoitre the enemy's encampment, and to attack it, if he thought it advisable.

That officer, however, finding the post too strong, returned to the American encampment: and shortly afterwards, a part of the enemy made a feint upon the right of the army, while the main body commenced a furious assault upon the left. In the meantime, General Coffee was detached to turn their left flank. His force, which had been considerable at the outset, was reduced by the desertion of his men, to about fifty, with whom, nevertheless, he succeeded in driving the enemy opposed to him, into the marshes of the creek. In this situation, covered with reeds, they were secured from danger. General Coffee, therefore, retired with the hope of drawing them out. In this design, he completely succeeded: the enemy advanced from the place of their retreat, and a sharp contest ensued, which continued about an hour, when a reinforcement arriving from the main body of the Americans, the Indians fled with precipitation, pursued by the victors, and perished, it is supposed, to a man.

In the meantime, the conflict on the right of the main body, had also eventuated in the success of the American arms. The enemy, posted behind logs and trees, had maintained a warm fire for some time, which was sustained by the Americans with great gallantry. A general charge was, however, soon ordered,



GENERAL JACKSON.

which the Indians were unable to resist. They betook themselves to flight, and reached their fortified post with great loss.

After this well fought battle, General Jackson determined to return to the Ten Islands, on account of the want of provisions and attendance for the wounded. Accordingly, on the succeeding morning, he commenced his march, and continued it without interruption until evening, when he encamped on the south side of the Enotichopco creek. On the next morning, in crossing the creek, the rear was attacked by a large body of Indians. The troops faced about, and a furious contest ensued. The Indians were at length defeated and pursued to a considerable distance. The victory was owing to the activity and determination of Generals Jackson and Coffee, and, but for the disobedience of some of the troops, the dispositions of the commander would have effected the capture of the whole force of the enemy. No further obstruction was met with by the army, and it reached Fort Strother on the 27th.

In the meantime, General Floyd had been pursuing a separate plan of operations. Before dawn, on the 27th of January, his camp was assailed with great fury by a large number of Indians. A fierce and obstinate struggle ensued, and the savages were again defeated, with the loss of thirty-seven killed and a large number wounded. The loss of the Americans was considerable.

On the 14th of March, General Jackson commenced another expedition against the enemy, which was destined to end in the total overthrow of the unfortunate Creeks. Having established a fort at Cedar Creek, he set out with the intention of attacking the encampment on the Talapoosa, near New Youcka.

This post, which it had been deemed most prudent to leave untouched, on the former expeditions, was subsequently selected and fortified, with a degree of knowledge and skill uncommon among an uncivilized people. Surrounded almost entirely by the river, the only passage by which it was accessible was over a narrow neck of land, which had been fortified with the greatest care. A breastwork, from five to eight feet in height, formed of trunks of trees and timbers placed horizontally on each other, with only one place of entrance, and a double row of port holes, served as the means by which this brave but deluded race hoped to resist the torrent, which now threatened to overwhelm them.

The force which General Jackson brought with him to this encounter, was greater than any he had heretofore commanded. Although reduced by the detachments left behind for garrisons, it amounted to little less than three thousand men. At ten in the morning of the 27th of March, he reached the vicinity of Tohopeka. The enemy, aware of his approach, made every preparation in their power to receive him; and arrayed their force, which was supposed to amount to about one thousand men, in the best manner for defence.

General Jackson soon arranged his plan of attack. Having despatched General Coffee, at the head of the mounted infantry, and friendly Indians, with directions to gain the southern bank, and encircle the bend, he drew up the remainder of his forces in front of the breastwork. The cannon, directed by Major Bradford, were posted on an eminence, about two hundred yards from the enemy's line, while the musketry was placed nearer, to take advantage of the appearance of the enemy from their works. In this situation, the army lay for some minutes. At last, the signal being made that General Coffee had reached the opposite side of the river, the troops moved forward to the charge. They advanced to the breastwork with the utmost gallantry, and were received with equal coolness. For some moments, a most destructive contest was maintained at the port holes; at length, Major Montgomery, of the regulars, springing to the wall, called

to his men to follow him. He was immediately killed; but the ardor of his troops was not restrained by his fall. They scaled the rampart with impetuosity, and in a short time drove their opponents into the brush, with which the peninsula was covered. From this they were again forced, and retreated to the southern bank, where they found General Coffee's command on the opposite shore. Driven now to desperation, by finding their retreat cut off, those who survived endeavored to take refuge behind the lofty and precipitous bank of the river, from which they occasionally fired upon their conquerors. General Jackson, who saw that the victory was completely gained, sent a flag, with an interpreter, to summon them to a surrender. Either misunderstanding the nature of the proposal, or being determined to refuse quarter, they fired upon and wounded one of the party. The destruction which they appeared to seek, was now, therefore, accorded them. The trees and brush, in which they had concealed themselves, were set on fire, by means of torches, and they were thus exposed to the view of their assailants, by whom their numbers were soon materially thinned. This work of slaughter and misery continued until night. The few wretched survivors were enabled, by the darkness, to make their escape. In the mean time, General Coffee's detachment, by making an attack upon the village, and diverting the attention of the enemy, had contributed materially to the success of the action.

This victory, which in its consequences was final and decisive, gave a death blow to the power and hopes of the Creeks. Never, in any preceding conflict, had their native valor and resolution been more eminently conspicuous. They fought with undaunted courage at their entrenchments, and only fell back when overpowered by vastly superior numbers. Their contempt of death, and loftiness of spirit, are manifested by the fact, that only four men were taken prisoners, while three hundred women and children fell into the hands of the victors. Five hundred and fifty-seven warriors were found dead on the ground, besides a great number who perished in attempting to cross the river. Among the killed were three of their religious counsellors, whom they denominated prophets, and who met their death with that composure, which arose from a conviction of the justice of their cause, and the persuasion of future happiness. Thus, while we feel disposed to admit the propriety of inflicting exemplary punishment on those whom neither humanity nor treaties could restrain, we cannot but admire the unquenchable fortitude and devotion of this heroic race. Neither ought a just tribute of praise to be withheld from the American troops. When it is considered, that they had recently left their homes, and pacific occupations, to encounter an enemy, who, though inferior in numbers, was



TREATY OF THE HICKORY GROUND.

yet terrible from his bravery, and skill in the species of warfare practised, and whose position, on this occasion, added greatly to his advantages, their steady and determined bravery entitles them to the hightest encomiums. Throughout the whole of this campaign, indeed, their behavior was such as to obliterate the disgrace, which had previously attached to the militia of Tennessee, from the disorderly conduct of preceding detachments, as well as to acquire for them the highest praise from their commanding officer. In the battle of Tohopeka, fifty-five of the Americans were killed, and one hundred and forty-six wounded. Among the former was Major Montgomery, a young officer of great promise, and Lieutenants Moulton and Somerville.

After this engagement, General Jackson returned with his victorious army to Fort Williams: but, determined to give his enemy no opportunity of retrieving the misfortune that had befallen him, he recommenced operations immediately afterwards. On the 7th of April, he again set out for Tallapoosa, with the view of forming a junction with the Georgia troops, under Colonel Milton, and completing the subjugation of the country. On the 14th of that month, the union of the two armies was effected, and



WEATHERFORD.

both bodies moved to a place called the Hickory Ground, where, it was expected, the last final stand would be made by the Indians, or terms of submission would be agreed on. The principal chiefs of the different tribes had assembled here, and, on the approach of the army, sent a deputation to treat for peace. Among them was Weatherford, celebrated equally for his talents and cruelty, who had directed the massacre at Fort Mimms. It had been the intention of General Jackson, to inflict a signal punishment upon him, if ever in his power. Struck, however, with the bold and nervous eloquence of this fearless savage, and persuaded of the sincerity of his wishes for peace, he dismissed him without injury. He shortly afterwards became the instrument of restoring peace, which was concluded by the total submission of the Indians. They agreed to retire in the rear of the army, and occupy the country to the east of the Coosa, while a line of American posts was established from Tennessee and Georgia, to the Alabama, and the power and resources of these tribes were thus effectually destroyed.





HILLISHAGO.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE SEMINOLE WAR OF 1816 AND '17.

AFTER the close of the war with Great Britain, in 1815, when the British forces were withdrawn from the Floridas, Edward Nicholls, formerly a colonel, and James Woodbine, a captain in the British service, who had both been engaged in exciting the Indians and negroes to hostility, remained in the territory for the purpose of forming combinations against the southwestern frontier of the United States. Nicholls even went so far as to assume the character of a British agent, promising the Creeks the assistance of the British forces if they would rise and assert their claim to the land which had been ceded to the United States.

As an aid in effecting their purposes, Nicholls and Woodbine erected a fort on the Appalachicola river, between East and West Florida, as a rendezvous for runaway negroes and hostile Indians. In July, 1816, upwards of four hundred negroes and Indians were collected at this place, which was strong by its position, well supplied with ammunition and provisions, and with twelve pieces of artillery. To break up this horde of outlaws, Colonel Clinch, with a detachment of United States troops and five hundred friendly Indians, under the celebrated McIntosh, proceeded from the head waters of the Appalachicola, and laid siege to the fort on the land side. After exacting an oath from



GENERAL GAINES.

their followers not to suffer an American to approach the fort alive, Nicholls and Woodbine left the fort to their keeping.

To supply Colonel Clinch's forces with munitions and provisions for the siege, two schooners, from New Orleans, proceeded up the river on the 10th of July, under convoy of two gun boats Near the fort, a watering party of seven men from the schooners, was surprised by a party of the enemy. Five were killed, one escaped, and one was captured, tortured and put to death. The commander of the gun boats was advised not to attempt any offensive operations; but he advanced near enough to commence the firing of hot shot, one of which, entering the principal maga-



MAJOR (AFTERWARDS GENERAL) TWIGGS.

zine, blew up the fort. The destruction was complete. Two hundred and seventy of the enemy were killed, most of the remainder badly wounded, and only three of the whole number remained unhurt. An immense quantity of arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the fortunate victors; and two chiefs, who had directed the torture of the American prisoners, were given to the tender mercies of McIntosh's Indians. The savage horde of West Florida was thus broken up, and the war terminated in this quarter.

In the fall of 1817, the family of Mr. Garrett, in East Florida, was attacked during his absence from home, and his wife and two children butchered. Soon after, a man named McKrimmon, was captured, and tied to the stake preparatory to being burned. He was rescued only through the intercession of one Milly, daughter of the chief Hillishago, who, like Pocahontas, rushed

towards her father, and implored him to spare the prisoner. Being subsequently ransomed, he married his deliverer.

In November, General Gaines, commander in Florida, received orders from Washington, to negotiate with the Creeks, in order to induce them to remove to the country given to them by the United States. This the Indians refused to do; and when their chief, Hornetlimed, was summoned by the general to appear at the fort, he answered by a haughty defiance. Next day, Major Twiggs was sent against the Indian town with one hundred and fifty men. After repelling an attack on the road and killing several of the assailants, he reached the town and found it deserted.

After this affair, General Gaines despatched Major Muhlenburg, from the headquarters at Fort Scott, to Mobile, with three vessels, for the purpose of obtaining provisions. Beside the crew, he had on board a number of volunteers' wives and children. Sickness obliged him to halt on the Appalachicola, where he was soon reinforced by forty men, under Lieutenant Scott. The major detached half of the crew, for his own use, and placing seven women, four children, and his sick on board the lieutenants' boat, he sent him back to Fort Scott. When near Flint river, the party was attacked by some savages, under Hornetlimed, and all were killed except six soldiers, who escaped, and one woman made prisoner. The scalps were taken to the Mickasuky village.

On receiving intelligence of this outrage, the secretary of war wrote to General Jackson, ordering him to repair immediately to Fort Scott, and take charge of the war. Eight hundred men were given to him, with authority to draw volunteers from the neighboring states, should that number be insufficient for the campaign. This communication reached General Jackson, January 12th, 1818. He then issued a proclamation to the Tennessee volunteers, to join him in the coming campaign. This was effectual, and a number were soon on their way to Fort Scott. On the 9th of March, the general himself arrived there, having on the road, mustered one thousand militia.

Finding the garrison destitute of provisions, he determined to win supplies from the enemy. As he pushed forward to the Appalachicola, he was joined by General Gaines, and built Fort Gadsden on the spot where the Indian fort which was blown up by Colonel Clinch had stood. On the 1st of April, he was joined by the Tennessee men. The same day he drove back a party of Indians and took possession of their village. Numerous scalps were found suspended on poles and in the wigwams.

About this time, a party, numbering five hundred Indians and negroes, surrounded the Spanish fort, St. Marks, and demanded its surrender. This post was one of great importance, being



COLONEL CLINCH.

strongly built, and having served formerly as the main depot of the Indians, and the scene of all their councils. As the Spanish garrison was very weak, Jackson determined to anticipate the enemy, and accordingly marched to the fort, and took possession without opposition, sending the garrison and authorities to Pensacola. Here he captured, the chiefs Hornetlimed and Hillishago, both of whom were hung. Arbuthnot was also captured.

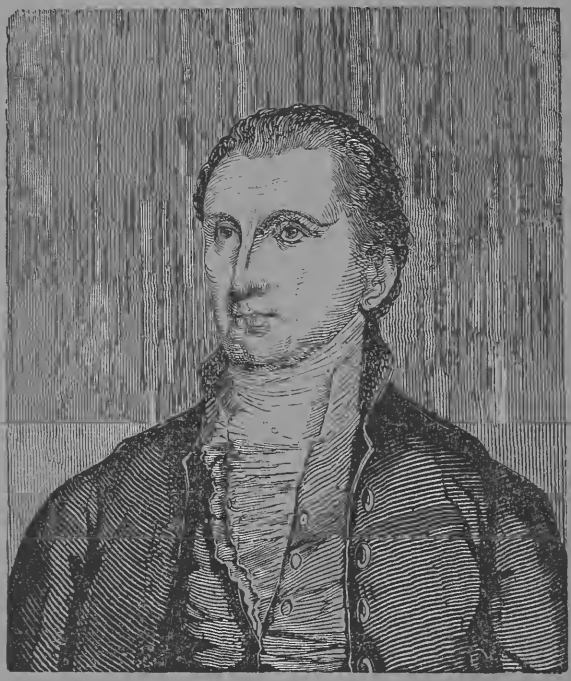
After garrisoning the captured station, General Jackson proceeded against the Suwanee towns, where he arrived April 16th. After a slight resistance in which two Indians were taken and eleven killed, the settlement was taken, the huts destroyed, and some provisons secured. Two days after, Ambrister was captured. On the 22d a court of inquiry convened for the trial of this man and Arbuthnot, and, after six days' session, found them

guilty of inciting the Indians to aggression, and gave as their opinion that they were worthy of death. General Jackson sentenced Arbuthnot to be hung, and Ambrister to be shot. The sentence was executed on the 29th. On the same day the general returned to Fort Gadsden.

Intelligence now arrived that the defeated Seminoles were mustering near Pensacola. It was also rumored that they were assisted and encouraged by the Spanish garrison at that place. Although Spain was then at peace with the United States, General Jackson resolved on marching into the territory, and capturing the garrison at Pensacola. Accordingly he left Fort Gadsden on the 10th of May, at the head of twelve hundred men, and on the 22d arrived near Pensacola. On notifying the Spanish governor, he was ordered to quit the country. Disregarding this, he entered the city on the 24th, and immediately commenced operations for assaulting Fort Barrancas, whither the governor with his small force had retired. A bombardment of this was kept up until the 27th, when it surrendered, and the Spanish authorities were sent to Havana. Soon after General Jackson took possession of the whole territory, garrisoned different stations, and broke up all the Indian villages. He then retired to the Hermitage, in Tennessee, leaving the command with General Gaines, who, under his orders, speedily took possession of St. Augustine.

President Monroe, in his message of November, 1818, thus speaks of the condition of affairs in Spanish Florida.

"A state of things has existed in the Floridas, the tendency of which has been obvious to all who have paid the slightest attention to the progress of affairs in that quarter. Throughout the whole of those provinces to which the Spanish title extends, the government of Spain has scarcely been felt. Its authority has been confined almost exclusively to the walls of Pensacola and St. Augustine, within which only small garrisons have been maintained. Adventurers from every country, fugitives from justice, and absconding slaves, have found an asylum there. Several tribes of Indians, strong in the number of their warriors, remarkable for their ferocity, and whose settlements extend to our limits, inhabit those provinces. These different hordes of people, connected together, disregarding, on the one side, the authority of Spain, and protected by an imaginary line which separates Florida from the United States, have violated our laws prohibiting the introduction of slaves, have practised various frauds on our revenue, and committed every kind of outrage on our peaceable citizens, which their proximity to us enabled them to perpetrate. The invasion of Amelia Island last year by a small band of adventurers, not exceeding one hundred and fifty



PRESIDENT MONROE.

in number, who wrested it from the inconsiderable Spanish force stationed there, and held it several months, during which a single effort only was made to recover it, which failed, clearly proves how completely extinct the Spanish authority had become; as the conduct of those adventurers while in possession of the island as distinctly shows the pernicious purposes for which their combination had been formed."

The forcible occupation of a neutral territory, elicited much attention in the United States, and subjected General Jackson to much censure. The government promptly surrendered the captured posts to the Spanish crown, but did not think proper to call the general to account for his actions. The Seminole war, was, however, ended for that time; and the cession of Florida to the United States in 1819, put an end to all difficulties with Spain.



AN INDIAN WARRIOR.



BLACK HAWK.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### BLACK HAWK'S WAR.

We have now to record the events of a war which brought one of the noblest of Indians to the notice and admiration of the people of the United States. Black Hawk was an able and patriotic chief. With the intelligence and power to plan a great project, and to execute it, he united the lofty spirit which secures the respect and confidence of a people. He was born about the year 1767, on Rock river, Illinois. At the age of fifteen he took a scalp from the enemy, and was in consequence promoted by his tribe to the rank of a brave.

Engaging soon afterwards in an expedition against the Osages, he fought several battles, highly distinguished himself, and brought back a number of trophies. His reputation being thus established, he frequently led war parties against the enemies of his tribe, and was, in almost every case, successful. The influence and experience he thus acquired, were fitting him for a contest in which, though unfortunate, he was to acquire a lasting fame.

The treaty concluded in 1804, by Governor Harrison, with

the Sacs and Foxes, by which these tribes ceded their lands east of the Mississippi, was agreed to by a few chiefs, without the knowledge or consent of the nation. Although this gave rise to much dissatisfaction among the Indians, no outbreak occurred, until the United States government erected Fort Madison upon the Mississippi. An attempt was then made to cut off the garrison, and from that time, the whites looked upon the Indians as enemies, and so treated them whenever opportunity offered.

Previous to this, Illinois had been admitted into the Union as a state; and, attracted by the fertile soil of the country, emigrants flocked into it and soon surrounded the land occupied by the Sacs and Foxes. As they thought the proximity of the Indians dangerous, the emigrants began to commit outrages intended to hasten their departure. In 1827, when the tribes were absent from home on a hunting excursion, some of the whites set fire to their village, by which forty houses were consumed. With admirable forbearance, the Indians paid little attention to this disgraceful conduct, but quietly rebuilt their dwellings, raised the fences which had been broken down, and saved as much of their corn as was possible.

The American government now determined to sell the land occupied by these tribes, and they were accordingly advised to remove. Keokuk, the chief, with a majority of the nation, determined to do so; but Black Hawk, and the party which he had gained over to himself, resolved to remain at all hazards.

Meanwhile the whites committed greater acts of violence upon the Indians than before. The latter at last took up arms, and a war would certainly have taken place, had not General Gaines, commander of the western division of the army, hastened to the scene of action. This able and prudent officer immediately convened a council of the principal chiefs, in which it was agreed that the Indians should instantly remove. They accordingly crossed the river and settled on its western bank. Notwithstanding this measure, a majority of the Indians were on peaceful terms with the United States. But Black Hawk and his band determined on returning to Illinois, alleging that they had been invited by the Potawatamies, residing on Rock river, to spend the summer with them and plant corn on their lands. They recrossed the river, and marched toward the above named Indians, but without attempting to harm any one upon the road. The traveller passed by them without receiving any injury, and the inmates of the lowly hut experienced no outrage. There is little doubt but this amicable disposition would have continued had not the whites been the first to shed blood. Five or six Indians, in advance of the main party, were captured, and excepting one who escaped, put to death by a battalion of mounted

militia. That one brought the news to Black Hawk, who immediately determined on revenge. He accordingly planned an ambuscade into which the militia was enticed, fired upon, and fourteen of their number killed. The remainder fled in disorder.

As war had now begun, the Indians seemed resolved to do all the mischief in their power. Accordingly they divided into small parties, proceeded in different directions, and fell upon the settlements which were at that time thinly scattered over the greater part of Illinois. By this means they committed such outrages that the whole state was in the greatest excitement. Governor Reynolds ordered out two thousand additional militia, who, on the 10th of June, assembled at Hennepin, on the Illinois river, and were soon engaged in pursuit of the Indians.

On the 20th of May, 1832, a party attacked a small settlement on Indian creek, killed fifteen persons, and took considerable plunder. On the 14th of June, five persons were killed near Galena. General Dodge being in the neighborhood, immediately marched with his mounted men in pursuit of the enemy. After advancing about three miles, he discovered twelve Indians, whom he supposed to be part of those who committed the murders. He commenced an active pursuit, and drove the Indians into a swamp. The mounted men rushed in and soon met them. No resistance was made; every Indian was killed, their scalps taken off and borne away in triumph.

Meanwhile, General Atkinson was pursuing the main party, under Black Hawk, who was encamped near the Four Lakes. Instead of crossing the country to retreat beyond the Mississippi as was expected, he descended the Wisconsin, to escape in that direction, by which means General Dodge came upon his track and commenced a vigorous pursuit. On the 21st of July, the general, with about two hundred men, besides Indians, overtook him on the Wisconsin, forty miles from Fort Winnebago. The Indians were in the act of crossing the river. After a short engagement they retreated, and it being dark the whites could not pursue them, without disadvantage to themselves. In this encounter Black Hawk's party lost, as is supposed, about forty men.

The Indians were now in a truly deplorable condition; several of them were greatly emaciated for want of food, and some even starved to death. In the pursuit previous to the battle, the soldiers found several lying dead on the road. Yet so far from being subdued they resolved to continue hostilities as long as they were able.

Meanwhile an army under General Scott, destined for the subjugation of Black Hawk, and the removal of all the northwestern Indians to lands beyond the Mississippi, had been

attacked by an enemy far more fatal than the Indians. With about one thousand regular troops, Scott sailed from Buffalo in a fleet of steamboats across Lake Erie for Chicago. This was early in July. On the 8th of that month, the Asiatic cholera appeared on board the vessel in which were General Scott, his staff, and two hundred and twenty soldiers. In six days fifty-two men died, and soon after eighty were put on shore sick at Chicago.

In the summer Scott left Chicago with but about four hundred effective men, and hurrying on to the Mississippi, joined General Atkinson at Prairie du Chien, immediately after the battle, near the Badare river, which resulted in the defeat of Black Hawk.

Previous to this affair, a captured squaw had informed the whites that Black Hawk intended to proceed to the west side of the Mississippi, above Prairie du Chien—the horsemen striking across the country, whilst the others proceeded by the Wisconsin. A number of the latter were made prisoners on the road.

Meanwhile, several circumstances transpired to prevent the escape of the main body under Black Hawk. The first was his falling in with the Warrior steamboat, (August 1st,) when in the act of crossing the Mississippi. Wishing to escape, he displayed two white flags, and about one hundred and fifty of his men come to the river without arms and made signs of submission. The commander of the boat ordered his men to fire, which they did, and the fire was returned. The engagement lasted an hour, when the wood of the steamboat failing, it proceeded to the Prairie. The Indians lost twenty-three killed, and a number wounded; the whites had one wounded.

Next day, after a toilsome and dangerous march, General Atkinson overtook Black Hawk, and a furious contest ensued. In order to prevent the escape of the Indians, Generals Posey and Alexander, with the right wing, marched down this river, and stationed themselves near the encampment. The rough nature of the ground afforded every facility for the Indians to make a strong defence, and Black Hawk took advantage of it. The battle lasted three hours, at the end of which time, the Indians were totally routed and dispersed, killed or captured. Black Hawk succeeded in escaping. The loss of the American troops in killed and wounded was twenty-seven men. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained; but it was supposed that their killed amounted to one hundred and fifty persons, of whom about fifty were women and children.

This battle finished the war, for, although Black Hawk escaped, his warriors either deserted him or were killed by the Sioux Indians, then at war with the Sacs. Finally when hope had fled, Black



GENERAL SCOTT.

Hawk surrendered himself to the agent at Prairie du Chien. In his speech upon this occasion, he regretted his being obliged to close the war so soon, without having given the whites much more trouble. He asserted that he had done nothing of which he had any reason to be ashamed, but that an Indian who was as bad as the whites would not be allowed to live in his community. His concluding words are remarkable for pathos and dignified sorrow.

"Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and revenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his flames are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!"

Immediately after the battle which decided the struggle, General Scott joined General Atkinson, but their operations were hindered for some weeks by the dreadful pestilence which had

fearfully thinned the ranks of the army. Late in September, negotiations were commenced with the Sacs and Foxes, and so skilfully were they conducted by General Scott, that a region of five million of acres of land was obtained from the Indians on terms satisfactory to both parties.

When peace had been secured, Black Hawk was taken to Washington, where he had an interview with President Jackson. He was then conducted through the principal Atlantic cities, and every where received with the most marked attention and hospitality. He was then set at liberty and returned to his own nation, professing friendship to the whites. Black Hawk died on the 3d of October, 1838, at his village on the Des Moines river.





## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE SECOND SEMINOLE WAR.

THE second war against the Indians and runaway negroes in Florida commenced in 1835. A treaty had been concluded with the Seminole warriors, by which they agreed to remove beyond the Mississippi. A party of the Indians had proceeded to the territory appointed for their reception, and reported favorably upon their return. Every thing promised a speedy conformity to the wishes of the government. But at this juncture, John Hext, the most influential chief of the tribe, died, and was succeeded in power, by Osceola. This chief wielded his power for far different purposes. Being opposed to emigration, he inflamed the minds of his people against the whites, and used every art to induce them to remain on their old hunting grounds. His conduct became so violent, that he was arrested by the Indian agent, and put in irons; but, promising to give up his opposition, he was set free.

On the 19th of July, 1835, some Indians who had met by appointment near Hogstown settlement, for the purpose of hunting, were attacked by a party of white men and flogged with cow-



OSCEOLA.

hide whips. While this was going on, two other Indians arrived, who raised the war whoop and fired upon the whites. The firing was returned, one of the Indians killed, and the other wounded. Three of the whites were also wounded.

On the evening of August 6th, Dalton, the mail carrier from Tampa Bay to Camp King, was murdered by a party of Indians. General Thompson, the Indian agent, immediately convened the chiefs and demanded that the offenders should be delivered up to justice. The chiefs promised to comply. But did not, and it soon became evident, that a terrible storm was about to burst upon the settlements of Florida. The savages retired into the wilds and forests, and, as much as possible, avoided all intercourse with the whites.

In September, Charles Amathla, a friendly chief of great influence, while journeying with his daughter, was shot by some Mickasukies, led by Osceola. Similar outrages increased in num-



ATTACK ON MR. COOLEY'S FAMILY.

ber. The interior settlements were abandoned; families deserted the fruits of many years' labor, and fled to other states. General Clinch's force numbered but one hundred and sixty men; and receiving no assistance from President Jackson, he obtained six hundred and fifty militia from the executive of Florida. With this reinforcement, he marched against the station on the Ouithlacooche river.

On the 23d of December, the companies of Captains Gardiner and Frazer, of the United States army, marched under the command of Major Dade, from Tampa Bay for Camp King. On the road, Dade wrote to Major Belton, urging him to forward a six-pounder, which had been left four miles behind, in consequence of the failure of the team which was to have been used in transporting it. Three horses were purchased with the necessary harness, and it joined the column that night. From this time no more was heard of the detachment until the 29th of December, when John Thomas, one of the soldiers, returned, and on the 31st, Rawson Clarke. The melancholy fate of his companions was related by the latter as follows:

"It was eight o'clock. Suddenly I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the advance guard, and this was immediately followed by a musket shot from that quarter. Captain Frazer had ridden by me a moment before, in that direction. I never saw him afterwards. I had not time to think of the meaning of these shots before a volley, as if from a thousand rifles, was poured in upon us from the front, and all along our left flank. I looked around me, and it seemed as if I was the only one left standing in the right wing. Neither could I, until several other volleys had been fired at us, see an enemy—and when I did, I could only see their heads and arms peering out from the long grass, far and near, and from behind the pine trees. The ground seemed to me an open pine barren, entirely destitute of any hammock. On our right and a little to our rear was a large pond of water some distance off. All around us were heavy pine trees, very open, particularly towards the left, and abounding with long high grass. The first fire of the Indians was the most destructive, seemingly killing or disabling one-half of our men.

"We promptly threw ourselves behind trees, and opened a sharp fire of musketry. I for one, never fired without seeing my man, that is, his head and shoulders. The Indians chiefly fired lying or squatting in the grass. Lieutenant Bassinger fired five or six pounds of canister from the cannon. This appeared to frighten the Indians, and they retreated over a little hill to our left, one-half or three-quarters of a mile off, after having fired not more than twelve or fifteen rounds. We immediately began to fell trees, and to erect a triangular breastwork. Some of

us went forward to gather the cartridge boxes from the dead, and to assist the wounded. I had seen Major Dade fall to the ground by the first volley, and his horse dashed into the midst of the enemy. Whilst gathering the cartridges, I saw Lieutenant Mudge, sitting with his back reclining against a tree, and evidently dying. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. The interpreter, Louis, it is said, fell by the first fire.

"We had barely raised our breastwork knee high, when we again saw the Indians advancing, in great numbers, over the hill to our left. They came on boldly till within long musket shot, when they spread themselves from tree to tree to surround us. We immediately extended as light infantry, covering ourselves by the trees, and opening a brisk fire from cannon and musketry. I do not think that the former could have done much mischief, the Indians were so scattered.

"Captain Gardiner, Lieutenant Bassinger, and Dr. Gatlen were the only officers left unhurt by the volley which killed Major Dade. Lieutenant Henderson had his left arm broken, but he continued to load and fire his musket, resting on the stump until he was finally shot down. Toward the close of the second attack, and during the day he kept up his spirits and cheered the men. Lieutenant Keyes had both his arms broken in the first attack; they were bound up and slung in a handkerchief, and he sat for the remainder of the day, until he was killed, reclining against the breastwork, his head often reposing upon it, regardless of every thing that was passing around him.

"Our men were by degrees all cut down. We had maintained a steady fire from eight until two P. M., and allowing three-quarters of an hour interval between the first and second attack, had been pretty busily engaged for more than five hours. Lieutenant Bassinger was the only officer left alive, and he severely wounded. He told me, as the Indians approached, to lie down and feign myself dead. I looked through the logs and saw the savages approaching in great numbers. A heavy made Indian of middle stature, painted down to the waist, and whom I supposed to have been Micanope, seemed to be the chief. He made them a speech, frequently pointing to the breastwork. At length they charged into the work. There was none to offer resistance, and they did not seem to suspect the wounded being alive—offering no indignity, but stepping about carefully, quietly stripping off our accoutrements, and carrying away our arms. They then retired in a body, in the direction from whence they came.

"Immediately after their retreat, forty or fifty negroes and Indians on horseback, galloped up, alighted, and having tied their beasts, commenced, with horrid shouts and yells, the butchering of the wounded, together with an indiscriminate



MASSACRE OF MAJOR DADE'S DETACHMENT.



MICANOPE.

plunder, stripping the dead of clothing, watches, and money, and splitting open the heads of all who showed the least signs of life, with their axes and knives. This bloody work was accompanied with obscene and taunting derision, and oft repeated shouts.

"Lieutenant Bassinger, hearing the negroes and Indians butchering the wounded, at length sprang up, and asked them to spare his life. They met him with the blows of their axes, and their fiendish laughter. Having been wounded in five different places myself, I was pretty well covered with blood; and two scratches that I had received on the head gave me the appearance of having been shot through the brain: for the negroes, after catching me up by the heels, threw me down, exclaiming that I was dead enough. Then, stripping me of my clothes, shoes, and hat, they left me. After serving all the dead in this manner, they trundled off the cannon in the direction the Indians had gone, and went away. I saw them shoot down the oxen in their gear and burn the wagon.

"One of the other soldiers who escaped, says they threw the

cannon in a pond, and burned its carriage also. Shortly after the negroes went away, one Wilson, of Captain Gardiner's company, crept from under some of the dead bodies, and seemed to be hardly hurt at all. He asked me to go with him back to the fort, and I was going to follow him, when, as he jumped over the breastwork, an Indian sprang from behind a tree and shot him down. I then lay quiet until nine o'clock that night, when D. Long, the only living soul beside myself, and I, started upon our journey. We knew it was nearest to go to Fort King, but we did not know the way, and had seen the enemy retreat in that direction. As I came out I saw Dr. Gatlen lying stripped amongst the dead. The last I saw of him whilst living, was kneeling behind the breastwork, with two double barrel guns by him, and he said, 'Well, I have got four barrels for them!' Captain Gardiner, after being severely wounded, cried out, 'I can give you no more orders, my lads, do your best!' I last saw a negro spurn his body, saying, with an oath, 'that's one of their officers.'

"My comrade and myself got along quite well until the next day, when we met an Indian on horseback, armed with a rifle, coming up the road. Our only chance was to separate—we did so. I took the right, and he the left of the road. The Indian pursued him. Shortly afterwards I heard a rifle shot, and a little after another. I concealed myself among some scrub, and saw palmetto, and after awhile saw the Indian pass looking for me. Suddenly, however, he put spurs to his horse, and went off at a gallop towards the road.

"I made something of a circuit before I struck the beaten track again. That night, I was a good deal annoyed by the wolves, who had scented my blood, and came very close to me. The next day, the 30th, I reached the fort."

Thus perished one hundred and six men, under circumstances of hopelessness and misery, rarely equalled in modern warfare. Intelligence of this tragic event spread a degree of horror throughout the country, lasting and powerful; and even at the present day, the name of the gallant, ill-fated Dade, is a spell-word to conjure up feelings of sorrow. Three of the whole command escaped.

On the 6th of January, 1836, thirty Indians attacked the family of Mr. Cooly, on New river, while he was absent from home. They murdered Mrs. Cooly, three children, and Mr. Flinter, their teacher. During this transaction, the neighboring families made their escape into the more thickly settled territory. Cooly had long resided among the Indians, and always treated them kindly, and this renders the massacre more atrocious.

Previous to this, General Clinch fought a severe engagement

with the Indians, near the Ouithlacooche river. He marched from Fort King, on the 29th of December, with a considerable force, and on the 31st, when half of the troops had crossed the river, the battalion of regulars were attacked by a large force of Indians, led by Osceola. The regulars met the attack of the vastly superior enemy with firmness. The action lasted nearly an hour, during which time the troops made three brilliant charges, driving the enemy in every direction. No inducement could prevail on the remainder of the army that had crossed the river, to return and assist their companions. After losing nearly one-third of their number, the regulars succeeded in crossing the river.

Meanwhile, the eastern settlements in the neighborhood of San Augustine were ravaged by the enemy, many of the inhabitants slain, and the negroes carried away. So disastrous were these ravages, that in East Florida, five hundred families were driven from their homes, and their entire possessions destroyed by the Indians.

General Gaines, as commander of the southern division of the army, was actively engaged in raising a body of troops. He reached Fort King on the 22d of February, and thence moved down the Ouithlacooche. On the 27th, he had a slight skirmish with the enemy at General Clinch's crossing place, where he lost one killed and eight wounded. Next day the army was attacked, Lieutenant Izard mortally wounded, one man killed, and two others wounded. Skirmishing was renewed on the 29th; one man killed and thirty-three wounded. This partisan warfare was continued until the 5th of March—the United States troops losing several men in killed and wounded.

On the 5th, a number of Indians, headed by Osceola, appeared before General Gaines's camp, and expressed their willingness to terminate hostilities. They were told that on condition of retiring south of the Ouithlacoochee, and attending a council when called on by the United States commissioners, they should not be molested. To this they agreed; but at this moment General Clinch, who had been summoned by express from Fort Drane, encountered their main body; and supposing themselves surrounded by deliberate stratagem, they fled with precipitation. This unfortunate accident put an end to negotiations for that time. Soon after, ascertaining that he had been superseded, General Gaines transferred the command to General Clinch, who retired with his whole force to Fort Drane.

General Scott now received the chief command in Florida, and commenced a new plan of operations, which, as is believed, would have speedily terminated the war; but unexpectedly he was superseded, and summoned to Washington on court-martial. His

trial eventuated in full, honorable acquittal from all blame, but meanwhile he had been superseded by General Jessup. The measures of this officer were unimportant.

The summer and fall of 1837 passed away without any prospect of a reconciliation with the Indians; but in December, Colonel Zachary Taylor, who commanded a regiment of Jessup's troops, came upon the trail of the Indians, and commenced a vigorous pursuit. On the 25th, at the head of about five hundred men, he came up with about about seven hundred Indians, on the banks of the Okee-cho-bee lake, under the celebrated chiefs, Alligator, Sam Jones, and Coacoochee. This battle was sought by both parties. On the day previous to the engagement, the colonel had received a challenge from Alligator, informing him of his position, and courting an attack. The Indians were posted in a thick swamp, covered in front by a small stream, whose quicksands rendered it almost impassable. Through this the Americans waded, sometimes sinking to the waist in mud and water, and totally unable to employ their horses. On reaching the borders of the hammock, the advance received a heavy fire, which killed their leader, (Colonel Gentry,) and drove them back in confusion. The main body then rushed into action, attacking the enemy under a galling fire, and fought from half past twelve until three P. M., although exposed to the full range of the enemy's fire. With one exception, every officer in the sixth infantry was shot down, and one of the companies had but four members untouched. The Indians were forced from their position, and driven a considerable distance toward the extremity of Okee-cho-bee lake.

In consequence of his success in this battle, Colonel Taylor was enabled to advance further into the country than any previous commander had done. But the difficulty of transporting supplies, enabled the Seminoles to rest secure among their swamps and forests, and rendered the termination of the war impracticable. In April, 1838, Taylor was appointed to the chief command in Florida, with the rank of brevet brigadier-general. He skirmished with the enemy, but could never again force them to a general battle. Bloodhounds were employed to trace their hiding places, but were found to be of little use and abandoned.

A series of the most horrible outrages were committed about this time by the savages. Settlers were shot down while sitting in the door of their own houses, and, sometimes, the houses were surrounded and burned while whole families were in them. On the 28th of July, 1839, a body of dragoons, under Lieutenant-colonel Harney, was sent to the Coloosahatchee, to establish a trading house, in conformity with Macomb's treaty. The Indians had manifested a friendly disposition for some time, daily visit-

ing the camp and trading. So completely had they lulled the troops into security, that no defence was erected and no guard maintained. The camp was on the margin of the river. At dawn, on the 23d of July, the savages made a simultaneous attack upon the camp and the trading house. Those who escaped the first discharge fled naked to the river, and escaped in some fishing smacks. Colonel Harney was among them. While descending the river, the sergeant and four others were called to the shore by a well known Indian, and assured that they would not be harmed. They complied, and were butchered. Altogether eighteen were killed. Colonel Harney afterwards cautiously approached the spot, and found eleven bodies shockingly mutilated, and two hundred and fifty Indians in the neighborhood, dancing and whooping with savage triumph.

In 1840, the Indians accomplished an expedition which was creditable to their enterprise, but was attended with all the circumstances of horror usual in Indian warfare. Indian Key, an island of about seven acres in extent, about thirty miles from the southern Atlantic coast of Florida, was invested by seventeen boats, containing Indians, headed by Chekekia. Seven of the inhabitants—Mr. Motte, Mrs. Motte, Dr. Perrine, three children and a slave, were murdered, the island plundered and the buildings burned. The rest of the inhabitants escaped in boats to a schooner. This was one of the boldest conceived, and most successfully executed, enterprises of the war.

In 1840, General Taylor requested permission to retire from Florida, which was granted, and in April, General Armistead was appointed to succeed him. The operations of this officer were necessarily of the same tedious and unsatisfactory character as most of his predecessors had been, and in May, 1841, he was succeeded by Colonel Worth.

This officer commenced the campaign under very unfavorable circumstances, having no less than twelve hundred men sick and unfit for duty. On assuming command he is said to have named the 1st of January, 1842, as the time when he hoped to bring the war to a close.

In August, the famous chief, Wild Cat, surrendered his whole band, including Coacoochee and his family, at Tampa. On the 13th the example was followed by a considerable number of Hospitaki's party, and next month by many of the Tallahassee tribe. Subsequently, various chiefs and their bands were regularly brought in.

Nothing, however, of a decisive nature took place until the 19th of April, 1842, when Colonel Worth found the enemy in considerable force, strongly fortified, near Okeehumphee swamp. An immediate attack was made and the Indians totally defeated.

Every trail made in their flight was taken and pursued until dark, and renewed on the following morning, the detachments marching each day, some twenty and some thirty miles. The scene of this battle was the big hammock of Palaklaklaha. As a reward for his services in this affair, Worth was brevetted by government, brigadier-general. Soon after, (May 4th,) Hallush-Tustemuggee, with eighty of his band, came to Palatka and submitted, and on the 12th of August, Colonel Worth announced in general orders, that the Florida war was ended. This assertion, however, was premature, for hostilities again recommenced, and Worth received the surrender of a large body of Creeks at Tampa.

The battle of Palaklaklaha was the last important incident of the Florida war. Its close was thus announced by President Tyler, in his message of December 8th, 1842.

"The vexatious, harassing, and expensive war which so long prevailed with the Indian tribes inhabiting the peninsula of Florida, has happily been terminated: whereby our army has been relieved from a service of the most disagreeable character, and the treasury from a large expenditure. Some casual outbreaks may occur, such as are incident to the close proximity of border settlements and the Indians; but these, as in all other cases, may be left to the care of the local authorities, aided, when occasion may require, by the forces of the United States. A sufficient number of troops will be maintained in Florida, so long as the remotest apprehension of danger shall exist; yet their duties will be limited rather to the garrisoning of the necessary posts than to the maintenance of active hostilities. It is to be hoped that a territory so long retarded in its growth, will now speedily recover from the evils incident to a protracted war, exhibiting in the increased amount of its rich productions, true evidences of returning wealth and prosperity. By the practice of rigid justice towards the numerous Indian tribes, residing within our territorial limits, and the exercise of parental vigilance over their interests, protecting them against fraud and intrusion, and at the same time using every proper expedient to introduce among them the arts of civilized life, we may fondly hope, not only to wean them from the love of war, but to inspire them with a love of peace and all its avocations. With several of the tribes, great progress in civilizing them has already been made. The schoolmaster and the missionary are found side by side, and the remains of what were once numerous and powerful nations may yet be preserved as the builders up of a new name for themselves and their posterity."

The Seminole war, thus happily terminated, had been the least glorious in which the United States had ever engaged. Occa-



BATTLE OF PALAKLAKLAHA.

sionally, a signal triumph was obtained by the most untiring exertion, but the consequences were scarcely felt by the rapid and swamp-covered enemy. Great numbers of men had been worn out by a service requiring so much exertion; able generals baffled, and millions of dollars expended without apparent effect. The territory had been rendered almost uninhabitable, and the name of it is forever associated with deeds of terror and horrible sufferings. It is most probable, that the struggle was hastened by the lawless conduct of a few whites. But this cannot excuse the manner in which the savages prosecuted it. All the Florida Indians are now transported to the Indian territory, and there is no prospect of such a war ever recurring in that region.





## CHAPTER XXI.

### INDIAN HOSTILITIES IN CALIFORNIA AND NEW MEXICO.

The Indian tribes of California are in a degraded and miserable condition. The most numerous are the Shoshonces, the Blackfeet, and the Crows. Many of them have been brought to a half civilized state, and are employed at the different *ranchos*. But those in the neighborhood of the Sierra Nevada are untamable, treacherous, and ferocious. They wander about, for the most part going entirely naked, and subsisting upon roots, acorns, and pine cones. Since the discovery of the gold, they have acquired some knowledge of its usefulness, but no clear conception of its value, and they part with their gatherings for whatever strikes their fancy, without much hesitation in bargaining with dealers. They are generally of medium stature, dark skin and hair, (which grows low down over their foreheads,) with ugly countenances, devoid of any intellectual expression, and are immeasurably inferior to the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, and those of the Atlantic States.

Soon after the discovery of the *placers*, the Indians displayed their hostility by attacking straggling miners, and, growing bolder, committed serious depredations in the neighborhood of the

mines furthest advanced towards the Sierra Nevada; at length, the murder of a number of Oregonians led to a destructive warfare between the whites and savages.

It happened that six men of a clan were out "prospecting," (exploring,) on the Middle Fork, and when they had penetrated a deep canon, (gulf,) a party of some forty Indians attacked them from the heights above. Unsuspicious of an ambuscade, the explorers had left their arms at some distance, and a flight of arrows among them was the first intimation of the proximity of their enemies. In their effort to reach the tent, in which their rifles were deposited, all but one were killed, and he had great difficulty in making his escape.

Many depredations upon the property of the diggers had before been perpetrated by the savages. Horses and cattle had been carried away, and much damage had been done by the marauders. It needed but this outrage to exasperate the miners to the highest pitch, especially the friends and countrymen of the sufferers. A war of extermination was, therefore, declared, and carried on by well armed and well mounted parties, determined on revenge. Eight Indians, with a number of squaws and pappooses, were captured and brought into Culloma. These clearly came within the jurisdiction of the respectable "bencher," Judge Lynch, and they were condemned to be shot. While one after another were thus being disposed of, some broke away, and took to the river, but soon the unerring marksmen despatched them with their rifles, and not one escaped.

The squaws and pappooses were liberated, but the bloody contest was still carried on; and after more than a hundred had been sacrificed to appease the manes of the slaughtered Oregonians, the Indians were driven into the snows of Sierra Nevada, the only place of refuge which could afford them safety from the hot pursuit which was kept up by their enemies.

With a view to giving an idea of the mode of attack practised by the California Indians, we extract the following account from the journal of a tourist, who visited the country soon after the discovery of the gold mines:

We were just on the point of returning to the camp to dinner, when Dowling, who was standing near some sage bushes at the upper part of the ravine, heard a rustling among them, and on moving in the direction of the noise, saw an Indian stealthily creeping along, who, as soon as he perceived he was discovered, discharged an arrow, which just missed its mark, but lacerated, and that rather severely, Dowling's ear. The savage set up a most terrific whoop, and ran off, but tumbled before he could draw another arrow from his quiver, while Dowling, rushing for-

ward, buried his mattock in the head of his fallen foe, killing him instantaneously.

At this moment we heard the crack of a rifle in the direction of the camp, which, with the Indian's whoop at the same moment, completely bewildered us. Every man, however, seized his rifle, and Dowling, hastening towards us, told us of what had just occurred. All was still for the next few moments, and I mounted a little hill to reconnoitre. Suddenly I saw a troop of Indians, the foremost of them on horseback, approaching at full speed. I hastily returned to my companions, and we sought shelter in a little dell, determined to await there, and resist the attack, for it was evident that the savages' intentions were any thing but pacific.

It was a moment of breathless excitement. We heard the tramp, tramp, of the horses coming on towards us, but as yet they and their riders were concealed from our view. I confess I trembled violently, not exactly with fear, although I expected that a few moments would see us all scalped by our savage assailants. It was the suddenness of the danger which startled me, and made my heart throb violently; but at that moment, just as I was reproaching myself with the want of courage, a terrific yell rung through the air at a short distance from us, and forty or fifty warlike Indians appeared in sight. My whole frame was nerved in an instant, and when a shower of arrows flew amongst us, I was the first man to answer it with a rifle shot, which brought one of the foremost Indians off his horse to the ground. I instantly reloaded, but in the meanwhile the rifles of my companions had been doing good service. We had taken up our position behind a row of willow trees which skirted the banks of a narrow stream, and here we were protected in a great measure from the arrows of our assailants, which were in most cases turned aside by the branches. A second volley of rifle shots soon followed the first; and while we were reloading, and the smoke had slightly cleared away, I could see that we had spread consternation in the ranks of the Indian warriors, and that they were gathering up their wounded preparatory to retiring. I had my eye on an old man, who had just leaped from his horse. My finger was on the trigger, when I saw him coolly advance, and taking one of his wounded companions, who had been shot through his leg, in his arms, place him on a horse, then mounting his own, and catching hold of the other animal's bridle, gallop off at full speed. Although I knew full well that if the fortune of the day had gone against us, these savages would not have spared a single man of our party, still I could not find it in my heart to fire on the old chief, and he carried off his wounded comrade in safety. In a few minutes the hill sides were



GENERAL KEARNEY.

clear, and when we emerged from our shelter, all that was visible of the troop of warriors was three of them weltering in their blood, a bow or two, and some empty quivers, and a few scattered feathers and tomahawks, lying on the ground."

Several engagements have taken place between parties of Indians and the small body of United States troops in California, in all of which the Indians have suffered greatly. But they continue as fierce and revengeful as ever, and murder and plunder whenever and wherever they find an opportunity.

In New Mexico, which became a part of the United States territory at the same time as California, the Indians are numerous and far more formidable than those farther west. The Apaché and Navajoe Indians are the most powerful tribes west of the Mississippi. Being strong, active, and skilful, war is their delight, and they were the terror of the New Mexicans before the territory was occupied by the United States troops. The Pueblo Indians are among the best and most peaceable citizens of New

Mexico. They, early after the Spanish conquest, embraced the forms of religion and the manners and customs of their then more civilized masters. The Pimos and Maricopos are peaceable tribes who cultivate the ground and endeavor to become good citizens. They are much exposed to the irresistible attacks of the Apaché and Navajoe Indians, and, very often, the fruits of their honest toil become the plunder of those fierce wanderers.

In 1846, an American army, under General Kearney, marched into New Mexico and received the submission of the authorities at Santa Fe. After Kearney's departure from that city, the inhabitants conspired against the American government; but their object was discovered, and its execution prevented. Although thus discovered, the Indians did not abandon the hope of being able to execute their plan at a favorable opportunity.

On the 19th of January, 1847, a considerable number of them collected in the village of Taos to obtain the release of two companions whom the authorities had imprisoned. So singular a demand was, of course, refused; when, without repeating it, the Indians murdered the sheriff and the Mexican prefect, broke into the prison, and released the prisoners. Instead of retiring, they then rushed through the village, and forced their way into a house where Governor Bent had but a short time previously taken up a temporary residence. In this extremity, the unfortunate man appears to have lost his presence of mind, neither fighting nor retreating until it was too late to do either. As the Indians approached his room, he decided upon retreating; but, being wounded in attempting to jump from the window, he returned, and was shot through the body by the Indians. Then followed a scene sickening to every one but a savage. The dying man was shot in the face with his own pistol, then scalped, and, lastly, nailed to a board. A Mr. Leal, acting at that time as district attorney, was killed by slow torture, after having been scalped alive. Some others were killed in another part of the village; and the Indians afterwards formed in procession, parading the bodies of the governor and attorney through the village. The object of the savages was undoubtedly to excite an insurrection; but in this they were again disappointed.

Some severe battles with the Indians occurred during the Mexican war. One of the most spirited of these encounters was an attack by a detachment of Colonel Doniphan's men, upon a party of Lipan warriors, near El Paso. The colonel was marching from Chihuahua to Saltillo, (May 13, 1847,) and had detached Captain Reid, with thirty men to El Paso, as an advance guard. About nine o'clock in the morning, the captain observed a party of Indians emerging from a gap in the mountains, five miles distant, and advancing toward the rancho. They num-

bered about sixty, and were returning from an attack upon a neighboring Mexican town, where they had secured many prisoners and more than a thousand horses and mules. Although in arms against the Mexicans, Reid lost no time in deciding upon his course. The number of Indians was double his own; they had the advantage of ground; they could, if it were needful, retreat at once, and either escape or perhaps draw him into an ambush; but he determined upon rescuing the prisoners. At the word of command, each American was in the saddle, and the whole party bore down at full speed upon the Indians. The latter coolly awaited the charge, and opened the skirmish by a partial discharge of arrows. The Americans answered by an entire volley from their rifles. Immediately the Indians, raising a yell, rushed forward and discharged their arrows with astonishing rapidity. After fighting for some time, the Americans were driven back, but having reloaded, they again charged and drove the Indians before them. The superior horsemanship of the latter afforded them great advantages. They waved their bodies in the saddles, galloped swiftly up and down, and by other methods known only to savages, contrived to elude the American balls. The battle continued nearly two hours, each party charging and retreating alternately, and keeping up a continual fire. At length the captain's men began to gain ground, inch by inch, as the Indians becoming discouraged, fought with less obstinacy and less skill. In the final retreat, the latter suffered severely, leaving fifteen dead on the field and carrying away a still larger number, together with all their wounded. Nine Mexican prisoners were recovered and restored to liberty, and a herd of one thousand horses and mules, were appropriated, as far as practicable, to their original owners.

The Camanches are a powerful tribe, inhabiting the country on the northeastern frontier of New Mexico. Their frequent attacks upon the Santa Fe traders have made their daring activity and cruelty familiar to the people of the western country, and especially of the borders of Texas. Their incursions are still a source of terror to the Mexicans; but having experienced the power of the United States troops and the vengeance of the Texans, they hesitate to attack the frontier settlements of our territory. They are brave, hardy, and skilful horsemen, which adds greatly to rendering their attacks formidable. A severe battle was fought with them, by a party of Americans, commanded by Lieutenant Love, June 26th, 1847. The particulars of this affair are so well described by an officer who shared its dangers, that we give them in his own words:

"On the 23d, we arrived at the Pawnee Fork, and there met two government trains of provision wagons destined for Santa Fe,

and learned from them that the day previous the Indians charged on them as their cattle were grazing, wounding three men—one severely—and driving off from traders and a return train of government wagons under Mr. Bell, some seventy yoke of oxen, leaving seventy wagons and a considerable quantity of provisions and other property without the means of transportation. The wagons and property were burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the Indians. Next day, (the 24th,) we travelled up to the Fork and encamped, and on the 25th to this place, on which day I was in charge of the guard, and the night passed over without any alarm, although every vigilance and precaution was used. Next morning, the 26th, immediately after reveille, Hayden's train, which was encamped about five hundred yards due west from the guard tent, drove their oxen from the corell to graze. All were scarcely out, when a large band of Camanches and Mexicans emerged from a ravine called Coon creek, about two hundred yards west, and charged furiously on the teamsters and herdsmen, wounding three and driving off one hundred and thirty yoke of government oxen, and thirty yoke belonging to a trader who was accompanying them. One conspicuous Indian rode within carbine range. I fired and killed the horse from under him, and, as far as could be ascertained, wounded himself; however, he was soon behind another Indian. In the meantime the camp was armed, and some eighteen or nineteen mounted dragoons were ordered out under my command, for the purpose of retaking the cattle. When my command reached within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, I halted, and formed in an extended line, expecting to rally on a body of teamsters who were out as footmen; then charged on the Indians, and forced them to retreat. As they were retreating, a large body of well mounted Indians crossed the river between me and the camp on my left, and charged us in the rear with great fury, preventing us from rallying, and obliging us to cut our way through them. About this time I was shot, and charged on by several Indians. I made my sabre, however, drink blood, having killed one and wounded another. Every man in my little command fought bravely and manfully, and five of my poor fellows were killed, defending themselves to the last, and selling their lives at a dear rate, and six wounded—three more besides myself severely wounded. The killed were Arlidge, Deckhart, Short, Gaskill, and Blake. The wounded, myself, Vancaster, Lovelace, and Ward, severely, and Burk and Wilson slightly. The severe loss I met with, I attribute to the almost unmanageable state of the horses, all being new in the service, and to the Indians being permitted to charge on us from behind. The enemy took off the cattle, scalped three men, and took off

the horses, equipments, arms, and ammunition, and the clothes of the dead. The Indians, when in a body, numbered about five hundred. I make no comments, I merely give you the facts as they occurred before me.

"The Indians were all armed with lances measuring from twelve to fifteen feet in length, bows and arrows, and a great many with rifles and muskets. There were some white men among them. Several of our men saw them as well as myself. The air was actually as dark as if a flight of birds were hovering over us, from the balls, lances, and arrows that were flying through the air. Twelve or fifteen of the enemy are known to have fallen—perhaps more—but were immediately carried off. Four of their horses were left dead on the ground. Since then, we remain here, merely changing positions for the purpose of pastime. To-morrow, I understand, we will proceed again on our route, arrangements being made to take all the trains along, with somewhat less team, however. The Indians have attacked every train that has gone out or come in this year, and are bound to attack every train that will follow. These Camanches, Pawnees, and Arrapahoes deserve a castigation that would ever after keep them quiet, and which they are sure some day to receive.

"Lieutenant Love was in a most distressing situation. Never has man suffered, I believe, more in one day than he has suffered Here were twelve wagons, with six mules to each—provisions, and all the specie, that he could not by any possible means abandon, as another large force were ready to attack the camp if he were to go out with a large force; and yet he saw the awful situation in which we were placed, and could not give us the slightest aid or assistance. I am convinced that he acted prudently and wisely; for it has been his special care to take all the precautions that an experienced officer could take to save his men and animals ever since he commenced his march."

Such was the character of the Indian aggression on the route to New Mexico. The violence was, however, confined to the Camanches, and to a small portion of the Arrapahoes, and the band of Pawnees south of the Platte. This violence the United States government took effectual measures to quell, by placing a competent force under command of Colonel Gilpin, who had signally distinguished himself with Doniphan, in Chihuahua.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE TRIBES WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

By treaties concluded by the agents of the United States government at different periods, nearly all of the Indian tribes have been induced to remove west of the Mississippi. Those who remain in the haunts of their fathers are chiefly converts to Christianity, and in a half civilized state. Many of the tribes have dwindled into insignificance, yet the few who remain are proud to maintain their distinctive appellation, and support the independence of their old clan.

The most powerful and numerous tribes in the northwest are the Sioux, or Dacotahs, the Blackfeet, Crows, and Pawnees. A few of the celebrated Delaware tribe still remain, and are a source of terror to their numerous enemies. The Blackfeet Indians occupy the whole of the country about the sources of the Missouri, from the mouth of the Yellow Stone to the Rocky Mountains. Their number is between forty and fifty thousand, and their general bearing is warlike and ferocious. Their enemies are numerous, yet they maintain their ascendancy. The Crows are a much smaller tribe than the Blackfeet, with whom they are always at war. They are fearless warriors, and seek their enemies wherever they are to be found. In number they are about six thousand. The following is an account of one of their battles with the Blackfeet Indians.

### FIGHT BETWEEN THE CROW AND THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.

In June, 1845, a party of about seven hundred Crow Indians were driven from their own country by the Sioux, to the vicinity of Fort F. A. C., near the Falls of the Missouri. On the 17th they encountered a small party of Blackfeet warriors, whom they immediately attacked. Notwithstanding the great disparity in numbers, the battle was fierce and bloody. Twenty-two of the Blackfeet were killed, and one hundred women and children carried away, together with three hundred horses. At this moment they beheld the main body of their party approaching; the battle was renewed with terrible fury, and the Crows, though superior in number, were in their turn driven back. They retreated to a strongly fortified spot, carrying with them the horses and goods. Most of the prisoners escaped. The Blackfeet made several desperate charges, but were finally obliged to retire. About a dozen of their number were killed and many more wounded.

At the time of this battle the Blackfeet tribe were west of the Rocky Mountains, near the head waters of the Columbia, whither it is their practice to retire every spring. Those attacked by the Crows were, consequently, only an advanced party which crossed the mountains earlier than usual. The Crows had themselves been driven into the neighborhood where the fight occurred by the Sioux who were out in great force against them. At other times when the Blackfeet are absent they usually visit that section of country. About a fortnight before the fight, a small party of the Blackfeet had attacked the guard at Fort F. A. C., (the trading post of the American Fur Company,) killed one man, and seriously wounded another, and stole thirty horses. The whole affair will serve to show the dangers to which the western settlers are exposed, as well as the condition of constant war and ferment in which the Indians of the Great West are still engaged.

The Sioux or Dacotahs, are equal in numbers to the Blackfeet. They can bring about ten thousand warriors into the field, well mounted and armed. This tribe take vast numbers of the wild horses on the plains towards the Rocky mountains, and many of them have been supplied with guns; but the greater part of them hunt with bows and arrows, and long lances, killing their game from their horses' back while at full speed. The name Sioux was given to them by the French traders; their name in their own language is Dacotah. Their personal appearance is very fine and prepossessing, at least one half of their warriors being above six feet high. They occupy such a vast tract of country, that they are necessarily divided into forty

bands, each having a chief, who all acknowledge one superior The Sioux are nearly always at war with the neighboring tribes, and their numbers enable them generally to triumph.

The Pawnees are a very powerful and warlike nation, living on the river Platte, about one hundred miles from its junction with the Missouri; laying claim to, and exercising sway over the whole country, from its mouth to the base of the Rocky Mountains. In 1832, this tribe numbered about twenty thousand persons. But the small pox and their many wars have reduced them one half. The small pox almost annihilated several other tribes who are now living under the sway of the Pawnees. The Pawnees are considerably fiercer and more distrustful than most of the other tribes. They are divided into four bands, distinguished by the names—Grand Pawnees, Tappage Pawnees, Republican Pawnees and Wolf Pawnees. Human sacrifices used to be common among this people, but they have of late been abandoned, in consequence of the influence of the white traders.

The Flatheads are a very numerous people inhabiting the shores of the Columbia river, and the country lying southeast of it. They are mostly obliged to live on roots and fish, in consequence of the general sterility of their country, and the paucity of game. They are poor and miserably clad, and in no respect equal to the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, where game is plentiful. The people generally denominated Flatheads are divided into a great many bands; and, although they have undoubtedly derived their name from the custom of flattening the head, yet there are but very few of those so denominated who actually practice that extraordinary custom. The process is seemingly a cruel one, though it is performed in earliest infancy while the bones are cartilaginous and easily pressed into any shape. The infant is put into a sort of a cradle, soon after its birth, and a board fastened upon the head in the required position, and it is kept in this situation for six or seven weeks. The custom, like many others in civilized society, is without reason, and it is impossible to obtain one from the Indians themselves. Catlin traces the same custom among the old Choctaws, and attempts to prove that these tribes, though separated so widely at present, were once neighbors. The Indians on the Columbia River are noted for their kindness and hospitality.

The Sacs and Foxes are generally united; but were originally distinct tribes. They inhabit the country directly west of the Mississippi, which is now included in the State of Wisconsin. The famous Black Hawk was a chief of the Sacs, who have ever been a daring, warlike tribe. They number about five thousand persons. War parties often proceed against the powerful Sioux, making up in activity and skill what they lack in strength

Catlin gives an account of a singular custom prevalent in this tribe.

*Smoking Horses* is a peculiar and very curious custom of this tribe. When General Street and I arrived at Kee-o-kuk's village, we were just in time to see this amusing scene, on the prairie, a little back of his village. The Foxes who were making up a war party to go against the Sioux, and had not suitable horses enough by twenty, had sent word to the Sacs, the day before (according to an ancient custom,) that they were coming on that day, at a certain hour, to "smoke" that number of horses, and they must not fail to have them ready. On that day, and at that hour, the twenty young men who were beggars for horses, were on the spot, and seated themselves on the ground in a circle, where they went to smoking. The villagers flocked around them in a dense crowd, and soon after appeared on the prairie, at half a mile distance, an equal number of young men of the Sac tribe, who had agreed, each to give a horse, and who were then galloping them about at full speed; and, gradually, as they went around in a circuit, coming in nearer to the centre, until they were at last close around the ring of young fellows seated on the ground. While dashing about this, each one with a heavy whip in his hand, as he came within reach of the group on the ground, selected the one to whom he decided to present his horse, and as he passed him, gave him the most tremendous cut with his lash, over his naked shoulders; and as he darted around again he plied the whip as before, and again, and again, with a violent "crack!" until the blood could be seen trickling down over his naked shoulders, upon which he instantly dismounted, and placed the bridle and whip in his hands, saying, "here, you are a beggar—I present you a horse, but you will carry my mark on your back." In this manner, they were all in a little time "*whipped up*," and each had a good horse to ride home, and into battle. His necessity was such, that he could afford to take the stripes and the scars as the price of the horse, and the giver could afford to make the present for the satisfaction of putting his mark upon the other, and of boasting of his liberality, which he has always a right to do, when going into the dance, or on other important occasions.

*The Begging Dance* is a frequent amusement, and one that has been practiced with some considerable success at this time, while there have been so many distingushed and liberal visitors here. It is got up by a number of desperate and long-winded fellows who will dance and yell their visitors into liberality; or, if necessary, laugh them into it, by their strange antics, singing a song of importunity, and extending their hands for presents,

which they allege are to gladden the hearts of the poor, and ensure a blessing to the giver.

The Sacs and Foxes, like all other Indians, are fond of living along the banks of rivers and streams; and like all others, are expert smimmers and skilful canoemen.

Their canoes, like those of the Sioux and many other tribes, are dug out from a log, and generally made extremely light; and they dart them through the coves and along the shores of the rivers, with astonishing quickness. I was often amused at their freaks in their canoes, while travelling; and I was induced to make a sketch of one which I frequently witnessed, that of sailing with the aid of their blankets, which the men carry; and when the wind is fair, stand in the bow of the canoe and hold by two corners, with the other two under the foot or tied to the leg; while the women sit in the other end of the canoe, and steer it with their paddles.

The large and powerful tribes—the Choctaws, Cherokees and Creeks, who emigrated from the southern states to the western territory, have ceased to be warlike, and now, thanks to the labors of many Christians, cultivate the arts and enjoyments of peace. They increase in number, and bid fair to become very good citizens of the States, soon to be formed in that country.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MINNESOTA INDIAN MASSACRE.

By a treaty made, at Washington, in 1837, with the various tribes of Sioux, the U. S. government obtained a title to a large portion of land within the present State of Wisconsin and all of Minnesota, on the east side of the Mississippi. In 1849 the territorial government of Minnesota was organized, and immigration flowed thither so rapidly, and extended so widely, that, in 1851, the government was obliged to secure—as it did by the treaties made at Mendota and at Traverse des Sioux—the possession of all the country in the State of Iowa, and in the territory of Minnesota, up to the present western boundary of the State. By these treaties the Indians were assigned to two large reservations on the upper Minnesota near the Yellow Medicine and Hawk Rivers; and provision was made for a large annuity fund amounting to more than three millions of dollars. Upon the ratification of these treaties, in 1853, the Indians removed to their new homes, locating their villages on the Minnesota near the mouths of the Red Wood and Yellow Medicine Rivers, and at Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse—at which places, also, were located the government warehouses, residences of the agent and employees of the government and various machine shops required by treaty stipulations. On the new frontier thus established was erected a military post, called Fort Ridgely, on the north side of the Minnesota, twelve miles from the agency. Immigration set in with wonderful rapidity; in 1858 another treaty was made by which the Indians relinquished their claims to that half of their reservation on the north side of the Minnesota, at a stipulated price per acre—and provision was made for a "civilization fund," to be taken from their annuities and expended in improvements on the lands of such as should abandon their wild ways and adopt the habits and modes of life of the white race—they being also paid for their labor, and allowed to retain their crops. The number of those who availed themselves of these very liberal provisions augmented rapidly, until four years after, there were some one hundred and sixty who had become farmers, had farms opened and dwellings erected, many of which were of brick. Among these "farmer Indians" was "Little Crow," the leader of the Sioux, and many of his warriors; but to the "blanket Indians," as those were called who refused to adopt civilized modes of life, the subtraction from the general fund, of the money necessary to carry out this plan, was extremely distasteful. Another cause of irritation, also, arose out of the massacre at Spirit Lake, in 1857, of forty-seven whites, by

a roving, outlawed Indian, named Inkpaduta, and eleven thieving followers. The U. S. government demanded that the Sioux, under Little Crow, should deliver up the culprits, and withheld the installment of annuities due them, until the demand should be complied with. The Sioux disclaimed any connection with, or responsibility for the Inkpaduta band; finally made an unwilling and inefficient chase after them, in which three of the murderers were killed, and then assumed such a defiant attitude that the government yielded to their demand and paid them their annuities, without any further attempt to bring to justice the balance of the miscreants who had escaped Little Crow's warriors. It was a grave error—for the Indians misconstrued it as weakness on the part of the whites, and from that moment Little Crow evidently began to agitate a scheme for driving the whites from the State of Minnesota.

Circumstances favorable to his plan began to develope. The United States were on the eve of a Civil Rebellion—soon that war-cloud burst upon the nation. The Indian tribes of Choctaws, Chickasees, and Cherokees, occupying lands in the southwestern part of the Union, within the limits of the Southern Superintendency, were in charge of agents who sympathized with the new Confederate Government of the Southern States; and, after the inauguration of the new (Lincoln) administration, the new appointees were unable, in the confused state of public affairs, to reach their posts, or to hold any intercourse with the tribes under their charge. The defecting officials instigated these Indians to acts of hostility, as well as to joining the Confederate cause, and, indeed, claimed to exercise the same authority as before, under a commission from the Southern Confederacy. By their misrepresentations they partly succeeded in inducing a portion of the Indians to renounce the authority of the United States for that of the Confederate Government; two delegates from the Choctaws were allowed (by treaty) to sit in the Confederate Congress; while two regiments were raised and put in service in the Confederate army, and a third was organized in 1861. Lack of authentic information relative to the purposes of the new administration; the surrender of the United States military posts in their neighborhood; the withdrawal of Federal troops; and the fact that they themselves were slaveholders, all tended to give weight to the subtile influences and arguments which were brought to bear upon them by the Southern emissaries—and the Chickasaws, then the Choctaws, and lastly the Cherokees (despite the firm and loyal attitude and efforts of their renowned leader, John Ross) yielded—and transferred their allegiance from the Northern to the Southern Republic. The Oregon tribes were, also, similarly affected by the same influences; and the contagion spread through the Sioux tribes of Minnesota—conspiring, with influences which we have heretofore detailed, to render them ripe for an outbreak of savage violence.

The summer of 1862 brought, at last, the opportune moment. Only thirty soldiers were at Fort Ridgely, thirty at Fort Ripley, and one company at Fort Abercrombie—while the whole

effective force for the defence of the entire frontier did not exceed two hundred. The annuity money was daily expected, and, except about one hundred men at Yellow Medicine, no troops had been detailed, as usual, to guard the expected payment. The Indians knew that the whites were weak, that they were engaged in a great war among themselves, that their attention was turned toward the South. Little Crow, fertile in expedients and strategy, knew that this was the golden moment for his ambitious scheme—and called a grand Indian Council, or "Soldiers' Lodge," at his village, near the Lower Agency. At this secret council, held August 3rd, were matured the details of a conspiracy which, for atrocity, has seldom been equalled on the pages of history. On Sunday, the 18th of August, 1862, Little Crow, Inkpaduta, and Little Priest attended Church at the Lower Agency, seeming to listen attentively to the preaching of the missionaries; and in the afternoon of the same day the "Soldiers' Lodge" attended an Indian Council at Rice Creek, sixteen miles off. Little Crow presided, and it was then and there decreed, that a general massacre of all white men was to commence at the Agency, on the following morning, and at as many other points, simultaneously, as could be reached by the dawn of day, radiating from that point as centre. The advantage gained by the suddenness of the attack, and the panic that would result, was to be followed up by the taking and destruction of Fort Ridgely, both the Agencies, New Ulm, Mankato, St. Peters, and all the river towns, the devastation of the whole country, and the driving of all the whites, who were left alive, beyond the Mississippi River and out of the Valley of the Minnesota. The first blow, however, fell at Acton, Meeker Co., on the afternoon of this Sunday, (17th,) and four persons were wantonly murdered. On the next, the fatal Monday morning, the attack was made at the Lower Agency. From house to house the torch soon followed the hatchet; the flames enveloped alike the dead, dying and wounded. A few escaped through back doors, over fields, down the side of the bluff to the river—those fortunate enough to get over by the ferry, or otherwise, hastened with utmost speed to Ford Ridgely. Others hid among the bushes, in hollow logs or holes, behind stumps, or in the water. Maddened with unresisted success—for not a shot, not a blow had yet been aimed at them—with fiendish yells the Indians followed or sought new victims among yet unsuspecting settlers. Those that escaped spread the alarm. As they heard it, people fled precipitately, scarce knowing whither they went. After them followed the Indians through the entire line of settlements, over a frontier of hundreds of miles, committing such barbarities as could scarce be exceeded if all hell were turned loose. They overtook various fugitive parties, killed all the men and children, and led away the young women and girls for fates worse than death. As soon as the first refugees reached the fort, and communicated the tidings, a handful of soldiers—a part of a company—were sent out under Captain March "to quell the disturbance." With utmost speed, in Government mule-wagons, they started for the Lower Agency, passing numbers who

were escaping from the scene of carnage ; seeing mangled bodies and blazing or smouldering houses, but not a single Indian. Finding the ferry unoccupied, Captain Marsh left twenty of his men to guard it, and with about forty took a raft and commenced to cross. Midway of the stream, amid deafening yells, a raking volley was poured into them from all sides by lurking Indians. Not a soul on board that raft escaped. The guard on shore retreated, firing behind them as they went—but half of their number fell before reaching the fort. Those who fell by the roadside were stripped, hacked and mutilated. The refugees from the settlement kept pouring into the fort, bringing with them marks and incidents of horror innumerable. The fort was crowded to its last available inch—the stock of provisions was limited, the amount of ammunition small. The loss of Capt. Marsh's Company had left thirty soldiers, eleven half-breeds and one twenty-five and another six-pound howitzer—as a defence for five hundred women and children. And then followed a five days terrible seige of the fort, during which the Indians tried every means of defiance, attack, fire and intrigue to gain possession of it and its trembling sufferers—who were entirely cut off from all communication with their friends, or hopes of succor. Meanwhile—war-parties, slaughtering, plundering, and burning traversed the whole surrounding country, rehearsing the bloody scenes of the Lower Agency. At the Upper or Yellow Medicine Agency, the same tragic history was being enacted. A large party of forty, mostly women and children escaped by wagons—and, with smaller parties, were followed hotly by the Indians, but a thunder-shower fortunately came up, obliterating their tracks, and at the same time saving the fort from a conflagration caused by the Indians who were besieging it. Approaching the fort, after a four days' journey, full of privations and horrors, they were amazed to find it besieged by the Indians, and turned off towards Henderson and St. Peters, which they ultimately reached in safety. Meanwhile, on August 23rd, the savages, despairing of taking the fort commenced to transfer their main attack to New Ulm. Fiercely the battle raged in the streets of that village during the day—for the settlers made a brave defence—but the Indians succeeded in firing the stores, mills, warehouses, barns, stacks of hay, &c.. and all seemed lost; when, toward evening, Judge Flandrau providentially arrived with hastily gathered reinforcements from St. Peter—charged with his mounted men upon the Indians and after a brisk fight routed them and entered the village, but not until carnage and destruction had completely ruined it. Hastily burying the dead, and putting the wounded into wagons, the surviving inhabitants prepared to evacuate the village, and the next day—after seeing sights that chilled the strongest hearts, they started for St. Peter—leaving their home in possession of the Judge's troops, who were soon reinforced by a detachment of Col. Sibley's men. The entire country, from Fort Ridgely, New Ulm and the Norwegian Grove, almost to St. Paul, was completely panic-stricken. Harvests, homes, everything was abandoned in the medley race for St. Peter and St. Paul, whose streets were glutted with the wagons and temporary shelter

of refugees from even within ten miles around—while the wave of massacre had not approached within a hundred miles of the latter place. Two days of murder, a week of fighting and burning and alarm—and a population of thirty thousand scattered over some eighteen counties in the western border of the State were rushing in dismay from the terrors of savage warfare—and the panic, almost depopulating the neighboring Territory of Dakota, reached even farther Eastward. Over two thousand whites were killed, and over two millions worth of property destroyed. We have already mentioned the rescue of New Ulm by Judge Flandrau's command—the tide had now turned—another force of volunteers from St. Peter relieved the besieged Fort Ridgely, and St. Peter, itself in danger from the alacrity with which it had sent forth help to its beleagured neighbors, was set at comparative rest by the arrival of Col. Sibley with fourteen hundred men—and attention was promptly given to the organization of proper means for feeding and caring for the thousands of fugitives who had thus suddenly been thrown upon their hands. In this good work, every part of the Union liberally shared. Then followed the pursuit of the Indians by Col. Sibley's command, which reached Fort Ridgely, Aug. 28th, afterwards reinforced by other detachments—and many companies of mounted citizens were organized throughout the State and sent to different endangered points. A severe battle occurred at Brick Coolie, Sept. 1st, with a heavy loss to the troops, but with the result of defeating the savages, and the undoubted saving of the towns of Mankato and St. Peter. Little Crow's band now retreated up the valley of the Minnesota, and was hotly followed by Col. Sibley's force, now increased by the 3rd regiment of Minnesota volunteers, lately returned from Tennessee, as paroled prisoners. On the morning of Sept. 23d, this force was attacked, while in camp at Wood Lake, near Yellow Medicine by about three hundred Indians. A desperate and well-contested fight ensued, ending in the complete discomfiture of the savages—whose leader, Little Crow, now lost all hope in the success of his cherished plans. His warriors were disheartened—many of his chiefs were in open rebellion against his scheme of war upon the whites—and on the same day of the battle of Wood Creek, a flag of truce came to Col. Sibley, from the Indian camp, sueing for peace. As the result of this surrender, and of the unintermitting pursuit which was kept up by the white troops, under Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Sibley, until the 1st of November, 1862, over fifteen hundred Indians, who had been directly or indirectly engaged in the massacres, were taken prisoners, and over three hundred white prisoners released from their hands. After a long and careful trial by a military commission, three hundred and three of the miscreant Indians were commended to the General Goverment for capital punishment, and were closely confined at Camp Lincoln, between Mankato and South Bend, in the Minnesota River. Thirty-eight of these were subsequently hung (Dec. 5, 1862) together, at Camp Lincoln—the remainder, thanks to a mistaken public sympathy brought to bear upon the Government, were pardoned. Meanwhile all ex-

isting treaties made with these Indians, were declared by Congress as annulled; and a portion of the annuities due them was appropriated to indemnify the white sufferers by the war. They were, also, removed from the limits of Minnesota in May, 1863, to the upper Missouri, above Fort Randall. A few lodges of fugitive Indians committed several unprovoked murders and defied the troops sent after them—but no general panic ensued—and the campaign of 1863, planned by Gen. Pope and conducted during that and the succeeding year by Gens. Sibley and Sully, had the effect of transferring the war into the Dacotah territory beyond Missouri River. Little Crow himself was finally shot, July 3d, 1863, at Scattered Lake, near Hutchinson. He was a man of great ability, cunning and ambition—and an eloquent speaker.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### GENERAL HISTORY OF THE WESTERN INDIAN TRIBES SINCE 1851.

Up to 1851, the immense uninhabited plains east of the Rocky Mountains were admitted to be Indian territory, and numerous savage tribes roamed from Texas and Mexico to the Northern boundary of the United States. Then came the discovery of gold in California, drawing a tide of emigration across this wide reservation, and it became necessary, by treaty with the Indians, to secure a broad highway to the Pacific shore. By these treaties the savages were restricted to certain limits, but with the privilege of ranging, for hunting purposes, over the belt thus reserved as a route of travel. The United States, also, agreed to pay the Indians $50,000 per annum, for fifteen years, in consideration of this right. The boundaries assigned, by these treaties to the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, included the greater part of the present Colorado Territory, while the Sioux and Crows were to occupy the land of the Powder River route. After a few years gold was discovered in Colorado, upon the Indian reservation, settlers poured in, and, after the lands were mostly taken up by them, another treaty was made, February 18th, 1861, to secure them in peaceful possession. By this compact the Indians relinquished a large tract of land, and agreed to confine themselves to a small district upon both sides of the Arkansas river and along the northern boundary of New Mexico; while the United States was to furnish them protection; pay an annuity of $30,000 to each tribe for fifteen years, and provide stock and agricultural implements for those who desired to adopt civilized modes of life. Until April, 1864, no disturbances had occurred between these Indians and the white settlers of Colorado; but, in that summer, complaints were made of Indian depredations and robberies and Col. Chivington, in command at Denver, allowed a subordinate officer to pursue the savages; the Cheyenne Village, of Cedar Bluffs, was attacked and twenty-six Indians killed and thirty wounded. Petty hostilities followed during the summer, but the Indians professed a desire for peace, and applied to Major Wynkoop, the commandant at Fort Lyon, to negotiate in their behalf for peace. With this design, and by his command, they collected to the number of five-hundred men, women and children about the fort, and were assured of safety—but while there, were attacked by Col. Chivington and slaughtered without mercy. This disgraceful butchery, known as the Sand Creek Massacre, of Nov. 29th, 1864, was followed by a war, which drew

off eight-thousand men from the war then waging in the United States, and consumed $30,000,000 of money—with the pitiful result of only killing fifteen or twenty Indians during the entire campaign. Other means failing to restore peace, commissioners were appointed to negotiate a treaty; and, in October 1865, one was effected with the chiefs of the Cheyennes, Arrahapoes and other neighboring tribes, by which they relinquished their reservation in Arkansas for one in Kansas, with privilege of hunting over their old grounds. As amended, during its ratification by the Senate, this treaty excluded these tribes from the State of Kansas, leaving them in reality nothing but hunting privileges in the unsettled plains—but despite this, the Indians faithfully kept their treaty stipulations through the year 1866.

During the fifteen years for which annuities had been promised them, by the treaty of 1851, the Sioux and Crows, to the north of the great line of overland travel were immolested by the whites; but the Crows had been driven into Montana, by the Sioux, and the latter now inhabited the whole section originally assigned to both nations. The territory to the South had become populous with emigration, which was crowding towards them, also, from the east, when rumors of rich mines in Montana set the fatal stream of white men across their lands, narrowing down their hunting grounds to the valley of Powder River; their annuity from the United States had ceased, and their prospects of subsistence became more precarious. At this juncture several military posts were erected along a new route of travel to Montana, and Forts Reno, Phil, Kearny and C. F. Smith were garrisoned. The Indians protested, then resisted and war raged again during the summer and fall of 1866, culminating in the massacre of a detachment of soldiers at Fort Phil. Kearny, Dec. 21st. As, with these Sioux, these was a Cheyenne tribe connected with the Cheyennes in the South, apprehensions were felt that war would be kindled along the line of the Union P. R. R; and orders were issued forbidding the sale of arms and ammunition to the Indians around Omaha. This only fanned the excitement—the Sioux and Cheyennes refused to listen to any propositions for peace until troops were withdrawn—and the Cheyennes, Arrahapoes and kindred tribes of Kiowas, Apaches, etc., still brooded over the affair at Sand Creek, and muttered ominously of a general war in the Spring.

The United States forces at this time in the Indian territories were under command of Lieut. Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, of the Military Division of Missouri—which was divided into three Departments; viz, Dakotah, (north) under Gen. A. H. Terry; Platte, (middle,) under Gen. C. C. Augur, and Missouri, (south) under Gen. W. S. Hancock. In the northern district were about eighteen hundred warriors, Cheyennes, Arrahapoes and other tribes; and in the south some five hundred Arrahapoes and South Cheyenne warriors. During the winter of 1866, surveying parties on the U. P. R. R. were warned to stop; depredations were committed on stage and express lines, and several murders and personal outrages took place. Early, therefore, in the Spring of 1867, Gen. Hancock determined upon

an expedition to the tribes in the South, to hold councils and ascertain the state of feeling among them. He set out with fifteen hundred troops, reached Fort Larned, April 7th, and on 13th] went to Pawnee Fork to meet a large body of Cheyennes (one thousand or fifteen hundred) encamped at a village there. He was met by the chiefs, who begged him not to approach nearer, as the women and children were afraid of another Sand Creek affair. He persisted, however, and on his approach, the village was abandoned—the fleeing Indians capturing and destroying several stations, stealing property &c. Hearing of these outrages, Gen. Hancock ordered the burning of their village, of some three hundred lodges, and destroyed property to the amount of $100,000. He then turned west, and hearing of Indian depredations on the Smoky Hill route on P. R. R., sent Gen. Custer with four hundred men that way. Custer met Pawnee Killer, the leader of the hostile bands of that section, but failed to effect any negotiations for peace; depredations on ranches, mail stations and even on forts were kept up—so that he found himself compelled to keep on the offensive, and had several slight skirmishes (wherever he could force the Indians to a fight) on the route to Fort Wallace, near which station, a wagon-train was fiercely attacked by five hundred Indians (June 26th,) and finally got off with a loss of twelve men. Gen. Custer was soon after recalled from his reconnaisance—as, also, was Gen. Hancock (whose expedition produced no very definite results) who was sent to New Orleans, his place being filled by Gen. Sheridan:

The burning of Pawnee Fork village, had greatly exasperated the Indians, and their depredations, during the summer of 1867, much retarded operations on the P. R. R; travel being quite dangerous. Early in August, a freight train from Omaha (in Nebraska) was thrown off the track near Plum Creek station by impediments placed there by Indians; all on board, but one, murdered and cars and merchandise set on fire. Gen. Custer promptly sent a small detachment of troops to the scene, and, on August 16th, they fell in with five-hundred Sioux, whom they engaged and defeated with the aid of some friendly Pawnees—killing about fifty of them.

The greater portion of Gen. Augur's force (two thousand), had been sent to reconnoitre about the sources of the Powder and Yellowstone Rivers. On the 2nd of August, near Fort Phil. Kearney, a body of wood-cutters, with an escort of fifty soldiers, and about the same number of citizens, were set upon by a large body of Indians, and a terrible fight ensued, until relief came in the shape of two companies of federal troops and a howitzer, when the savages were driven off with a loss of fifty or sixty killed and a larger number wounded. Other slight affairs followed—but military measures failed, and as Gen. Sherman said "fifty Indians could checkmate three thousand soldiers," and by his recommendation, a commission, composed of civilians and military men, was appointed by act of Congress, March 29th, to examine into and remove the causes of war; to secure, if possible, the safety of the frontier settlements, and of operations in the con-

struction of the Pacific Railroads, and to suggest and inaugurate some plan for the civilization of the Indians. The commission entered vigorously upon their duties, but the rest of the year was spent in fruitless endeavors to bring the Indian tribes to any general understanding—Red Cloud, the principal chief of the Sioux persistently refusing to listen to any peace propositions—saying that war would cease whenever the troops should be withdrawn from the Powder River trail, and their hunting grounds left free to them again. The Commissioners having no power to do this, urged a truce, and another meeting during next summer and autumn, and this was finally reluctantly agreed to. These efforts towards peace were resumed and continued through the spring and summer of 1868, resulting finally in an agreement with the Indians to keep peace with the subjects and authority of the United States; to allow themselves to be removed to reservations of land secured to their exclusive use and occupation by our Government, who undertook to bear the expenses of removing, and to furnish means of education and civilization, agricultural implements, cattle, seeds, &c., until they got a fair start. The reservations to which they were assigned, were—first, the region north of the State of Nebraska and west of the Missouri river; and secondly, a wide tract west of the State of Arkansas and South of Kansas. Their old lands were sold to the P. R. R. Co. The river-route to Montana, through the best hunting grounds of the Sioux, (having been superseded by the Union Pacific R. R. to west of the Black Hills —a better route) was abandoned to the Indians; the military posts withdrawn, and the savages thus far conciliated. Although Gen. Sherman, commanding the Military Division of the Missouri, adopted all proper measures for maintaining peace, there was yet, much discontent and sullenness among the Indians. Delays had occurred in receiving supplies and stores; white settlers were pushing into the borders in search for gold, and to lay out lines of travel, and in Kansas and Colorado, during the months of August and September, Indian outrages became of almost daily occurrence. Gen. Sheridan, in command of this department, had, after garrisoning the various posts along the line of the U. P. R. R. & Denver stage routes, about eight hundred available men for active operations against the Indians, who could bring into the field six thousand well mounted and equipped warriors. He, therefore, determined to commence a vigorous compaign against them, and the first engagement of consequence took place at Arrickarey Fork, Sept. 17th, 1868, when Col. Forsyth and his scouts were attacked by about seven hundred Indians, whom he defeated, killing thirty-five of them, and wounding many others, while his own loss was only four killed and eighteen wounded. The little band kept their position for several days, living on horse flesh, until relieved from Fort Wallace. Then troops were sent from the other departments, volunteer companies from Kansas were accepted; and the war was vigorously pushed—but it was difficult to bring the Indians to a fair stand. Oct. 18th, Gen Carr, following a trail, was attacked by four hundred savages, and repulsed them after a six hours' fight. On the 27th of November, on the Washita, Gen.

Custer, scouting after hostile Indians, fell in with the trail of a Cheyenne band under Black Kettle, followed them to their camp, of fifty lodges, which he attacked, after a desperate struggle—captured and destroyed it; killed the chief and about one hundred and forty of his warriors, and captured fifty-three women and children, besides a large stock of arms, ammunition, robes, etc. On Christmas day, the destruction of Camanche Village, by Col. Evans, as Gen. Sherman says: "gave the final blow to the backbone of the Indian rebellion." On the last day of 1868, twenty-eight chief fighting men of the Arrahapoes and Cheyennes came on foot to Gen. Sherman's head-quarters, begging for peace and permission for their people to come in. They set no terms, but simply wished protection from the troops on the route, and food—for they said: "the tribes were mourning for their losses, the people were starving, the dogs were all eaten up—and no buffalo."

In 1868, the Indians within the jurisdiction of the United States (except those in Alaska) were estimated at three hundred thousand, and were rapidly diminishing. The former policy of the Government in dealing with them has been denounced, on all sides, as mistaken in principle and inefficient in detail—and Gen. Sherman strongly advocated the turning over of Indian affairs from the Department of the Interior to the War Department. The new policy which the Government—under the pressure of public opinon—seems to be willing to adopt, designs, primarily to locate the Indians upon fixed reservations, so that settlers and pioneers may be freed from the terrors of wandering hostile tribes; and, secondly, an earnest effort for their civilization, so that they may themselves become elevated in the scale of humanity, and our obligations to them as fellow men be discharged. To this end, the aid of the Society of Friends has been invoked, many of the tribes being in charge of members of that society; both as superintendents and agents, and as advisers and guardians of the operations of the Indian Bureau, in the establishing of peaceful relations with the Indians.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE END OF THE FLORIDA WAR.—THE FATE OF THE SEMINOLES.

The close of the troubles with the Florida Indians resulted in their removal to a reservation almost within the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. The tribe, the Seminoles, lost much of their prestige, and became discouraged upon the death of Osceola. The last battle of those terrible swamp skirmishes could be called by the legitimate term of regular pitched battles and occurred December 8th, 1842. The first conflict occurred on the 19th of July, 1835. This second war followed closely upon the treaty which was supposed to have removed beyond any possibility the chance of another outbreak. But only with his total extinction will the Indian forget a wrong either fancied or real. They still brooded over their fancied wrongs. For them, as is told of those who wanted opportunity, the opportunity was made. A settler, newly arrived, and who had located near one of the largest of the Seminole towns, lost two or three of his horses, and entertaining the idea that the Indians were naturally thieves, at once proceeded to the nearest military post and made complaint with such additions and exaggerations to his story as he thought necessary to insure a prompt reprisal and rescue of his property from the depredators. This fermented the ill-feeling of the Indians, who in reality had not taken the horses, for they were afterwards found in a swamp some miles away from their owner's house, whither they had strayed. One night the settler's house was fired by a band of about thirty Indians, his wife murdered, and he himself escaping by the merest chance from a similar fate. Thus began a conflict fiercer than any that had preceded it, and which lasted nearly twelve years. There were truces proclaimed, conferences ensued between appointed representatives of our Government and the warriors of the Seminoles, but they invariably resulted in failure.

Osceola being dead, the Seminole Nation lost its ruler. Brave, a skillful fighter, always keenly observant of his advantages, and being almost idolized by his people, it cannot be wondered at that with his departure to the happy hunting grounds, his death song should also sound to his mourning tribe as the requiem of their own existence as a nation.

Their transposition from Florida to their Western Reservation relieved the Government of maintaining expensive military posts in the South, and gave fresh impetus to the settlements of that

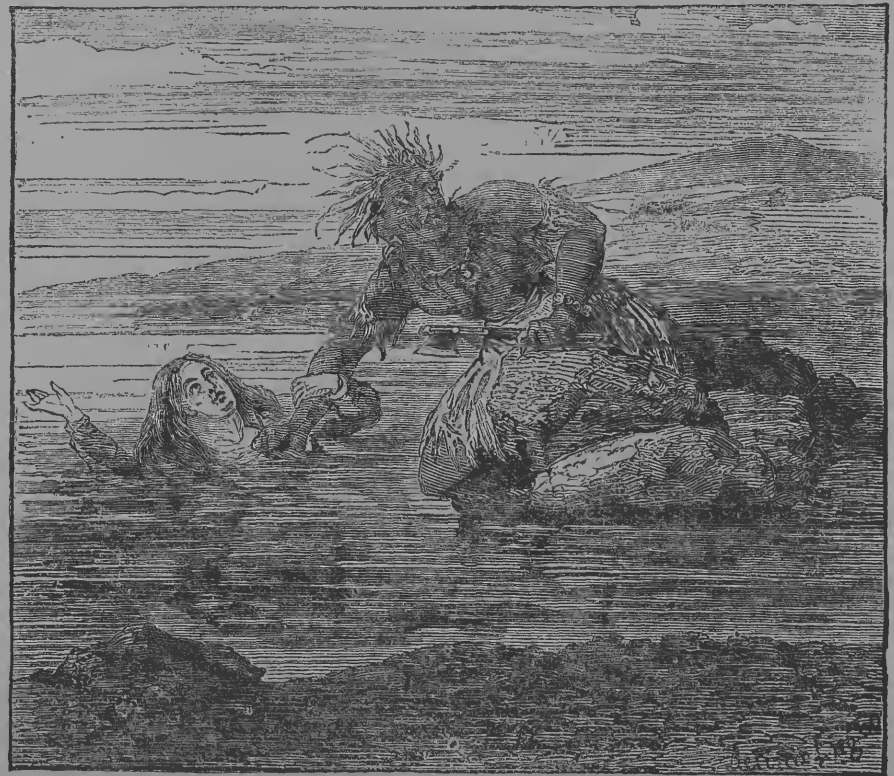
State. Among the warriors of the tribe Billy Bowlegs became somewhat famous. Although by no means possessing the genius and administrative abilities of Osceola, he nevertheless commanded the respect of his people in an eminent degree. Of his history but little is known, save that his father was a great warrior, who, in his prime, was killed in a foray upon the borders of Georgia and Alabama.

Billy Bowlegs was of a fierce, unrelenting disposition, and was lacking in that degree of humanity which, with all his rage against the whites, marked the character of Osceola. Compared with Black Hawk and Phillip of Massasoit, however, neither of these notable warriors of the Seminole tribe were equal in point of ability or greatness of soul.

Bowlegs visited Washington soon after peace was declared, and was received by the President and other officials with great kindliness. His reception and the exhibition to him of our power as a nation, both in the acts of peace and of war, produced a marked change in his mind. He had not before fully comprehended the extent of our population, nor had he placed any confidence in the reports brought to him in his native fastnesses of the military strength of the foe he had so persistently attempted to drive from his sight. He learned by what he saw how futile would be the further efforts of the remnant of his tribe, once the most powerful and warlike in the South, to cope with the standard bearers of civilization, and in taking his farewell of the President, he so expressed himself. After a brief visit to New York and other cities of the seaboard, he returned to his warriors, and joined them in their sorrowful march toward the setting sun.

It is somewhat significant, if the assumption of a celebrated historical writer be true, that the continent was first habited by Nomadic tribes from the Eastern Hemisphere, that, as then as they increased in numbers they traveled eastward toward sunrise, now, in their decline, they should be slowly driven to the westward toward sun set, thus closing their day of existence in darkness.

There are now left in Florida, however, a few, not over one hundred, of the Seminoles, who are descendants of those who once ruled the territory. These have embraced a civilized life, and in the main one exceedingly peaceful and industrious, most of them being engaged in agricultural pursuits. The women employing their time in the manufacture of bead goods, ornamental and useful, quantities of which are sent northward.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ILLINOIS INDIANS—THEIR LAST ASSEMBLAGE ON THE PRESENT SITE OF CHICAGO—THEIR WAR DANCE.

Some years ago there was deposited in the Archives of the "Historical Society" of Chicago a record in reference to the history of the Illinois Indians, a portion of which is interesting as connected with this matter. It was deposited by Judge Caton, who became a citizen of Chicago thirty-nine years ago, when the whole country was occupied as the hunting grounds of the Pottowattomie tribe. Their chief, Shabboni, died in 1849, the only remnant of this once powerful tribe. Of him it could be truthfully said he was the last of his race.

Comparatively not long since the surrounding country was mainly occupied by the Illinois tribe, an important people, ranging from the Wabash River to the Mississippi, and from the Ohio to Lake Superior. They lived mostly in Northern Illinois, centering in La Salle county. Then near Utica stood the largest town ever constructed by Northern Indians, and their great cemeteries attest the extent of the populous hordes of savages who roamed the forests and prairies at will. La Salle, the Pioneer, discovered them before the great Irroquois Confederation had reached them, after their battle-fields had strewn their victims all along from the Atlantic Coast to the Wabash and from the lakes, and even north of them to the Alleghanies and the Ohio. The Irroquois (or six nations), with a great slaughter, defeated this hitherto invincible people, laid waste their great city, and scattered them in broken bands over their wide domain. They never recovered from this blow. For a century they struggled, but were finally exterminated by the Pottowattomies and Ottawas at Starved Rock, on the Illinois River.

The death of the chief of the Ottawas, Pontiac, occurred in 1766. To this day some of the effects of his rule are remembered by the tribes which still existing, claim derivation from the original Ottawas.

In reference to the Pottowatomies in connection with the settlement of Illnois, they concluded in Chicago, in 1835, their last treaty with the Government, by which they disposed of all their lands—the hunting grounds of their once mighty domain.

In 1835, and for the last time, the whole tribe assembled at Chicago to receive the annuity from the government, and to make the final start for the Missouri River. Chicago had then began to present the appearance of a city, and these savages had

been in the habit of visiting it when the grass grew waist high, where stood, before the great fire of 1871, the Tremont and Sherman Houses. They must have been impressed with the signs that a mightier race had come, and that before its advance they must fade away.

Their last great war dance in which over eight hundred warriors joined, occured in August 1835. They appreciated it as the last on their native soil—that it was a sort of funeral ceremony of old associations and memories, and nothing was omitted to lend to it all the grandeur and solemnity possible.

The following description of this last great assemblage and war dance, with all its strange, weird-like accompaniments, we quote from Judge Caton's *Record*. It may well seem as a fitting close to the history of the descendants of the great nation who were the monarchs of the continent when Columbus first touched its shores.

They assembled at the Court House (near where the old Lake House stood), on the north side of the River, at Chicago. An immense assemblage of the settlers and inhabitants from the surrounding country had gathered to witness this strange spectacle, for it was one which was never again to be seen on the east side of the Mississippi. Says the *Record:*

"The Indians were all entirely naked, excepting a strip of of cloth around the loins. Their bodies were covered all over with a variety of brilliant paints. On their faces particularly, they seemed to have exhausted their art of hideous decoration. Foreheads, cheeks and noses were covered with curved stripes of red or vermillion, which were edged with black points, and gave the appearance of a horrid grin all over the countenance. The long, coarse, black hair was gathered into scalp locks on the tops of their heads, and decorated with hawks and eagles feathers, some strung together, so as to extend down the back nearly to the ground. They were principally armed with tomahawks and war clubs. They were led by what answered to a band of music, which created what may be termed a discordant din of hideous noises, produced by beating on broken vessels and striking sticks and clubs together.

They advanced, not with a regular march, but with a continuous dance. Their actual progress was quite slow. They proceeded up and along the bank of the river, on the north side, stopping in front of every house they passed, where they performed some extraordinary exploits. They crossed the North Branch on the old bridge which stood near where the railroad bridge now stands, and thence proceeded south, along the west side, to the bridge across the South Branch, which stood south of where the Lake street Bridge is now located, which was nearly in front and in full view from the parlor windows of the Sauganash Hotel, on the corner of Lake and Market streets. It was then a fashionable boarding house, and quite a number of young married people had rooms there. The parlor was on the second story, fronting west, from the windows of which the best view of the dance was to be obtained, and these were filled with ladies so soon as the dance

commenced. From this point of view my own observations were made. Although a dim clatter had been heard for some time, they did not come into view from the point of observation till they had proceeded so far west as to come on a line with the house, which was before they had reached the North Branch Bridge. From that time on they were in full view all the way to the South Branch Bridge, which was nearly before us, the wild band which was in front as they came upon the bridge, redoubling their blows to increase the noise, closely followed by the warriors, who had now wrought themselves into a perfect frenzy.

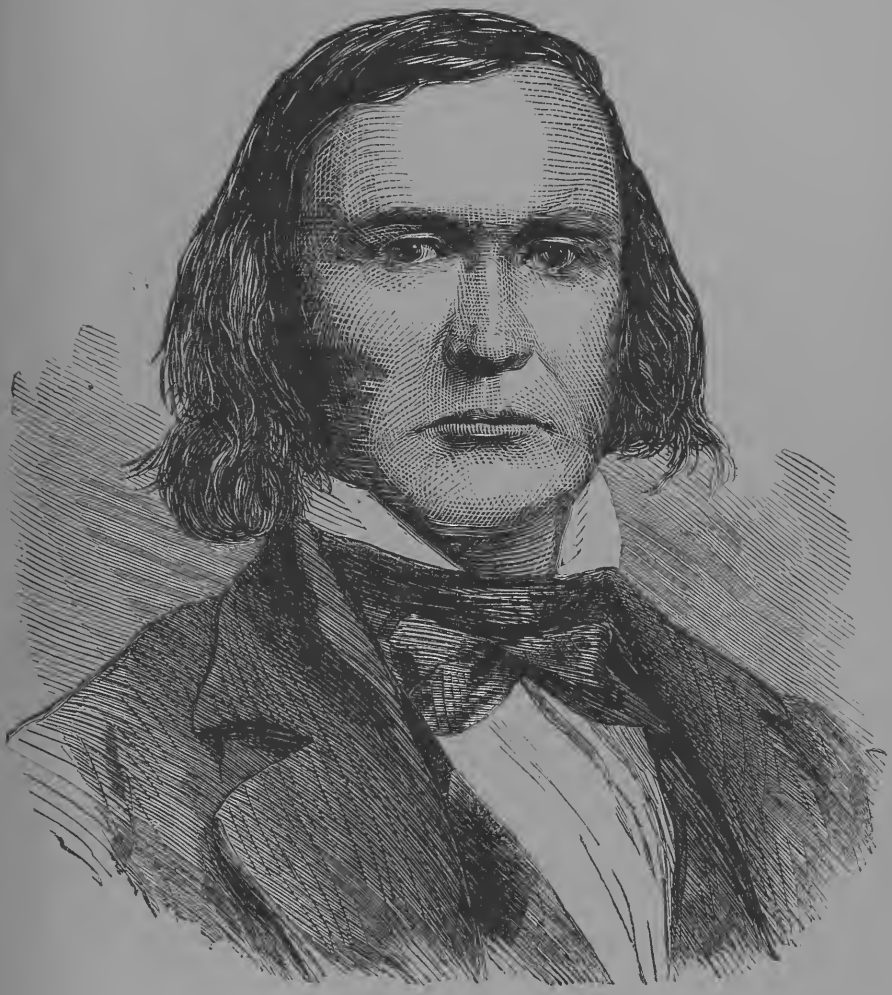
The morning was very warm, and the perspiration was pouring from them almost in streams. Their eyes were wild and bloodshot. Their countenances had assumed an expression of all the worst passions which can find a place in the heart of a savage—fierce anger, terrible hate, dire revenge, remorseless cruelty—all were expressed in their terrible features. * * * * * Their muscles stood out in great hard knots, as if wrought to a tension which must burst them. Their tomahawks were thrown and brandished about in every direction, and the most terrible ferocity, and with a fire and energy which could only result from the highest excitement, and with every step and every gesture, they uttered the most frightful yells, in every immaginable key and note, though generally the highest and shrillest possible. The dance, which was ever continued, consisted of leaps and spasmodic steps, now forward, and now back or sideways, with the whole body distorted into every imaginable unnatural position, most generally stooping forward, with the head and face thrown up, the back arched down, first one foot thrown far forward and then withdrawn, and the other similarly thrust out, frequently squatting to the ground, and all with a movement almost as quick as lightning. The weapons were brandished as if they would slay a thousand enemies at every blow, while the yells and screams they uttered were broken up and multiplied and rendered all the more hideous by a rapid clapping of the mouth with the palm of the hand.

To see such an exhibition by a single individual would have been sufficient to excite a sense of fear in a person not over nervous. Eight hundred such, all under the influence of the strongest and wildest excitement, constituting a raging sea of dusky, painted, naked fiends, presented a spectacle absolutely appalling. When the head of the column had reached the front of the hotel, leaping, dancing, gesticulating and screaming, while they looked up at the windows with hell itself depicted in their faces, at the "Chemokaman squaws," with which they were filled, and brandishing their weapons as if they were about to make a real attack in deadly earnest. The rear was still on the other side of the river, two hundred yards off, and all the intervening space, including the bridge and its approaches, was covered with this raging savagery glistening in the sun, reeking with streaming sweat, fairly frothing at their mouths with unaffected rage, it seemed as if we had a picture of hell itself before us, and a car-

nival of the damned spirits there confined, whose pastimes we may suppose should present some such scene as this.

At this stage of the spectacle I was interested to observe the effect it had upon the different ladies who occupied the windows almost within the reach of the war-clubs in the hands of the excitable savages just below them. Most of them had become accustomed to the sight of the naked savages during the several weeks they had occupied the town, and had even seen them in a dance before, for several minor dances had been previously performed. But this far excelled in the horrid anything which they had previously witnessed. Others, however, had just arrived in town and had never seen an Indian before the last few days, and knew nothing of the wild Western Indians but what they had learned of their fearful butcheries and tortures in legends and histories. To those most familiar with them the scenes seemed actually appalling, and but few stood it through and met the fierce glare of the savage eyes below them without shrinking. It was a place to try the human nerves of even the stoutest, and all felt that one such sight was enough for a lifetime. The question forced itself on even those who had seen them most—"What if they should, in their maddened frenzy, turn this sham warfare into a real attack? How easy it would be for them to massacre us all, and leave not a single soul to tell the story." Some such remark as this was often heard, and it was not strange if the cheeks of all paled at the thought of such possibility.

And so ended the dance, and thence forward the white man with his enterprise, art, and refinement, took absolute possession of the great State, and carried forward the creation of one of the grandest cities on the continent, the almost entire destruction of which has been so graphically portrayed by the historian in the work issued in the present year (1872), entitled "Chicago Before and After the Fire." Published by Wells & Co., at 432 Broome St., New York.



KIT CARSON.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### KIT CARSON.—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

The subject of this sketch was born on the 24th of December, 1809, in Madison County, Kentucky. The following year his parents removed to Howard County, Missouri, then a vast prairie tract, and still further away from the old settlements.

The new home was in the midst of a region filled with game, and inhabited by several predatory and hostile tribes of Indians, who regarded the whites as only to be respected for the value of their scalps.

The elder Carson at once endeavored to provide for the safety of his family, as far as possible, by the erection of that style of fortress then so common on the frontier, a log block house.

In this isolated spot, surrounded by dangers of every sort, the little Christopher imbibed that love of adventure and apparent disregard of personal peril, which made him so famous in after years.

When he was only twelve years old, being out one day assisting in the search of game, his father sent him to a little knoll, a short distance off, to see if a certain curious looking, overhanging cliff there might not possibly shelter a spring of water.

Instead of the spring, however, he found a shallow cave, and in it, sleeping quietly on their bed of moss and leaves, lay two young cubs. With boyish exultation he caught them in his arms and hastened as fast as possible toward his father.

In spite of their squirming he had borne them half way down the hill, when the sound of a heavy footfall and a fierce panting of breath warned him that he was pursued by the mother bear.

"Throw down the cubs," shouted the father, but the boy either did not hear, or was determined not to obey, for he ran on.

Nearer and nearer he came, but faster gained the old grizzly behind him. The father held his rifle to his shoulder, ready to fire, but always between him and his foe, beat the brave heart of his boy. Another bound, and she would be upon him. Suddenly the boy turned still holding the cubs. Perhaps they saved his life. For instead of the terrible hug she might have given, the bear raised her huge paw and struck him on the shoulder. In an instant, boy, cubs and bear, were rolling together on the ground, but as the bear came uppermost a bullet whistled through her neck, just below the ear, and with one pitiful moan she was dead.

One can easily imagine the pallor of excitement in the father's face, giving place to the flush of joy, as he found his boy safe and unharmed, save by a wound from the bear's claws. The youngster kept the cubs and tamed them, and years afterward, in telling the story of their capture, he would say, referring to the old bear: "She wasn't no way a gentle play-fellow, but she scratched her name on my right arm, and it hasn't been rubbed out yet."

Many similar incidents occured in those early days' when the boy accompanied his father and other back-woodsmen in their hunting excursions, which gave him the hardihood and nerve which served him so well in after years.

When he was fifteen his father decided to give him the benefit of a trade, and, without any regard to his own inclination, young Christopher was apprenticed to a saddler. The weary monotony of stitching leather, and the close, sedentary nature of the employment, disgusted him. From the shop windows he could see the distant hills and woods where he had been wont to roam, and he longed for the free wild life, with all its perils, of a hunter and trapper.

He remained at his work, however, for two years, doing his duty faithfully, his only recreation being found in listening to the wild, fascinating stories of the scouts and guides who narrated their experiences with a vivid minuteness more attractive than any written story of "border fiction,"

At last the desire to lead a more active life became too strong for further restraint, and bidding farewell to the quiet pursuits of civilized life, he shouldered his rifle, donned the buckskin of the hunter, and at the age of seventeen, joined an expedition then on its way to Santa Fe.

On this expedition, the accidental discharge of a rifle shattered the arm of one of his companions, rendering amputation necessary. There being no surgeon accompanying the party, young Carson with a razor and an old saw cut off the limb, cauterizing the stump with an iron bolt heated red hot, but despite this unskillful treatment, the victim recovered.

In the month of November, 1826, the party arrived safely at Santa Fe. Here they disbanded, and "Kit" was left to his own resources. His first care was to acquire a knowledge of the Spanish language as speedily as possible, for he found his English at a sad discount. He did not, however, tarry long at this "mud house hole," (as he quaintly termed it) but with his inseparable friend, the rifle, in hand, proceeded to Fernandez de Taso. Here he "hung up his pouch," stopping at the house of an old hunter who many years before had quitted the "trail" to spend his old age in retirement.

Later in the spring of 1827 he joined an expedition on its way to Missouri. After this, being again idle, and as restless as ever, he hired himself to a party as a teamster—"as a first-class M. D. (mule driver)"—as he facetiously termed it.

Said he, in relating this episode in his history: "This was the hardest thing I ever undertook—driving four mules hitched to one of those emigrant wagons. Mules always put me in mind of

those half breed women on the plains—if you coax them they'll do as they please ; if you try to *make* them do anything they won't do it anyhow."

His next venture was as a cook in the employ of Mr. Ewing Young at Taso in New Mexico, who was chief of a party of Beaver trappers. After many months spent upon the San Francisco and Salt Rivers, they proceeded to Sacramento Valley, where they suffered incredible hardships for want of food, being reduced at last to scanty rations of horseflesh. They were finally relieved by a party of Mohave Indians. After this they found their way westward to the Mission of St. Gabriel, a Roman Catholic Post; from here they pursued their course to San Fernando, and from there to the Valley of the Sacramento.

In this wandering busy period of his earlier life, he acquired, young as he was, a reputation for skill in woodcraft and all the arts and mysteries of the trappers vocation, which compelled his associates, many of them older in years and experience than himself, to regard him as worthy their respect. Little did they think that while their names, with few exceptions, would be forgotten, or, to use their own expressive phrase, "wiped out," that of Kit Carson would become historic.

As a marksman—true to the renown of his native State, Kentucky—he had no superior. "From a chipmunk to a redskin —from a fish in the water to a pigeon on the wing," his unerring "bead" never failed him. A glance of his eye along the barrel of his trusty weapon, once raised for aim, boded sure death to the object. During these trips, too, he did not neglect improving himself in gaining an insight into the character and habits of the Indians. The tricks and devices of the "reds" soon became as an open book to him, and not a few of them learned to regard him as an individual whose scalp would be to them, if they could get it, as a trophy worth any effort to secure.

In several encounters with some of those roving remnants of tribes and bands of thieves, he evinced a sagacity, foresight, and oirginality in tactics in fighting them, which made him a particular mark for their vengeance. He wore his hair long—so long that it reached to his shoulders—and yet it was never "lifted."

An incident soon occured, which, although not fraught with the excitement of a real "scrimmage" with the Indians or Mexicans, fairly illustrates that *sang froid* and coolness which was so marked a characteristic of Kit's character. While he was with Young's party some of the men, being under the influence of whisky of the "kill on sight" kind, indulged in two or three quarrels with the Mexicans and Indians, which rendered it necessary for Kit and his companions to leave that region at once to avoid being overwhelmed by the immensely superior force which would be inevitably gathered to crush them.

Young, therefore, dispatched Carson ahead with a few men, promising to follow and overtake him at the earliest moment, and waiting another day, he managed to get his followers in a tolerably sober condition, and succeeded, though with much trouble, in getting away without the loss of a man, despite the desperate

rage of the enemy, who were the more enraged at the loss of one of their number, who had been killed in a chance fray. In three days he overtook Carson, and they reached the Colorado in safety. Here, while left in charge of the camp, with only a few men, Kit found himself suddenly confronted by a band of Indians. They entered the camp with the utmost assurance, depending on their numbers. Carson at once suspected all was not right, and soon discovered that despite their self-confidence each carried his weapons concealed beneath his garments. Carson, with the coolness for which he was proverbial, instantly ordered them out of the camp. Seeing the small number of the white men, the Indians declared they would not budge an inch. Carson's men stood around him, each with his rifle ready to be dropped to deadly aim at the first motion of their young commander. Carson addressed the old chief in Spanish (for the Indian had betrayed his knowledge of that language), and warned him, that although his (Carson's) men were few, they were ready for the emergency unless the camp was instantly vacated by the intruders. Carson's coolness and determination saved the camp and its effects.

Carson used to relate with quiet satisfaction, what he asserted was the most perilous he had ever "stumbled into." It occured during one of his tramps with Fitzpatrick, while trapping on the Larramie River. He had started from the camp alone, to shoot game for their evening meal, and had succeeded in bringing down an Elk, when two enormous grizzly bears suddenly came upon him—so suddenly, that his rifle being unloaded, escape was impossible except by making with all speed for the nearest tree. He succeeded, with the bears just at his heels, but unfortunately dropped his rifle in his flight. He clambered up among the branches, and by a skillful maneuver, aided by his knife, managed to break off a large limb with which to defend himself.

"Those two varmints," he said in telling the story, "actually surrounded the tree on all sides. I'd no sooner give one a settler in the face with the jagged end of the limb, than the other 'd be scratching up on the off side. Twice they reached my feet, and one of 'em took a dose of boot heel that I should ha' thought would make him despise the taste o' shoe leather from that hour out. I wern't noways lonesome that night. And I tell yer what, stranger, no man knows what it is to have his j'ints ache till he has tried the branch of a tree for a rocking chair some six or eight hours, and a couple o' friends socially inclined waiting for him down below. How did I get out of it? Well, I tell you how, patience will take a man out of most anything if he only has enough of it. I knew how 'twould be.

"One of 'em trotted off home afore day light to 'tend to her family, and I took solid comfort a goin' down, knife in hand, and spiling the other one's complexion.

"'Taint no great shakes to kill a bar', you know, but the wolves had picked the bones of that ere elk. That made me mad."

While in the country of the Blackfeet Indians, at the head of the Missouri, Carson received his first serious wound in a conflict with the "Red Skins." According to Burdett's account, the

Blackfeet had run off with eighteen of the trapper's horses during the night, and Kit, with eleven men, started to recover them. After riding fifty miles upon the trail they came up with the marauders. The Indians asked for a parley, which Carson readily granted. The Indians informed them that they supposed they had been robbing the Snake Tribe, and did not desire to steal from the white men. Carson asked them why they did not lay down their arms and ask for a smoke. After some hesitation, the Indians laid aside their weapons, and prepared for a "smoke of peace." After the Chief had made a non-committal speech, Carson came directly to the point, and said he would hear nothing more until the horses, all of them, were returned. The Indians then offered to return five of the worst horses. Carson and his party started at once for their guns, and, the Indians doing the same, the fight began.

After the first fierce encounter, the Indians took to the trees, and Carson's men were obliged to do the same.

It was here that a well-aimed rifle ball crashed through Kit's shoulder, shattering the bone. The wound was very painful and bled exceedingly, but in the midst of such a conflict there was no time to attend to it properly, and, though the fight ceased when night came on, they feared to light a fire, and so the torturing pain continued, unrelieved until morning. But his comrades say Kit uttered no word or moan of complaint, and raised himself on his well arm to add his voice to the shout of victory when the Indians were finally routed and the horses re-captured.

While employed as a scout and guide for Bent and Lieutenant Train, Kit fell in with an old Indian Chief, who, without being able to speak a word of English or Spanish, made the young hunter understand that he wanted whisky, "fire water."

Kit as usual, ready for barter, demanded skins, wampum, hatchets, anything that would be useful in future trading.

The Indian assured him, by signs, that if he would accompany him to his lodge in the wood he would pay him plenty.

Without fear or demur they went.

Arriving at the camp, the old brave proceeded at once to his own wigwam, and Kit saw through the open door a graceful girlish figure bending over the basket she was weaving.

He saw himself described by word and gesture to the girl, and saw her, as soon as she comprehended that he was a "pale face," shrink away to the farthest corner of the lodge, and raise her dumb pleading eyes like a frightened doe at bay.

Kit Carson, though rude and uncultured, was not unkindly in his nature, and stalking at once into the wigwam, he shook his fist at the old chief, then patting the maiden on the head as he might have done to a pet kitten, said pleasantly: "No, no, my brown little beauty. You were not to be traded for a drink of whisky. Wait here in peace while the eagle plumes are growing for your young warriors."

The girl raised her beautiful eyes to the rugged smiling face so near her own, and, with one shy-confiding look, she put out her two hands and murmured some pleasant Indian word, which,

though unintelligible in itself, was quite as eloquent in conveying her meaning as the straightforward reply which the poet Longfellow puts in the mouth of the gentle Indian maiden, Minnehaha, in response to Hiawatha's wooing: "I will go with you, my husband." It is easy to imagine that, after so propitious an introduction, the wooing was not long and the wedding was soon celebrated. During the brief married life which followed, Kit and his brown bride seemed to have loved each other with a tenderness and sincerity quite unusual. But to the rudest cabin as to the palace home comes the death angel when least expected. And soon Kit was a widower, with one little daughter to care for.

It was this time that Carson left the wilderness and journeyed to St. Louis, in order to place his child under proper care.

And this journey proved a turning point in his life. For he then met for the first time Colonel J. C. Fremont, whose name even in that earlier stage of his honored career, had become "great in mouths of wisest censure." While *en route* to St. Louis he passed a few days at the old "tramping ground," where his boyish days had been passed. Although he found but few of the companions of his youth remaining there, still there was to him an intense satisfaction in the kindly greeting he received from the people to whom his name and exploits had become familiar.

Arriving at St. Louis, he unexpectedly found himself a hero, and the reception tendered to the greatest of hunters and scouts was almost equal to that usually vouchsafed the President.

In a few days he made all the necessary arrangements for the proper care and tuition of his daughter, and then prepared for his return to his old haunts. It was while thus engaged that he met Colonel John C. Fremont, who was then completing the details of his famous explorations in the Rocky Mountains, on the line of the Kansas and Great Platte Rivers. Colonel Fremont at once secured the services of "Kit" as one of his chief guides and assistants. On the 22d of May, 1842, the whole party started by steamer, and arriving at Choteau's landing, on the Missouri River, they there encamped for a week before starting out upon their long and perilous expedition.

It was when they had reached the range of the Pawnees that Fremont recorded in his account of the expedition the eulogium upon "Kit." "Mounted upon a fine horse, without a saddle, and scouring bareheaded over the prairies, Kit was one of the finest pictures of a horseman I had ever seen."

On one occasion, just before entering the Sacramento Valley, "Kit," was providentially the means of saving the life of Colonel Fremont, who, in his history of the expedition, relates the incident briefly:

"Axes and mauls were necessary to-day to make a road through the snow. Going ahead with Carson to rencontre the road, we reached in the afternoon the river which made the outlet of the Lake. *Carson sprang clear over* across a place where the stream was compressed among the rocks, but the *parfleche* sole of my moccasin glanced from the icy rock and precipitated me into the river. It was some few seconds before I could recover myself in

the current, and Carson jumped in after me, and we both had an icy bath. We tried to search a while for my gun, which had been lost in the fall, but the cold drove us out, and, making a large fire on the bank, we dried ourselves, and went back to meet the camp."

In 1847, Colonel Fremont having been appointed Governor of California, "Kit" was dispatched to make the overland journey to Washington as a bearer of dispatches. His orders were to make the journey within sixty days. But, while following the trail leading toward Taos, having just entered a prairie, he met General Kearney's Expedition, sent out by the Government to operate in California. Being anxious to have the services of the renowned guide and hunter, he retained him and forwarded the dispatches by Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Of this Expedition he was at once the guide and trusted counsellor. Through perils and difficulties, which only could befall an expedition of this character, traversing great tracts of prairies and forest—crossing the great chain of mountains through snow and storm, and overcoming impediments which, at times, seemed almost insurmountable—it was to Carson that the General turned for advice and assistance, and history records how faithfully and with what self-sacrifice the great hunter executed his task.

After this duty had been fulfilled, and a short rest taken at the destination of the command, Carson wended his way once more toward Taos, in the vicinity of which he had determined to make himself a home.

He finally fixed upon a Valley, the Indian name of which is "Rayedo," one of the most magnificent spots in the region. Fertile, well-watered by a broad, sweeping stream, and in the immediate vicinity of his old trapping and hunting companion, Maxwell, the "settlement" thus established seemed a paradise of rest and comfort to the wearied men, whose toil had wrought so much good to those they served.

He received the title of Colonel, by which he was known through the later years of his life. He commanded the Expedition and operation from Fort Canby, the objective point being Canon de Chelly in New Mexico, and had at his disposal four hundred men, of whom only twenty-five were mounted. Taking the road *via* Puebla, Colorado, he started for the Canon. He achieved successfully the whole object of the Expedition, and received the thanks nobly earned of the Government and the unqalified admitation of that portion of the then new country, to which he had by his efforts secured a lasting peace from the molestations of the Indians.

When the war of the rebellion closed, Carson continued in the employ of the Government until April, 1868, when he was, while at Fort Lyon, Colorado, suddenly taken ill with an anuerism of an artery in the neck. He died a comparatively painless death. He had but just returned from a trip to Washington, whither he had gone in company with a deputation of Indians upon matters connected with a Treaty. On his way back, he visited, by special invitation, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities,

where he was received with the honor his services and great fame so well deserved.

Upon his death, he bequeathed the rifle, which in all his trips and expeditions for the previous thirty-five years he had carried, to Montezuma Lodge, A. F. and A. M., at Santa Fe, of which he had long been a member. His daughter, now married, is still a resident of St. Louis.

There, almost within the shadow of the mountains he had so often explored, where he had trapped and hunted and given battle to the red men, passed away one who has not been inaptly termed by Burdett, "The Monarch of the Prairies," leaving none behind to claim his throne as an equal in all that constitutes the pioneer, guide, soldier, trapper and hunter. Unlettered, with no friends but his own indomnitable courage and his trusty rifle, he toiled through life serving others rather than himself and with an unselfish devotion to his profession. At last, and scarcely in the modesty of his nature claiming it, he won for himself an honored place in history and in the affectionate remembrance of his countrymen and friends.




BUFFALO BILL.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

WILLIAM CODY.—"BUFFALO BILL."—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

One of the best known, and since the death of the renowned Kit Carson, probably the most reliable guide on the Western frontier, is William Cody, otherwise known as "Buffalo Bill." His exploits have been the theme of a dozen novelists, and in the year just past (1870-72) his movements have been as accurately and frequently chronicled by the the daily press throughout the country as they would have been had he been an official magnate of the highest degree. There is something especially attractive in the romance attending the career of one of these noted hunters, which never palls upon the reader. The picturesque surroundings, the distance from us of their scene of action, the wild, nomadic life of the frontiersmen, all have their charms.

Of all the hunters now in the service of the United States, either on the Atlantic or Pacific Slope, or to the southward, Buffalo Bill has attained the most permanent celebrity.

Of his boyhood but little is known, save that he was of Western birth, and that his parents were of the humble class and were much respected in the sparsely settled district where "William" was born, and where for many years they resided. When quite young—like Carson—he imbibed a fondness for the life of adventure, which the profession of a hunter and trapper opened out, and finally he started out on his "own hook," rifle in hand, to seek his own livelihood. For a few years nothing of importance marked his career. He, of course, underwent the usual perils and dangers which beset those who day after day permeate the trackless forests.

During the later troubles with the Indians, Cody became famous among the Indians, and by his honesty of purpose, his strict adherance to his word, won their admiration of his character as much as by his prowess in his numerous contests, or "shootin' matches," as he termed his encounters with them, he made them fear him.

As a marksman he probably has no rival upon the plains, and as for blunt, straightforward and sometimes rough expression of his opinions, he is a sort of "Old Hickory" in hunting costume. Among the Comanches, the Arrapahoes, and the Cheyennes, with whom in time of peace he has frequently hunted, and who, in conflict, have tested his skill, he is regarded as a great warrior.

Innumerable anecdotes are related of his prowess, and the stories of his hairbreath escapes and dangerous adventures while

hunting and trapping—stories which have formed the warp and woof of the exaggerations of the dime novelists—would fill a volume even larger than this.

On one occasion in the earlier part of his career, while tramping the woods upon the upper Arkansas in search of game, he struck upon an Indian trail, which led northward. Closely examining it, he discovered by that knowledge which the experienced hunter only possesses that it had been made by a party of Sioux, with whom, at that time the Government had had serious trouble, and who evidently had been to some of the lower settlements upon one of their murderous forays. He followed it that day—at night camping under shelter of an old Sycamore which had been riven by lightning. In the afternoon of the succeeding day, near nightfall, he came within sight of the party, They were three warriors, and they had halted in a little opening in the forest, besides a little stream or rivulet. They were evidently not anticipating pursuit. They were seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, resting. Cody took in the situation at a glance. He crept up as close as possible, and finally managed to get near enough, behind a cluster of alder bushes to hear them converse. Presently they arose and two of them started off in an opposite direction, leaving the third behind to await their return. He moved about carelessly, yet still keeping a vigilant look out. Nearer crept Cody, and presently with a terrible leap, but as noiseless as a panther, the hunter sprang upon the warrior, and before the astonished red man could realise the position, he was hurled to the ground with Cody's knee upon his breast and his hand upon his throat.

Stalwart and strong as the warrior was, one glance at Cody's face was sufficient. He knew him too well, and he knew that if he kept silent and made no resistance his life was safe, and his chance of getting the better of his antagonist by some cunning trick would be materially improved. He saw the gleaming knife of the trapper, and had no desire to feel its edge. Quickly almost as thought Cody bound his captive with thongs, hand and foot, and then, in order to secure silence, unloosed one of the Indian's moccasins, and crammed it in his throat, thus effectually gagging him. He then half carried and half dragged him from the clearing to the bushes, where he himself had been concealed, and there awaited results. In half an hour the two absentees returned, and were intensely astonished to find their companion gone. As Cody had anticipated, one of them began examining the ground, while the other went into the forest again. The warrior left behind soon discovered the traces of the recent brief struggle, and following up his discovery, approached the hiding place of the foe.

Coolly, Cody awaited his coming, and when a moment after the Sioux raised his head to peer into the bushes, Cody was upon him, and served him the same trick he had upon the other. But the warrior made a desperate effort to free himself, and the noise of the struggle brought the remaining warrior to the scene. This did not daunt Cody. All he cared for was to prevent the still uncaptured warrior from using his rifle.

The warrior with whom he had grappled had never seen Cody before this. The remaining Indian rushed upon the hunter. A quick movement of his arm, a flash, a death yell, and the revolver did its work upon the hunter's opponent, and left him alone in his contest with the one beneath him. It was of brief duration. The iron muscle of the white man prevailed, and in a few seconds more the warrior lay bound and helpless beside his companion. Now comes the most wonderful part of the adventure. By threats and by an ingenious method of tying them side by side together, so that while they could walk they were otherwise entirely at his mercy, he drove the two before him sixty miles and brought them captives into the camp with which he was then connected.

There are other and not so bloodless adventures in which he was the chief actor we could relate had we the space.

In 1871–72, "Buffalo Bill" was especially honored by an appointment upon the hunting staff of General Sheridan upon the occasion of the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to the hunting grounds of the West. It was the especial desire of the Royal guest to have a little experience in the excitement of a "Buffalo raid," and accordingly the most renowned of living hunters and trappers, Cody, was at once selected by General Sheridan to superintend the preparations. The "grand hunt" was an entire success, and Duke Alexis, with a portion of his suite, accompanied, as his especial tutor in the art of Buffalo slaughter, by "Buffalo Bill" and by General Sheridan and other officers of the army, with several distinguished civilians had a four or five days' experience, which they will doubtless long remember. The Grand Duke was so well pleased with Cody's skill and daring and with his modesty of deportment that he made him a valuable present of which he is extremely proud.

In several important expeditions sent out by the Government Cody has been the chosen guide and hunter, and in every instance he has received not only the formal thanks of the department, but the warmest acknowledgments of the officials accompanying him. Strictly temperate in his habits, quiet and somewhat reserved in his social disposition, he bids fair to live to good age and earn for himself a fame as enduring as that of his Compeer Carson in the annals of our border history. During the year 1871 he visited the eastern seaboard cities, and everywhere received a cordial welcome, being feasted and honored to a much greater extent than he desired. Upon several occasions he peremptorily declined not only the public acknowledgments tendered him, but entirely ignored the private hospitalities offered so profusely. Upon his return he bore with him what he termed "a camp full" of valuable presents, of which the most prized were a couple of splendid rifles and a case of handsome silver-mounted revolvers.

Should the Indian difficulties again assume a serious aspect it will be hard to estimate the greatness and extent of the services such a man as William Cody will beyond doubt render the country which claims him as one of her most famous sons.



GEN. PHIL. SHERIDAN.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CHEROKEE REVOLT.—MURDER OF U. S. OFFICERS.—SETH BECK'S HEROISM.—BRUTALITY OF THE INDIANS AND RENEGADES.

From the removal of the Cherokee Indians from Georgia and Tennessee to Arkansas and their establishment upon the reservation allotted to them by treaty with the Government in Arkansas, they have, until the period of this outbreak to the narrative of which this chapter is devoted, been considered as among the least dangerous and most peaceable of the tribes in that region.

But through various causes, chief among which has been notably the introduction among them of a horde of those pests of the West—the border ruffians; these half wild, half-breed Nomads were encourged by these Indians, as it appeared, for the sake of the liquor traffic. According to the official accounts of this attempt to reopen hostilities, it appears that on the 11th of April, 1872, it originated with a man named J. J. Kesterson, living in the Cherokee nation, near the Arkansas line, about fifiy miles from Little Rock.

On that day he went to Little Rock, and filed information against one Proctor, also a white man, married to a Cherokee woman, for assaulting with intent to kill him while in his saw mill, on the 13th of February. Proctor fired a revolver at Kesterson, the ball striking him just above the left eye, but before he could fire again Kesterson escaped. Proctor, at the time, was under indictment in the Snake District for the murder of his wife, and was at that time on trial for the crime. A writ was issued at once, and the Deputy-Marshals were ordered to proceed to "Grimy Snake" Court House, remain until the trial was over, and arrest him, if he should escape conviction, on the Kesterson charge.

The parties also had writs for the arrest of the murderers of Deputy-Marshal Bentz.

On the 13th of April the Deputy-Marshals Jacob G. Owens, Joseph J. Peavey, with Wm. Wood, Joseph Vanney, Jas. Haskins, Paul Jones and Eugene Bracket as a posse, started for the scene of action. At Evansville they were joined by Riley Woods, and William J. Morris, and at Dutchtown by a man named Beck, who was part Cherokee. The Indian Court House was about twelve miles farther west. At 3 P.M. on the following Monday they came up within fifty yards of the Court House, where they dismounted, hitched their horses, and quietly walked toward the east side of the house in couples. Beck stepped round to the

front door, and looked in. Seeing the large number of people within, he turned to go back, and as he turned he was fired upon and dangerously wounded. At the same instant a volley was poured from the Court room upon the Marshal's force, who at once returned the fire.

It appears Beck had some friends inside the Court-house, who, when they saw him fall, opened fire on his (Beck's) enemies inside, and presently the fighting was general. It was brief, however, but terrible in its result. Of the Marshal's force, seven out of eleven lay dead, and of the assailants three. Some sixteen or seventeen are reported wounded—some mortally, including Marshal Owens. The messenger knew the names of only two of the Marshal's force who were killed—James Ward and Riley Woods. Three were missing—James Hoskins, Paul Jones, and Eugene Brocket. Morris helped to lay out nine bodies on a porch about half a mile from the scene of the deadly affray, and thither the Federal wounded were also carried. Proctor, the woman-killer and desperado, was guarded by eleven of his personal friends, who would not see him convicted. The Sheriff was killed, and the Judge received three buck-shots in the knee. Indeed, it appears from the sudden and deadly assault upon the Marshal's force that the people inside the Court-house had been fully informed of their approach, and were prepared for them. The officials had instructions to make a demand for Proctor only in case of his acquittal, and expected some resistance should they attempt to arrest Proctor after his acquittal. But for the murderous volley on their first approach they were not prepared, hence their slaughter.

Next morning Mr. Peavey sent the following dispatch to the U. S. Marshal's office :

WHITEMORE'S, BARREN FORK, }
CHEROKEE NATION. }

J. W. DONNELLY.

DEAR SIR : We have had a terrible fight. Lost seven on our side killed. Three of theirs were killed, There are lots of wounded. We are in a devil of a strait. Send us men and means instanter. We are with the dead and wounded, and expect to stay with them until the last one of us goes. Owens is wounded. For God's sake send help and send quickly. Come to Dutchtown and then down Barren Fork to Whitemore's. Ward is killed. Vanney and I are alone with Owens. None of the rest are here with us. We look for help to-morrow night by dark, and are looking to be attacked every moment. The parties are close together. Some of the Cherokees are with us. Yours in haste,

(Signed), J. S. PEAVEY.

The names of the killed and wounded in this bloody onslaught are as follows :

Bell and Sam. Beck, brothers, Cherokees ; Black Sut Beck, cousin of the former ; Jim Ward, of Fort Smith, formerly wagon-master ; Riley Woods, of Fort Smith ; George Selridge, of Ben-

ton County, and William Hicks, Cherokee. Deputy-Marshal J. G. Owens was mortally wounded and since died. White Sut Beck, brother of Black Sut Beck, was severely wounded. McLaughlin White was severely wounded.

Of the attacking party the following were killed: Moses Alberti, John Proctor, and six wounded. A Deputy-Sheriff and an Indian, Jude, are also reported killed. Two unknown white men were also seen dead half a mile from the scene of the battle, supposed to have been killed in wantonness by the retreating aggressors. Captain Peavey late in the evening made his way to Cincinnati, twelve miles distant, and within this State, taking with him two of the wounded, Beck and McLaughlin, who were barely able to move, leaving Owens and his posse, Vanney, to procure medical assistance. He failed to obtain the aid of the surgeon at Cincinnati, who refused to go, but had coffins made for the dead, and engaged a man to haul them out to Mrs. Whitmores.

In the meantime, two sons and a nephew of Moses Alberti, who was killed the previous day, arrived at Cincinnati, and forbade the coffins to be taken out, showing a disposition to kill Beck and McLaughlin, the wounded men. Peavey declared they should do so only over his dead body. At this crisis United States Deputy-Marshal George Dean, with a posse of three men, arrived from Fayetteville, which turned the scale, and made the would-be assassins beat a hasty retreat. Both the wounded were successfully transported to Fayetteville, and Mr. Peavey took the stage for this place, where he arrived Wednesday evening utterly exhausted, not having had any sleep since the night before the battle, and terribly used up from the excitement undergone for the two or three days past. He had the butt of one of his revolvers blown off, his pants and coat riddled, and his eyes nearly put out by a Spencer ball passing so close to his visional organs as almost to knock him down. His escape was miraculous.

The fight, murderous as it was, did not last, according to the statement of an eye witness, more than three to five minutes. In the narrative of this person some interesting particulars are given. He states: "There were quite a number or Cherokees outside the building, who were evidently friendly to the Marshal's party. White Sut Beck, a Cherokee, of the Marshal's posse, put his foot upon the steps of the house when he perceived the house full of armed men ready to fire. He remarked that there should be no disturbance, as they were United States officers, and had come with no hostile intentions. Deputy-Marshal Peavey, who was standing near, made the same remark, and the friendly Cherokees on the outside, who were relatives of Beck, shouted the same to the men inside. Just then a gun was fired inside, the signal for a truly hellish combat. White Sut Beck leveled his piece against the door, when his gun was seized at the muzzle by the brother of the murderer, Proctor. Beck pulled him out, however, and shot him dead. By that time the firing had become general, and most of the Marshal's men lay dead on the ground.

The Judge was shot, a Deputy-Sheriff and one of the jury killed. Proctor himself was wounded. James Ward, who leaves a young wife at this place, was killed in the act of getting on his mule. His body was afterwards brutally kicked by an Indian and robbed. Riley Woods was killed and was also treated in a similar barbarous manner. Moses Alberti, a prominent Cherokee, when the firing commenced, threw open his coat and was drawing his revolver upon Captain Peavey, when the latter brought down his gun upon him, whereupon Alberti dropped his hand in token of peace; but no sooner had Peavey turned partially away, when Alberti drew his revolver upon him, which, being seen by one of the Marshal's posse, the latter shot Alberti dead.

Deputy-Marshal J. Gowens was shot through the body, above the hips, at the north-east corner of the school-house. Captain S. Peavy took him about eighty yards to the rear, constantly facing the enemy, many of whom were armed with Spencer rifles, and got his clothes riddled with bullets. Meeting old man Beck, whose two sons and two nephews were in the fight on the Marshal's side, and three of whom were killed, he got him to take the wounded man to Mrs. Whitmore's, half a mile distant. By that time the Court-house, or school-room, was cleared of combatants, and when Peavy returned he found none but women to take away the dead and wounded on the enemy's side. He had the bodies of seven of his men (killed) conveyed in an oxen team to the house of Mrs. Whitmore, and there laid out on the porch, he, with the old Indian women and Vannoy, one of his men who escaped unhurt, composing their stiffening limbs."

The result of this affray was the organization and dispatch of a sufficient force to the Cherokee country to hold in check the lawless renegades gathered to defy the process of the law and its executors, and to drive these desperadoes from that part of the country altogether. Such of them as could be secured were conveyed to safe quarters where they will be made to suffer the penalty they so well deserved.

The promptness of action on the part of the Government after the fight doubtless did much to prevent a general uprising of the disaffected part of the Cherokees. Had the desperadoes been in perfect accord with the entire Cherokee nation, the result would have been wide spread and disastrous.

Closely following the outbreak of the Cherokees and half-breed renegades at Whittemore's, Barren Fork, as recorded in a previous chapter, came an attack by a similar party of Indians, half breeds, and Mexicans combined, on a train of supplies, *en route* to Fort Stockton, at Howard's Well, near old Fort Lancaster. The facts of this one of the most inhuman massacres in history, were reported to the War Department, by Col. Merritt, through General Angua, under date of April 29th, 1872. We give the report as written.

On the 20th inst,, I arrived with the cavalry of my command at Howard's Well, a few hours too late to prevent one of the most horrible massacres that has ever been perpetrated on this frontier. A Mexican train, loaded with United States commissary and ordinance stores, on its way from San Antonio to Fort Stockton, was attacked by Indians, plundered and burned. All the people with the train, seventeen souls in all, were killed or wounded, except one woman. My command buried eleven bodies, and brought three wounded men and one woman into this post. Before arriving at the burning train, the first intimation we had of the horrible disaster were the charred and blackened corpses of some of the poor victims, put no one was alive to tell the horrors of the affair.

I supposed, up to this time, that Capt. Sheridan, with the infantry of my command was in camp at Howard's Well, about a mile from the scene of the massacre, and while yet some distance from the point the smoke of the burning wagons, mistaken for his camp fires, confirmed me in this belief. I knew at least that a sergeant and four men were at the Well in charge of forage. The command moved rapidly toward the Well, and the sergeant in charge of the detachment at that point was met, and pointed out the course the Indians had taken with the stolen animals belonging to the train. In less time than it takes to relate it, the trail was found and a rapid pursuit was at once made by companies A and H of the Ninth Cavalry, commanded respectively by Capt. Cooney and Lieut. Vincent.

After following the trail some seven or eight miles, the cavalry came upon the Indians in force on the summit of a steep and almost impassable bluff. Here a sharp fight occurred, in which I regret to say that Lieut. Vincent fell mortally wounded, while bravely leading and attempting to control his men. He died shortly after returning to camp, about 10 o'clock that night. Capt. Cooney was painfully, though not seriously injured, by his horse falling and dragging him while moving at a rapid gait. He, however, remounted and retained his command. The men of his company behaved very well, but being in a great part recruits without experience in Indian fighting, which was the case in Company H to a still greater extent, they squandered their ammunition, as sometimes even old troops not well under control will do, with repeating or magazine arms. Lack of ammunition and supplies, as the command was changing its station with limited transportation, made a protracted pursuit of the Indians impractiable.

A woman who escaped, reports that six Indians were killed in the fight. Words fail to convey an idea of the sickening atrocities committed by the demons who overpowered the train men. Several of them were taken alive, tied to wagons, and burned. An old woman was carried some distance from the place of the attack and then shot and scalped. Her grand-child had its ears cut off, was scalped and had its brains dashed out; while her daughter, the mother of the child, who witnessed it all, as also the death of her husband at the train, was carried off by the fiends. More than one poor wretch crawled from the burning wagons after the ropes which bound them had burned off, only to burn to blackened unrecognizable masses with their charred hands and faces raised in positions of entreaty.

The train had nine men with it. The remainder of the party were women and children. It is feared one woman was taken away by the band, though it is possible that she, as well as the other body unaccounted for, was burned to ashes with the wagons. It is reported that the band consisted of from 125 to 150 men, and was composed of Indians, Mexicans and deserters from the army. A number of arms and supplies of ammunition were taken from the train by the band before burning it. How many arms I cannot say. It was the supply which was lately sent from the arsenal at San Antonio to Fort Stockton.

## APACHE DEPREDATIONS IN ARIZONA.

On the 13th of September the Apache Indians attacked Hughes's Ranche, near Crittenden, killed a Mexican, and stole the animals belonging to the farm. Lieut. Hall of the 5th Cavalry went to a ranche where a Mrs, Gabara and her children were besieged by Indians, and found the savages 100 strong, armed with breech-loading guns. They retired to the mountains, and defied the troops. A sergeant and five men were dispatched to warn the farmers of Sonata Valley of the presence of hostile Indians near Hughes's Ranche, but were attacked, and Sergeant Steward, Corporal William Nation, and Privates Edward Carr, and John Walsh were killed. Lieut. Hall received orders from Gen. Howard not to fire upon the Indians in the mountains unless he found them engaged in actual outrages. The same order was sent to all the military posts south of the Gila River, on the day of the murder of the soldiers. Gen. Howard was at that time in the Dragoon Mountains with the noted Apache Chief, Cochise, trying to induce him to go to the Reservation. On the 6th of October a band of Apaches from the Santa Rilla Mountains, with a herd of stolen cattle, attacked a party of miners, 30 miles from Tucson, and robbed them of all their animals. Two of the miners are missing. The Indians are armed with the best kind of breech-loading guns and fixed ammunition.

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## A FIGHT WITH CAMANCHES—TWENTY-THREE INDIANS KILLED.

Col. Mackensie's command had a fight with the Camanches on the North Fork of Red River, Oct. 6th, 1872, killing twenty-three Indians, whose bodies were found, and capturing the camp and one hundred and twenty-one squaws and children. In addition to the killing of Lieut. Crosby, Col. Stanley reports that Lieut. Lewis D. Adair of the Twenty-second Infantry was mortally wounded by an Indian on the 4th inst., and died on the 5th. Lieut. Adair mortally wounded the Indian who shot him, and the Indian was subsequently killed. Col. Stanley's servant was also killed by Indians who chased and came near catching Gen. Rosser. This all occurred near Heart River Crossing, forty-four miles from Rice. Lieut. Adair's body will be brought in. Stanley's command will be at Rice on the 18th or 19th of October.

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## POLICY TO BE ADOPTED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Gen. Walker, had a talk with the Kiowa, Commanche, and Apache delegations of Indians, Oct. 22d, 1872, at the Department of the Interior. The *ultimatum*

of the Government was stated to these Indian representatives substantially as follows: The Government has ceased to accept mere professions of friendship and good faith, and now requires evidence of their honesty of purpose. The Kiowas and Camanches here represented must, before the 13th of December next, camp every chief, head man, brave, and family, complete, within ten milss of Fort Sill and the Agency; they must remain there until Spring without giving any trouble, and shall not then leave unless with the consent of their agent; they shall before that date give up to their agent all animals they have stolen from the Goverment or any person in their neighborhood, military authorities, agents and traders, and when they cannot return the same stolen animals they must make restitution from their own stock. All these things the representatives of the Indians have promised to do.

Gen. Walker informed them the Government does not propose to treat with those bands who have declined to send representatives to Washington, and they would soon hear that United States troops have been directed to operate against them. Every man belonging to any band not at the place named by the 15th of December is to be considered as an enemy of the Government and as having chosen to remain hostile. Such persons are to receive no further benefit from the Goverment; the troops would hit them wherever they were found.

The Indians remaining silent, they were asked whether they had anything to say, when one of them, after a short confereuce with his fellow-chiefs, said: "We came in to do what our Great Father wants us to do. We told you what our Council did. If we did not intend to do well we would not come here from the Plains." Several Indians said they would do all in their power to induce the stragglers to come to the meeting, but they did not express confidence in their success. The Indians retired, cordially shaking hands with the Commissioner, and acting as if they were pleased with his plain talk.



## CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRESENT CONDITION AND LOCATION OF THE INDIANS.—HOW THEY LIVE, AND THEIR NUMERICAL STATUS.

The immense area of our country over which the Indians are now scattered upon their various reservations, and over which General Sheridan is the military head, is divided into three Departments, known as: First—The Department of the Platte—headquarters at Omaha, in command of General E. O. C. Ord. This comprises the States of Iowa and Nebraska, the Territories of Utah and Wyoming, the military post of Sedgewick, Colorado Territory; and the stage road from that post to Denver.

Second: The Department of Texas—headquarters at San Antonio, in command of Brig. Gen. C. C. Auger.

Third: Department of Missouri—comprising New Mexico, Kansas and Colorado Territory, and Camp Supply, Indian Territory.

Department of Dakotah, including Minnesota and Montano; Gen. W. S. Hancock, commanding; the headquarters being at St. Paul.

Department of Arizonia, Gen. P. St. George Cooke, commanding—headquarters at Prescott.

California and Pacific Coast: Gen. J. M. Schofield, commanding—headquarters at San Francisco.

Department of Columbia—Gen. Canby, commanding; headquarters at Portland.

Within the several departments of the Platte—of the Lakes, of California, and of Texas, are located the most fierce and warlike, and the most troublesome of the tribes within our borders. In General Hancock's department there still remains a portion of the Piegan tribe—that is what few are left since the notable massacre under Colonel Baker. General Sheridan apprehended great trouble would follow after that event and bring about a general wide spread rising of other tribes making common cause with the Piegans. He knew well the insatiable and almost unconquerable desire of the Indians for revenge. This Piegan massacre may be best and most concisely recorded by a copy of the official report by the U. S. Indian Agent, W. B. Pease, of the U. S. Army, which is here transcribed. It is addressed to General Hancock, commanding:

General: I have the honor to state, since my report of the 30th of January, on the affair between United States soldiers and Piegan Indians, January 3d, that I have visited the camp of Big Jake, of the tribe of Blackfeet Indians, and have seen and talked with

several Indians who were in the camp which was attacked by the soldiers. Of the 123 killed on the 23d, thirty-three were men. Of these fifteen only were such as are called by them young or fighting men. These were between the ages of twelve and thirty-seven. The remaining eighteen were between the ages of thirty-seven and seventy. Eight of the latter were between the ages of sixty and seventy; ninety were women, thirty-five between the ages of twelve and thirty-seven, and fifty-five between the ages of thirty-seven and seventy. The remaining fifty were children, none older than twelve years and many of them in their mother's arms.

"Out of 219 belonging to Red Horn's camp only *forty-six* survived. Among them were nine young men who escaped during the attack, and five who were away hunting. The lives of eighteen women and nineteen children (none of them more than three years of age, and the majority of them much younger), some of whom were wounded, were spared by the soldiers. Red Horn himself was killed. At the time of the attack this camp was suffering severely with small-pox, having had it among them for two months, the average rate of deaths among them having been for the previous two months, six to seven daily."

The fears of General Sheridan in reference to the result of this terrible punishment inflicted by the troops upon the Piegans, although based upon substantial reasons were happily not realized. The surrounding tribes were awed by this frightful and sudden reprisal. It seemed to have been more potent than any demonstration made in the past ten years.

The Indian reservations set apart for those living west of the Mississippi are about thirty, on which are about an equal number of different tribes of large and not greatly decreasing population. Beginning with the Minnesotas, we have two leading tribes, the Red Lake and Pembina Chippewas, numbering about 2,000, living in the north-western part of Minnesota, where they exist chiefly by fishing and hunting. They are peaceably inclined, and are not much feared by the whites. The Pillager and Winnebagoes number about 10,000, and occupy the county south of the Chippewas. They are very quiet and industrious.

The Chippewas of the Mississippi are also industrious, loyal, and a really prosperous tribe, and number 2,200 souls. A small band of Sioux and Winnebagoes of another tribe are located in Minnesota, and, though peaceable, are said to be little else than a parcel of indolent vagabonds.

In the south-west part of Dakotah belong the Great Nation of Sioux, and numbering about 30,000 to 35,000. In 1868, a treaty was made with them by the Indian Peace Commission, in which a large tract was set apart for them, including that portion of Wyoming and Montana, in which were located Forts "Phil Kearney," "C. F. Smith," and "Rens," in what was called the Powder River Country, then to be abandoned, as the Union Pacific Railroad had rendered the old wagon road no longer needful above Fort Fetterman. It includes Red Cloud's Country, which lies beyond the Yellow Stone and Big Horn Mountains.

The treaty provided for subsistence for four years, and though it was at once ratified, the appropriation, except a few thousand dollars placed in the trust of General Sherman, was delayed. This brought about the dissatisfaction of their principal chief, Red Cloud, who made a visit to Washington, accompanied by the leading warriors of the tribe. Four agencies were established, and abour 25,000 men clothed and fed. The Sirretou and Wakpeton Sioux occupy the eastern part of the territory near Minnesota. The only aid they receive from the Government is the pay which they receive for their work and the product of their agricultural pursuits. They number about 1,800. The Yancton Sioux an offshoot of the main tribe, are a worthless tribe. They are allowed forty thousand dollars in ammunition, which they punctually call for at the stated periods.

The Poncas, 800 in number, are better farmers than their neighbors, though drawing some time ago, only $10,000.

The Aripahoes, Gros Ventres, and Mandans number about 3,000, and live by the chase, government supplies, and farming. They are very peaceable.

The powerful tribes in the north part of Montano Territory are the Blackfeet, the Piegans, and Bloods. They number about six thousand, and have been exceedingly troublesome to the whites. It is very likely, however, that had they been given annuities like the other tribes they would be more peaceable. As it is, they are sullen, morose, and but little dependence can be placed in their professed desire for peace. It is but a short time since that they were visited by a detachment of Second Cavalry, under Captain Bell and Lieutenant MacAdams, all of whom had a narrow escape from death by fire and storm. Many of the soldiers were terribly frozen. The Gros Ventres of the prairies Shoshones (Waskakie's band), Sheep Eaters and River Crows, in all about 4,500, were included in treaties made by Commissioner Cullum. With them, as with the others mentioned, Congress delayed their fulfillment. The first two tribes wander about in the vicinity of Virginia City, the others range further south, and make a business of begging of passengers travelling over the Union Pacific Railroad.

The Mountain Crows occupy the southern portion of Montana, and number about 2,000. These are the Indians of whom Absarkie is the notable chief. These are friendly, but make complaint that they are the losers by it, as their lands have been taken away from them and given to the Sioux, who had always been troublesome.

The Asinaboines are friendly, and inhabit the north-east portion. The Flat Heads, Kooteways, and Upper Pendonelles, 1,500 in number, have an annuity of $4,000, but are treacherous and much given to forays and plundering. The Northern Arrapahoes are within the treaty of 1868, supposed to be located on the Upper Arkansas River with the Cheyennes, and are about 1,800 in population. To this tribe belongs the famous Chief Friday. He, despite having received a course of education in St. Louis, still adheres to his romantic life. His idea of woman's

rights was rather bluntly expressed to Mother Bickerdyke, an army nurse at Saline, in Kansas. Friday came into her presence one day, accompanied by his two wives.

"Why do you not do as the whites do, and have only one wife?"

"Well," said the warrior, "white women are more than a match for one man, but I find it takes two squaws to be my equal. Give me a white wife, and I will send off my two wives at once."

In Nebraska are several of the more prominent tribes, and among them the most distinguished is Spotted Tail's band of Ogalalla Sioux. They are all at peace, and are now likely to remain so. The other tribes are the Munebagoes, 1,500; Omahas, 1,000; the Sacs and Foxes of the Missouri only 84, although they counted 1,000 in 1815 and 900 in 1849; the Pawnees, 2,800; the Iowas, 228; the Otoes and Missourians, 440.

The Shoshones and Bannocks are the principal tribes in Wyoming Territory. A treaty was made with them in 1868, and duly ratified the next year. Originally they were formidable, but now they hardly count up 2,500 in number. They are located on the main line of travel of emigrants, and receive from the Government an average of about $5,000 in annuities.

The Idaho tribes are friendly. The Nez Perces, 3,000 in population, are about the only one of the Idaho department who are within treaty regulations.

The Bannocks, Shoshones and Boise, nearly 700, located on a reservation near Fort Hall have no treaty. The Cœr d'Alenys, numbering some 2,000, are further north. In the southern part of Idaho the Snakes and Shoshones wander about from Oregon to other territories. Although these tribes are very restless, they so far have been very peaceable.

The Utes occupy a good portion of Colorado Territory. The Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, and the Sioux range back and forth over a portion of this territory to the Republican and Arkansas Rivers, hunting Buffalo. In 1866, Governor Cummings made a treaty with the Utes, by which they were to receive a proper compensation for the damage done to their interests in throwing open the territory to public travel. This treaty was never ratified. Notwithstanding this fact, however, they have in nowise violated their bond of peace. Over this tribe Colonel Kit Carson, while he lived, had a strong influence. The Sand Creek massacre, led on by Colonel Chivington of the Valentine service, and at one time a Methodist minister, has made this part of the territory forever infamous in history for barbarity and relentless cruelty to a band of helpless women and children while under the protecting flags of truce and of the Government. This occurred in 1865, near Fort Lyon.

In the "Indian Territory" the vast number of Indians, the rich lands, and the general quietude of the tribes located there, give to this part of the "last refuge of the red man" a considerable importance, especially as it is now being a matter of discussion as to the admission of settlers and grants to railway companies. Only a narrow strip running through the centre, known as the

"leased lands" is now vacant. They were bought from the Creeks and Cherokees, to use as reservations when needed. The tribes in this territory are: The Choctaws, 12,500; the Creeks, 12,294; Seminoles, 1,950; Chickasaws, 4,500; Cherokees, 14,000; Senecas and Shawnees, about 400. During the war of the rebellion these Indians were for the most part extremely faithful to the Government. They are all agriculturists; have schools and churches.

The Delawares and Shawnees have merged into the Cherokees. The Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches have been generally quiet, except a raid into Texas in the fall of 1871, when Satana and Kicking Bird were captured. These tribes number about 5,000. The Cheyennes here reach in population, combined with the Arrapohoes, about 3,400. Their reservation has been changed for one north of the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches.

The Onichitas, Caddes, and a few others are also located on these lands.

The twelve tribes in Kansas were originally a powerful and large body of Indians, but disease and bad habits have reduced them greatly. Among them are the Chippewas, Pottowatomies Wyandottes and Christians.

But little progress is making among the Kickapoes (half tribe in Mexico) 314 in number. Kaws, 718; Osages, 4,500; Sacs and Foxes, of Mississippi, 957; Ottawas, 200; Shawnees, 650; Miamias, 95, Peorias, 200. The pine lands in Kansas are attracting so many white settlers that it will result ere long in driving the Indians still further west.

In the fertile regions of New Mexico, fierce and warlike tribes roam at pleasure. Game is plenty, and trouble often occurs as the tribes come in contact with the whites. With the largest tribe—the Marapahoes—from 8,000 to 10,000 in population, at least six treaties have been made, but until recently none of them have been kept. The Mesealers Apaches, 500 in number, range south of Fort Stanton, and down through Texas into Mexico, and are a vicious and treacherous tribe. The Gila Apaches, two tribes, number 1,600, and the Iicarilla Apaches about 800.

In Arizona are now located the Pimos and Maricopas, 8,000; Papagos, 5,000; Moquis Pueblos, 4,000; the Mohaves, 4,000; Yumas, 2,000; Yarapos, 2,000; Hualapuis, 2,500. These were settled on a reservation in Colorado River agency. The Yumas are well disposed and are on the west branch of the Colorado, opposite Fort Yumas in Somer, California. They are industrious much inclined to adopt the ways of civilized life, the younger portion of the tribe especially.

The Pueblos have relinquished their old-time warlike attitude and become seekers after the habits of civilization. In May, 1872, Wm. F. Arny, the United States Indian Agent for that tribe in New Mexico, came east for the purpose of furthering their civilization. His mission had two objects.

On this expedition he visited Washington and afterwards the leading seaboard cities, where his mission received hearty encouragement. The Pueblo Indians are legitimately the descendants of the Montezumas.

Their land extends along the banks of the Rio Grande and west of that river a distance of two or three hundred miles. They number 7684 inhabitants, divided into nineteen villages. They were more than friendly to the North in the Great Rebellion, and their regard for the memory of Lincoln is only equaled by their reverence for Montezuma.

These Indians are peculiarly adapted to a republican form of government, and are a remarkably intelligent and industrious people. In fact, they have had a representive government among themselves for the past 280 years. They regard Montezuma as their great prophet and their King, and according to their traditions, before he went back to Mexico, with a promise to return again in good season, he left them both a political and religious form of government, which they scrupulously follow.

Politically, there are nineteen independent and sovereign republics in the Territory of New Mexico, each comprising a village. Each has its distinct organization and is ruled by a governor, who is elected annually on the 1st of January. Each of these governors is provided with a silver-headed cane, the present of Mr. Lincoln, and when an order is to be executed, he gives it verbally to his subordinate officer. The simple act of raising the cane conveys the official sanction. In fact, it has the same significance to them as the writ of a judge or the order of a president, governor or king among civilized people. They formerly used a cane, which was handed down from generation to generation, since the days of Montezuma. In 1861 Mr. Lincoln sent the governor of each village a cane, with his name inscribed upon the silver head, and they now use this staff instead.

These governors have full power over their respective villages during their term of office. When any dispute arises between these Indian republics, it is referred to a general meeting of all the governors, and if they fail to agree, then it is referred to the agent of the United States.

Their religious belief is very peculiar. Their traditions teach them that when Montezuma left their region to establish his colony in Mexico, he instructed them to worship the sun and keep a fire burning in each village until his return. This instruction they faithfully follow. In the morning at sunrise the inhabitants of the villages assemble on the roof of their houses, and turn their faces toward the east, in reverence to the God of Day. Each village has its resident Priest; and every year there is selected from among the young girls of each village, twelve virgins, whose duty is to keep the fire burning in a building peculiarly adapted to that purpose. The Aztecs are very chaste, honest and industrious; they observe the marriage relation faithfully, and are fond of agricultural and mechanical pursuits, and have recently taken a very lively interest in education, both religious and secular. They are very apt learning the English language. Mr. Walter G. Marmon, formerly of Ohio, one of their teachers and missionaries, states that only four months are, as a general rule, necessary in which to teach them to converse and read.

The various religious denominations in the Atlantic States seconded Mr. Arny in his desire to further this good work by furnishing him with twenty additional teachers; the Missionary Boards to pay for their services as religious instructors, and the government for their services as teachers.

Mr. Arny had a number of specimens of the manufactures of these Indians in the shape of neckties, blankets, gold and silver rings and earthware. They gave astonishing evidence of skill and ingenuity, when it is considered that their work is done without any aid of machinery, and with the rude tools of the red man.

In this respect they greatly resemble the Japanese. In his hurried visit to Washington, Mr. Arny took occasion to have an interview with the Japanese Embassy then in that city, and on showing them some of the photographs and workmanship of the Aztecs, they at once stated that there was a similar tribe in every respect in their country. The Smithsonian Institute and Prof. Gibbs, of New Haven, on having their attention called to this coincidence, have made arrangements to secure a comparison between idioms of the language of these New Mexican and Japanese Indians, and Spanish, Japanese and English languages, in order to ascertain, if possible, whether these Indians originated on this continent or among the Asiatics. The federal government promised Mr. Arny to further his views respecting these Indians in every way,

 For **APPENDIX** to **PART FIRST** giving a full and complete History of the **MODOC WAR,** with Portraits, see pages 357 to 373.

# APPENDIX TO PART FIRST.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### WAR WITH THE MODOCS.

TREACHERY OF THE SAVAGES IN THE LAVA BEDS.—GEN. CANBY BUTCHERED BY CAPTAIN JACK DURING A CONFERENCE.—REV. DR. THOMAS KILLED AND MR. MEACHAM WOUNDED.—THE DEAD STRIPPED OF THEIR CLOTHING BY THE SAVAGES.—INDIGNATION OF THE ARMY AND SETTLERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—VENGENCE DEMANDED.

The following is a vivid description of one of the most treacherous and bloody massacres ever perpetrated by the Indians.

For several days, endeavors were made by the Peace Commissioners and General Canby to obtain an interview with Captain Jack and the leading Chiefs of the Modoc Band. The prospects of peace seemed to be better, as orders had been sent from Washington to the Peace Commissioners to give the Indians, if neccessary, a Reservation in the same neighborhood.

On the evening of the 11th of April, 1873, Bogus Charley reported that Captain Jack, Schonchin and three or four others, would meet the Peace Commissioners on a spot near the lake, about three-quarters of a mile from camp. Bogus Charley stopped in the camp all night, and in the morning Boston Charley also came, and said that everything was all right, as Captain Jack was coming out to meet the Commissioners.

Between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning the Peace Commission party—comprising General Canby, Mr. A. B. Meacham, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Dyar, Riddle, the interpreter, and squaw, and Bogus Charley, and Boston Charley,—went out to the designated spot.

There they met Captain Jack, John Schonchin, Black Jim, Shack, Nasty Jim, Ellen's man, and Hawker Jim. They had

no guns with them, but each carried a pistol at his belt. This, however, was not much noticed, as in previous interviews they had their guns with them.

They sat down in a kind of broken circle, and General Canby, Meacham and Dr. Thomas sat together, faced by Captain Jack and Schonchin. Mr. Dyar stood by Jack, holding his horse, with Hawker Jim and Shack Nasty Jim to his left.

Meacham opened the talk, and gave a long history of what they wanted to do for them, after which General Canby and Dr. Thomas both talked for some time.

Captain Jack then talked in an apparent good, serious strain, and when he finished stepped back to the rear near where Meacham's horse was hitched.

John Schonchin then began to talk, and while he was speaking Mr. Dyar heard a cap miss fire, and looking around saw Captain Jack to his left with his pistol pointed at General Canby. This was the signal for a general massacre, and a dozen shots were fired inside of half a minute.

My. Dyar, after hearing the cap miss fire, turned and fled, followed closely by Hawker Jim, who fired two shots after him. Dyar finding Hawker Jim gaining on him, turned and drew his Derringer, whereupon Hawker Jim retreated, and Dyar made the best of his way to the camp.

Captain Jack fired again on General Camby, and the noble old gentleman ran off to the left, but was speedily shot down and killed instantly.

Meacham was shot at by Schonchin and wounded in the head. He tried to draw his Derringer, when two Indians ran up and knocked him down.

Dr. Thomas was killed almost instantly by two pistol shots in the head.

Riddle ran off, and it appears they did not fire at him, but they knocked his squaw down. Dyar, Riddle, and the squaw, returned in safety to the camp.

About a hundred yards west of the place of meeting, was Mr. A. B. Meacham badly wounded with a pistol shot over the left eye. He was immediately attended to and carried back for medical treatment.

Fifty yards further on was the body of Rev. Dr. Thomas, lying on his face and stripped to the waist.

The body of General Canby, the hero of many a fight, was stripped of every vestage of clothing and lay about one hundred yards to the southward, with two pistol shot wounds in the head

Pausing only to take a glance on the body of the man they both loved and respected, the troops dashed on and the two leading batteries were within a mile of the murderers when the bugle call sounded a "halt." Lieutenant Egan and Major Wright's companies of the Twelfth infantry were behind the artillery and then came the cavalry.

General Gillem and Colonel Green and staff were up with the men, but as soon as they found that the Indians had all got back to their stronghold the troops were ordered to fall back and prepare for active work.

The attack on Col. Mason's camp commenced by the Indians firing on Lieutenants Boyle and Sherwood, who had wandered some five hundred yards outside their picket lines. Lieutenant Sherwood was shot through the arm and leg, but Lieutenant Boyle escaped without injury. Both officers got safely back to their camp.

The remains of General Canby and Dr. Thomas were forwarded to San Francisco the 13th, and a guard of honor, composed of the commanding officers of companies, marched through Friday night by the remains of their beloved commander, and a similar mark of respect was paid the remains of Dr. Thomas. The bodies were carried to the top of the bluffs escorted by the troops, and transferred to ambulances, in which they were carried to Yreka, under the escort of Lieutenant Anderson, of the Fourth Artillery, on Saturday evening.

Ten of the Indian ponies were captured on the 13th, by Colonel Mason's command. Wagons were then engaged to bring up the rest of the commission from Van Bremers.

Riddle's squaw stated that Dr. Thomas was shot by Boston Charley. The poor old gentleman fell on his knees from the effects of the first shot, and beseeched Boston to spare his life. Boston responded to the request of the generous old man, who had in my presence given him blankets and money, by shooting him again through the head.

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## ANOTHER FIGHT WITH THE MODOCS.

### THEY ARE DRIVEN FROM THE LAVA BEDS.

Early April 16th, the Modocs had a big fire in their camp. Major Thomas dropped a shell directly into it, provoking a frantic war whoop, and causing the sudden extinguishing of the fire. Another shell was dropped in the same locality, and was followed by yells of pain and dismay. The Modocs then appeared and challenged the soldiers to come out and fight. Another shell was the answer, and they were driven back. At 4 o'clock A. M., after another fight, the Modocs gave up the attempt to break through the line and retired. Scattering shots were fired on the men who attempted to advance on them. At 9 o'clock Gen. Gillem's command moved forward from the position gained on Tuesday, and soon occupied the ledge next to Jack's camp. Col. Mason moved the right forward as rapidly as possible to form a junction with Gen. Gillem's left, cutting off the Modocs from the lake, their only source of water supply. The junction was effected at noon. At 2 P. M. the morters were throwing shells within excellent range. Col Greene fell back behind the ledge, awaiting the Modocs,

should the shells drive them out. After the firing the Modocs replied with yells. After the fifth shell there came a raking fire and a small party of men sprang out of the chasm and came into the lines amid a shower of bullets. The falling back was caused by the Modocs flanking and opening a cross-fire. Col. Miller, attempting to form a junction with the Warm Spring Indians, missed them as he swung down into the great chasm with thirteen men, whereupon Miller fortified himself. The Modocs fought for their lives until the morters opened, and withstood the fire until 4 P. M. when the shells began falling in their midst and they broke cover dashing across the ledge, losing two men killed and one wounded. The line was reformed and held around the Modocs. Col. Mason signalled that the Modocs were on his rear flank trying to get out. At 7.45 P. M. Col. Mason's men were seen on the bluff. There was heavy firing at 8 o'clock on Col. Mason's line. A strong effort was made to unite Col. Mason's left and Greene's right. At 9 o'clock Col. Greene's whole line was moving. Col. Mason at 9:40 signalled that the Modocs were leaving the Lava Beds, and the calvary were ordered to pursue. Half an hour later heavy firing was heard at the Modocs' stronghold. At 1:30 the Warm spring Indians reported three more Modoc scalps making four in one days fight. At 9 P. M. the terrible fight had ceased. By this time the Modocs were evidently disheartened and bewildered by the advance of our forces. Our casualties were four killed and nineteen wounded—some slightly. William Smith, bugler of Battery M, Fourth Artillery, was among the killed, and private Harrison of Battery E severely wounded. The Warm Spring Indians fought like heroes and were ready to take and hold any advantages. They lost one killed. The medicine flag which waved in front of Capt. Jack's stronghold in the Lava Beds, and the scalp of Scar-Faced Charley, who was found wounded in the cave, also a squaw, were captured and turned over to the Warm Spring Indians after being routed from their stronghold, then commenced a guerilla warfare—The three days' fight resulted in a total loss of ten wounded and five killed in both wings of our forces. The troops were in excellent spirits and anxious to pursue the Modocs. Part of them occupied the Lava Beds and prevented any Modocs from returning.

April 18th Sergt. Forest of Co. K, cavalry, captured a Modoc battle flag and took the scalp of Scar-Faced Charley. The savages fearfully mutilated the body of Eugene Hovey, who was killed, and whose body fell into their hands.

## FRIGHTFUL BUTCHERY.

### A DETACHMENT OF OUR TROOPS SURROUNDED AND CUT TO PIECES.

April 26, a reconoissance was made by Gen. Gillem. The Indians in ambush opened sudden fire upon Gillem's troops, killing 17 privates and wounding 23.

Lieutenant Howe and Major Thomas were killed, and Lieutenant Harris severely wounded. Lieutenant Cranston missing. No Modocs reported killed.

Sixty men of the Fourth Artillery and Twelfth Infantry made a reconoissance in the direction of the bluffs, south of the Lava Beds, and reached within twenty feet of the bluffs.

The Modocs opened fire. The troops attempted to retreat, and a portion of the Infantry took refuge in a hollow spot.

The Indians saw them immediately, surrounded them, opened fire, and wounded and killed all excepting three.

The Modocs were armed with Spencer carbines.

Lieutenant Wright of the Twelfth Infantry, was dangerously wounded.

Surgeon Semig was wounded while attempting to recover the wounded officer.

The troops were completely surprised.

### CAPT. JACK ATTACKS THE TROOPS MAY 10, AND IS DEFEATED.

The Modocs came into the camp and fired on the picket guard. The command of Capt. Hasbrouck after scouting all day had returned to Sorass Lake for water, and were making efforts to secure some by digging, but none could be found. Donald McKay was sent back to Lieut. Bayles's camp as an escort of Battery B of the Fourth Artillery. Troops G and B of the First Cavalry left for the scene of the fight, the distance being 17 miles, arriving about dawn of the next day. Capt. Jack's band rode within 100 yards of the camp, when all dismounted and charged on the camp, firing into the herd and guard. The first volley stampeded the herd, which left for the camp, and while the men were getting under arms the Modocs gave volley after volley, killing four soldiers and one Warm Spring Indian. A rally was made and the charge was sounded. This time Donald McKay and some of his men united, and drove the Modocs into the timber, capturing 21 ponies and three pack mules. One Modoc was left on the field and 19 mules packed; also six dead bodies. Before the retreat the trail was covered with gore. The Indians beat a hasty retreat towards the McLeod range of mountains. Capt. Hasbrouck handled his men dexterously. He was furnished with only five days' supplies, but water was very scarce, which detered a long stay in the field. General Davis determined to keep the savages moving until the last Modoc was killed. The soldiers gained greater courage by keeping the enemy in the open ground. The wounded were brought into camp in wagons, and from there taken to head-quarters.

The Modocs had no ammunition except what was remaining in their pouches, as they lost their entire reserve of ammunition in this fight. The cavalry arrived in camp all safe. Capt. Jack had but seven animals left. He wore the attire of the late Gen. Canby, and took his position on the field in as lordly a manner as if he had been a Brigadier-General. Enough men

remained in the old stronghold to keep it safe, while the rest gave chase to exterminate the fugitives. There were 33 Modocs engaged. No squaws were seen during the fight, nor by the scouts on the following night. There was a strong suspicion that Capt. Jack was receiving aid from some unknown party. It appeared strange how he got six boxes of central primed cartridges. He did not capture them from our forces, and it is certain that he could not have picked up that amount after the battle of January 17. When the courier left, the troops were between the Lava Beds and the Indians, the latter being entirely out of the stronghold.

### LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF THE 10TH OF MAY.

Killed—James D. Totler, Corporal Co. B; Adolphus Fisher, Private Co. B.

Wounded—Louis Dunbar, scalp wound in the head; Peter Griffin, flesh wound in the left hip; Jesse Reeves, fracture of the right arm, which was subsequently amputated; Patrick McGuire, fracture below the right knee, leg amputated below the thigh; Samuel McGlew, flesh wound in the right arm cutting an artery; Geo. Brown, flesh wound in the left leg—all of Company B. Michael Maher of Company G, flesh wound in the right hip. All of the above named belonged to the 1st Cavalry. Wassamucka and Lebaster, Warm Spring Indians, were killed, and Yonowiton, another scout, had his right arm fractured.

### CAPTAIN JACK OUT AGAIN AND FIGHTING.—THE MODOCS, PITT RIVERS AND PIUTES ACTING IN CONCERT.—AMMUNITION IN THE HANDS OF THE PITT RIVERS.—FIGHT ON ANTELOPE CREEK.—FIVE MODOCS RFPORTED KILLED AND TEN SQUAWS CAPTURED.—SHARPSHOOTERS TO THE FRONT.

The Modocs left the Lava Beds about two days after the attack on Captain Jackson's force. The last stronghold was abandoned. Captain Jack made his way towards the Pitt River Indians. The Warm Spring Indians and the troops under Perry and Hasbrouck pursuing them.

A quarrel broke out among the savages, two-thirds declaring they would fight no longer.

A battle was fought at Antelope Creek on Monday. Hasbrouck overhauled the Modocs, and a lively fight ensued in the hills close to Fairchilds. The Modocs were driven southward, on the Ticknor road, towards the timbered buttes. Five Modocs were killed in the battle and ten squaws and papooses captured.

Trails were discovered showing that the Modocs and the Pitt River Indians were in constant communication. Twenty-five Piutes were seen in Surprise Valley, but suddenly disappeared.

SURRENDER OF MOST OF THE HOT SPRING BAND.

The Hot Creek Band were brought in by Fairchild's party and surrendered to Gen. Davis. Their surrender was apparently unconditional. They gave up their arms and were put under guard. The band numbered 55 men, women, and children, including 15 warriors. Among the latter were Bogus Charley, Jack Nasty Jim, Curley-headed Doctor, Frank, and others—the best fighting men Capt. Jack had. Boston is believed to have been killed. Troops are hunting for Hooker Jim. It was supposed there were 20 warriors with Capt. Jack, whose whereabouts was unknown, though surmised that he was in the Pitt River Mountains. Gen. Gillem was superceded by Gen. Davis, who was very bluff with the Indians, and gave them to understand that if they attempted to escape they would be shot by the guard.

CAPTURE AND SURRENDER OF ENTIRE BALANCE OF THE MODOCS.

On the 27th of May, Bogus Charley, Hawker Jim, Schack Nasty Jim and Steamboat Frank were sent out at the suggestion of Capt. Faiachild, and returned the following day; reported the Camp of Captain Jack to be on William Creek, twenty miles east. The commands of Capt. Hasbrouck and Colonel Jackson, left camp on the 29th, for William Creek where the command divided, one wing going down the right bank the other on the left. Col. Jackson's command reached the camp first surprising the Modocs, who fled across the creek, about half a mile in advance of Hasbrouck's command, Boston, who murdered Dr. Thomas surrendered; seven squaws were captured with several horses and mules, after riding about twenty-five miles at the head of Langell valley on Lost River, a charge was made upon the Modocs who seeing that they were about to be corralled threw up the sponge at once. Scar-Face Charley and nine others, with several squaws were taken.

On the 1st of June, a Warm Spring Indian discovering one of Jack's scouts, stole upon him and disarmed him. He promised to show where Jack was, and the Warm Spring Indians, soon had that doughty warrior in their hands. Warm Spring George had command of the detachment of Warm Springs, but Bow-Legged Charley, and Carpola were the ones who were in at the death.

On the 2d, four more Modocs were taken by the Oregon Volunteers, which included all remaining of the Modoc tribe, these were found on the 6th inst at Yainox. The full number of Modocs captured and killed, amounted to 156 warriors.

## STORY OF THE SURRENDER.

At 1 o'clock, May 22nd, One-Eyed Dixie returned to Gen. Davis's headquarters at a slashing pace, his horse being completely blown. He made obeisance, and at once reported that the Indians were close at hand and ready to enter the camp

under escort. All they asked was for Fairchild to come out and meet them. No soldiers need come. The presence of Fairchild would be considered a guarantee of good faith. "Where is Artena?" asked Gen. Davis. "Tied up," said Dixie, "long ride and no water." The absence of Artena gave rise to suspicions of foul play, which were only dispelled by her sudden advent. She too reined her foaming cayuse before Gen. Davis, and said that the Indians were hovering about the hills near here, yearning to surrender to the Typee. Fairchild, Blair, and two or three employes of the former, with whom the Indians were acquainted, mounted swift steeds at the request of Gen. Davis, and started with Dixie.

The news of the intended surrender of the Indians spread through the camp like wildfire. Soldiers, Warm Spring Indians, and Scouts were alike elated at the prospect of a peaceful victory. Squaw Dixie told Gen. Davis before she started, that the Modocs feared the soldiers would kill them the instant they entered the camp. It required a great deal of diplomacy to convince her that the soldiers dare not disobey his commands. Donald McKay, captain of the Warm Spring Indians, also had to pledge his word that the scouts would not interfere. Dixie would leave, but Dixie had very little choice. She was told that the Government did not intend to trifle any longer. She might go to the Modocs or not, according to her own wishes, but she must leave the camp. The Great Typee wanted no squaws about here. She saw the point of the argument, and no longer hesitated. That is why she changed her mind this morning, after she had decided not to carry any more messages to the Modocs.

"Here they come." was the cry that startled the camp a few moments after, and brought every person, citizen and soldier, old and young, to his feet, hurrying forward to the crest of the hill west of the camp. I secured an excellent view of the scene beyond the procession that was slowly creeping along in this direction. First came Mr. Blair, the manager of Fairchild's Range, mounted: fifty yards behind him was Mr. Fairchild, and, further still, 12 Modoc warriors, with their squaws and papooses. Never did a procession move more slowly. The few ponies ridden by the Modocs were gaunt and weak, and seemed scarcely able to bear the women and children who were literally piled upon them. Among the warriors were Bogus Charley, Steamboat Frank, Curly-headed Doctor, and others of lesser note. They were dressed in motley garbs, nearly all of them wearing a portion of the regular uniform of the United States army, and every warrior carried a Springfield rifle. The women were dressed in clothes that had evidently been used by the fair sex within the confines of civilization. All of them entered camp at a funeral pace. The noise and bustle among the soldiers was hushed; few words were spoken. The Modocs said nothing. No one approached them until Gen. Davis came forward. He met the procession 50 paces from the house, and was formally introduced to Bogus Charley. Charles is a slender, athletic, intelligent warrior of about 20 years of

age. The man thoroughly understands and speaks English. The scamp smiled sweetly on the General, and shook his hand, and then all the leading warriors came forward and greeted him cordially. Then every warrior laid his gun beside him and awaited orders. Gen. Davis said: "Give up your pistols and all your other arms." Each warrior said he had no arms. "Then," said the General, "I shall give you a camp where you can remain to-night, and if you try to run or escape you be shot dead." The order was explained and all obedience promised. The procession then moved across Cottonwood Creek to a clump of trees. At this point the trailings of the crowd came in. There were half-naked children, aged squaws who could hardly hobble, blind, lame, halt, bony, and the scum of the tribe. There were 63 persons, men, women and children—12 bucks, 20 squaws and their children.

Mr. Fairchild says there are 20 warriors missing from the Cottonwood branch of the tribe. Bogus Charley said Boston Charley had been killed. The disaffection heretofore reported is corroborated by the captain of the Modocs, who parted company with Capt. Jack eight days ago.

Another Modoc has just entered the camp and surrendered. It is Hooker Jim, the Lost River Murderer.

### OFFICIAL REPORT OF A MEXICAN RAID.

Washington, May 23.—The Secretary of War to-day received the following telegram from Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan, dated Chicago, last night.

Gen. Augur telegraphs that Col. Mackenzie with six companies of the 4th Cavalry and 25 Seminole scouts struck a camp of Kickapoo and Lipon Indians about 80 miles from Fort Clark, Texas, early on the 18th inst., having marched all the night previous, killed 19 Indians, wounded two, and captured one Buck, a former chief of the Lipons, and 41 women and children, besides destroying two villages with their accumulated property. He had three of his men wounded, one mortally. He has already over 50 captured ponies. The despatch is silent as to the precise locality where the fight took place, saying nothing about its being on Mexican territory.

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## A GENERAL INDIAN WAR.

In considering the possibilities of a general Indian war, Mr. F. A. Walker, a gentleman well informed on the subject, thus enumerates the list of "potentially hostile Indians." Of the Sioux or Dacotah tribes, bands and parties to the number of 15,000; of the Indians of Montana, Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegans, Assinaboines and Roving Sioux to the number of 20,000; of the Indians in the extreme south-western portion of the Indian Territory and on the borders of Texas, Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, to the number of 7,000;

of the Indians of Arizona, Apaches of several tribes to the number of 9.000; of the mountain Indians of Colorado, Utah and Nevada, to the number of 5,000; of the Indians of New Mexico to the number of 2,000; and of the Indians of Oregon and Washington Territory to the number of 6,000. The 64,-000 Indians thus enumerated comprise substantially all the tribes and bands with which the government is obliged to contemplate the possibility of war.

It is thought that in case of what might be considered a general uprising, hardly one-half these tribes would take up arms. But to illustrate the enormous expense such a war would involve, the report of Sherman, Harney, Augur and Terry, made January 1868, on the Chirrington massacre, and the Cheyenne war of 1864, is adduced. They say: "No one will be astonished that a war ensued which cost the government $30,000,000, and carried conflagration and death to the border settlements." And they added: "The result of the year's campaign satisfied all reasonable men that war with Indians was useless and expensive. Fifteen or twenty Indians had been killed, at an expense of more than a million dollars apiece, while hundreds of our soldiers had lost their lives, and many of our border settlers had been butchered and their property destroyed." It is estimated that the Sioux war of 1852, the Cheyenne war of 1864, the Navajo war, the second Sioux war of 1866, and the second Cheyenne war of 1866, cost the country over a hundred million dollars, and from that fact the importance, even in a financial point of view, of avoiding a general conflict, may be inferred.

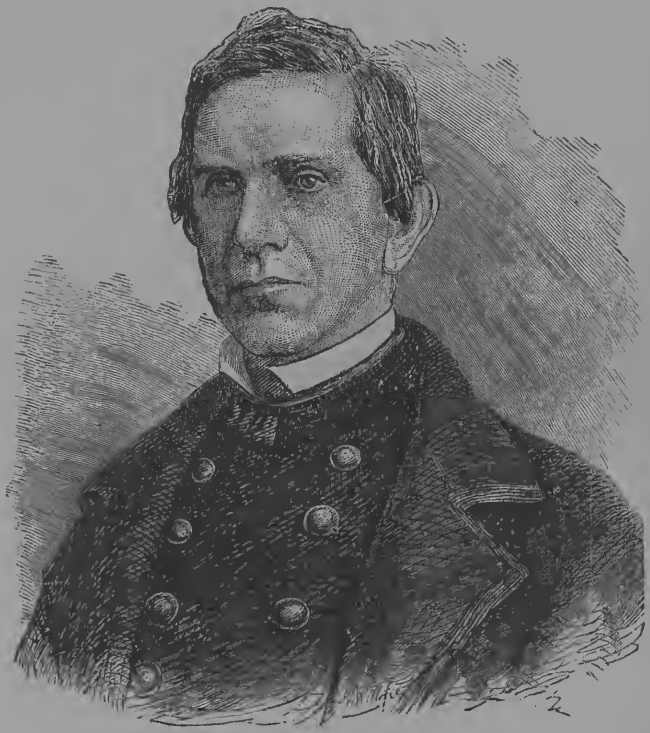
But aside from the money view, it should be considered that of late years well defined frontier lines have been broken up, and settlers have pushed forward, occupying lands on narrow rivers, and along the lines of railroads. It is upon men thus exposed, that the first wrath of a general Indian war would fall. Scores of valleys, up which population has been steadily creeping would be instantly abandoned, streams that now, from source to mouth, resound with the stroke of the pioneer's axe, would be left desolate on the first rumor of war; a hundred outlying settlements would disappear in a night, as the tidings of outbreak and massacre were borne along by hurrying fugitives.

These statements indicated the difficulties the Government is compelled to overcome in dealing with the Indians. They are wily, treacherous and brave. If beaten at one point, they escape, and relentlessly wreak their vengeance on helpless and innocent parties.

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## GEN. EDWARD R. S. CANBY.

Gen. Canby was born in Kentucky in 1819, and was appointed a Cadet at West Point in 1835, from Indiana. He graduated in 1839, in the class with Halleck, Ord, Haskin, Rickets and Hunt, and was promoted to a second lieutenancy in the Second Infantry, July 1.



GEN. EDWARD R. S. CANBY.



REV. ELEAZER THOMAS, D. D.



His services in the Florida war, Mexican war, and the War of the Rebellion, furnish a long and interesting history. He was brevetted a major for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battles of Contreas and Churubusco, and soon after received another brevet, of lieutenant-colonel, for gallant conduct before the Belem Gate, at the city of Mexico.

In New Mexico he was much esteemed by those who were loyal to the government.

He was brevetted brigadier-general in the regular army for his bravery at the battle of Valverdi, New Mexico.

Gen. Canby made quick and thorough work with the Navajo Indians, a brave and determined people who in 1861 rebelled against the government, and restored peace, which has not since been broken.

Gen. Canby distinguished himself whenever and wherever he had an opportunity in his connection with the war for the Union, receiving the thanks of the nation, tendered by Mr. Lincoln in 1864 and by President Johnson in 1865, for his energy and successful military skill. After the surrender of the troops beyond the Mississippi, he was made commander of the departments of Louisiana and Texas, holding the position with great credit until the 27th of May, 1866. He was kind and courteous, dilligent in mastering every subject pertaining to his various positions. He died as he had lived, loved and respected by all who knew him.

### FUNERAL OF GEN. CANBY.

The obsequies of Gen. Canby took place from the First Baptist Church at Indianapolis, Ind. The church was handsomely decorated throughout with emblems of mourning. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Day of the Baptist Church, assisted by the Rev. Drs. Bayliss of the Methodist, Kimler of the Presbyterian, and Bradley of the Episcopal Churches. After the ceremonies at the church the remains were taken to Crows Hill Cemetery, accompanied by a very large procession in the following order: The City Police, Emmet and College Guards, preceded by a band, organized societies, the officiating clergy, the pall-bearers, Maj-Gen Irwin McDowell, Maj-Gen. Cook, Lieut-Gov. Leonidas Sexton, Judge Walter G. Gresham, Gen. F. McGinnis, Gen. George H Chapman, Judge Samuel H. Buskirk, Gen. Lewis Wallace, John C. Wright, Gen. John S. Simonson, Austin H. Brown, Esq., Judge Livingstone Howland, the hearse, the mourners, the family, the staff of the diseased, Gen Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, the Governor and officers of State Senators and Representatives in Congress from Indiana and other States, Judiciary of the United States and State of Indianna; Clergy, Faculty of Wabash College, officers and soldiers of the war of 1812, Mexican war, and the late war; the Mayor and corporate authorities of Indianapolis and adjacent cities; officers of the army, navy and Marine corps of the United States; officers and members of the board of Trade. Among the other military men present were Gens. Ekin, Pelouze, Callender, Carrington, Baird and others. In the procession and immediately following the

hearse was the horse used by Gen. Canby in the Indian campaign. The horse was led by an orderly, and the General's sword hung from the horn of the saddle.

## REV. ELEAZER THOMAS.

Rev. Eleazer Thomas, D. D., whose untimely death, in connection with that of General Canby, has awakened so much sympathy, was for thirty-five years a regular minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born at Chatham Corners, New York, January 16, 1814. He graduated with high honors at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, Livingston county, New York. In 1838, he was admitted into the Genesee Annual Conference. His first appointment was to Pittsford, near Rochester, in Western New York; and for seventeen years during his connection with that Conference, he filled some of the most important pulpits in that region as pastor, serving also as Presiding Elder of several of the districts.

In 1855, he was transferred to the California Conference. His friends endeavored to dissuade him, but so true was he to his convictions, that in April, 1855, he started with his family for the far-off western land. On his arrival in May, he attended the Conference then held at Stockton, was warmly received and was stationed at Powell Street Church, San Francisco. The following year the General Conference elected him editor of the California "Christian Advocate," and for three successive terms he was reelected to the same post. He also established the Methodist Book Depository in San Francisco.

In 1868, the General Conference intrusted him with the publishing interest of the Depository in California, which position he held with honor to the Church until 1872. Dr. Thomas was appointed to the Petaluma, Sonoma county, California.

About the middle of March, 1873, Dr. Thomas was appointed, with Hon. A. B. Meacham and L. S. Dywer, Esq. a commission to effect a reconciliation, if possible, with the Modoc Indians, who had been making raids upon the settlers in the southeast part of Oregon. This commission was accompanied by Gen. Canby, Commander of the Military District, and a certain Capt. Riddle and his squaw, who acted as interpreters. Although several unsuccessful councils had been held with the chiefs of the perfidious Modocs, and although the commissioners themselves distrusted them, yet so anxious were they to try the effect of the peaceable and Christian measures, that they consented to meet them again on what was termed neutral ground. At this meeting, Friday, the 11th of April, eight Indians being present, several speeches were made, and at a signal given by Capt. Jack, several shots were fired which resulted in the death of Dr. Thomas and Gen. Canby.